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FROM

James Byrne  
of New York







THE  
IRISH MONTHLY

*A Magazine of General Literature.*

EDITED BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

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*TWENTY-FIFTH YEARLY VOLUME.*

1897.

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### NOTICE.

The many kind friends who take a personal interest in the prosperity of this Magazine can serve it best by forwarding at once their subscription of Seven Shillings for the year 1898, to the REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J., 86 Stephen's Green, Dublin, who will be glad of the opportunity of thanking them individually.



# JANUARY, 1897.

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## SILVER JUBILEE RETROSPECTS.

### I.—TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' STORYTELLING.

**W**HEN this page takes its place in front of our twenty-fifth yearly volume, it will occupy the position that might naturally be filled by a preface. But the arrangement of our December Number does not allow a preface; and therefore we may now anticipate it by twelve months, making these first pages a real preface or foreword, and not a postscript, as prefaces generally are.

The memorial of our silver jubilee which we should like to present to our readers at the end of the year now begun would be a full and exact index to our first five and twenty yearly volumes. But this would cost more time and money than the uninitiated can conjecture and would in the end be appreciated by only a few of our readers. Yet those few we value so highly that for their sake and for the sake of an occasional student in such public collections as the British Museum of London, the National Library of Dublin, the Public Library of Chicago, etc., we still cherish the ambition to produce this guide to the treasures amassed by **THE IRISH MONTHLY** in the first quarter-century of its existence.

Meanwhile we shall give a brief survey now and then of one or other of our departments. Let us begin with our storytellers.

When **THE IRISH MONTHLY** was first planned, those chiefly concerned in it were connected with the Church of the Sacred Heart, Crescent, Limerick; and to this circumstance is due the rather strange fact that our first novelist was the Dean of

Limerick, Richard Baptist O'Brien, D.D., who had already published separately the Irish story, "Ailey Moore." His "Jack Hazlitt" began in our first Number, July 1873, and ran to twenty-seven chapters, ending in the middle of our second volume, in August 1874. It was republished in book-form by Messrs. James Duffy and Co., of Wellington Quay, Dublin.

Our first volume was also enriched by "The Two Muleteers of Mollares," translated with exquisite skill from the Spanish of Fernan Caballero by our Irish poet, Denis Florence MacCarthy. The thirteen chapters ran from August to December, 1873.

As our first novelist was a dignitary of the Church, so our next was a Nun—Mother Aloysius, who, with the help of Lady Georgiana Fullerton and Father Augustus Dignam, S.J., established in these countries the pious institute of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God Incarnate.\* In the present context she will be better recognized as Miss Fanny Taylor, author of "Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses," "Tyborne," "Irish Hearts and Irish Homes," etc. Her novel in *THE IRISH MONTHLY* was "A Pearl in Dark Waters," which ran to twenty-eight chapters, from December, 1873, to April, 1875. It was republished in book-form by Burns and Oates of London, but the titlepage bore the name of a less prettily named story, "The Stoneleighs of Stoneleigh."

Another long tale in these aboriginal days was "John Richardson's Relatives" by a very clever lady of the south of Ireland who died many years ago—Miss Julia O'Ryan. This tale began at page 447 of our second volume and ran through the whole of the third.

In the middle of our third volume (1875) began "The Chances of War," running to forty chapters and coming to an end in our fifth volume, February, 1877. This is an Irish historical novel of the days of Owen Roe O'Neill, by "A. Whitelock," who at this distance of time will allow himself to be recognized as the Rev. Thomas A. Finlay, S.J., then a very young man with the priesthood still long before him. "The Chances of War" was brought out by Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son in book-form, but only from the unsuitable type and page of the Magazine. A proper reprint would be a good addition to our not over rich stock of Irish historical novels.

\* Their Irish houses are at Carrigtwohill, Co. Cork, and St. Joseph's, Portland Row, Dublin.

Our fourth volume began with "Nell, a Tale of Killowen Point," by Rosa Mulholland, who also contributed to that volume "The Walking Trees" in ten chapters, and "The Strange Schooner" in two. "The Walking Trees," with "The Girl from Under the Lake," and "Floreen's Golden Hair," which did not appear till our ninth volume (1881), may be had in a bright, handsome volume from the publishers, M. H. Gill and Son. More important than all these was Miss Mulholland's "Wild Birds of Killeevy" which began at page 531 of our sixth volume (1878) and consisted of twenty-two chapters in Book I. and twenty-three in Book II., running through our sixth, seventh, and eighth volumes. This also can of course be had in a separate volume, as can also "Marcella Grace," whose twenty-nine chapters ran from beginning to end of our thirteenth volume (1885). The other stories contributed by Rosa Mulholland were single-chapter stories, of which, for instance, there are no fewer than eight in our fourteenth volume (1886). Most of these are reproduced in the delightful volume which takes its name from "The Haunted Organist of Hurlly Burly," and others in "Marigold and other Stories," published in a popular shilling volume by Mr. Charles Eason, of Dublin and the Irish Railway book-stalls. One of the very brightest of these, by the by, "Bet's Matchmaking," has just graced the *Preston Catholic News* of Nov. 21, 1896; but the author's name is suppressed, and the story's name is disguised as "Jess Melaney's Matchmaking." Has there been dishonesty on the part of any one? \*

We have strayed from the proper order, that we might name Miss Rosa Mulholland's stories together. Without the support of her name the Magazine could hardly have been carried on and would probably never have been begun. We may also anticipate a little by naming here her sister, Miss Clara Mulholland's three longer stories before their time: "The Strange Adventures of Little Snowdrop," seventeen chapters in volume 12 (1884); "A Perplexing Promise," in twenty-five chapters running from beginning to end of volume 15 (1887); and "A Striking Contrast," twenty-eight chapters in our eighteenth volume (1890). The first and last of these have been brought out very attractively in book-form.

\* Yes, but not on this side of the Atlantic. The Preston journal merely copied from a Cleveland newspaper.

To go back twenty years to our fifth volume and the year 1877, it was then that the holy and gifted woman who was Theodosia Augusta Drane in the world and Mother Raphael in religion, enriched our Magazine with the admirable tale, "The New Utopia" (sixteen chapters) which the Catholic Truth Society is at last going to publish as a book. A more useful and yet a more interesting story it would be hard to find. Another admirable tale from the same pen, "Uriel"—twenty-four chapters in volume XI. (1883)—has been republished by Burns and Oates.

The same volume (1877) which introduced to our readers as a storyteller the learned author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," introduced also Miss Kathleen O'Meara in "Robin Redbreast's Victory," and some shorter sketches written with great charm. She has left behind her (for she died some years ago) many excellent tales and biographies, the best being perhaps her *Life of Frederick Ozanam*.

The present inventory is confined to tales of considerable length. "Eleanor's Story," by Katherine Roche, with its nine chapters, begins at the first page of Volume VI. (1878). "Braeton," by the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J., carries its forty-nine chapters through our eighth and ninth volumes, and it is to be had in a separate volume of its own published by Burns and Oates. This was our third priest-novelist; and our fourth is the Rev. Frederick Kolbe, D.D., of South Africa, whose "Secret of the King" in our 21st volume (1893) is one of the most telling stories that we have ever had the luck to secure.

An Irishman living in the United States, Mr. Dillon O'Brien, contributed two very clever tales of American life, each containing fifteen chapters, to our ninth and tenth volumes—"Widow Melville's Boarding-house," in 1881, and "Dead Broke" in 1882. Along with the second of these began "The Monk's Prophecy," by Attie O'Brien, who had already contributed some lively prose sketches and admirable verse. Her novel stretched its thirty-two chapters far into the eleventh volume (1883). After Miss O'Brien's death we published two full-length novels from her pen: "The Carradassan Family," twenty-seven chapters in volume 16 (1888), and "Won by Worth," with its forty-three chapters divided between volumes 19 and 20.

The next important item to arrest our attention in this survey of our first quarter of a century of fiction is "Molly's Fortunes,"

by M. E. Francis, which carries its twenty-six chapters through our seventeenth volume (1889). We are now allowed to know this most attractive and successful novelist as Mrs. Francis Blundell, once Miss Mary Sweetman, equally at home in Ireland and in Lancashire, as her "Frieze and Fustian" shows. She has just published a similar collection under the name of "Among the Untrodden Ways." The number of her separate volumes is now quite considerable: "Whither?" "The Story of Dan," "In a North Country Village," "A Daughter of the Soil," and the two named already. The last named was the first of *The Times* Novels. THE IRISH MONTHLY may well be proud of the distinction of having been the first arena in which M. E. Francis displayed her very remarkable literary powers.

We have brought our retrospect down almost to the present time. Our 22nd volume (1894) contained many delightful short stories, but only one long tale, in seventeen chapters, "Through Night to Light" by Mrs. Bartle Teeling. And then 1895 gave to our readers "Kilaveena," a story in fifteen chapters, by Rose Kavanagh, of amiable memory, who died so young, and the beginning of "Peter Hunter's Heiress," by Miss Frances Maitland, who happily is still living. This extremely clever story ended with its 25th chapter half-way through our 24th volume, and will, if we mistake not, be brought out in book-form by the Catholic Truth Society, the publishers of Miss Maitland's "Ursel and other Stories," which seems to us one of the very best of its kind. Keener character-drawing and more natural conversation we have nowhere met with than this writer gives us. But one often needs a touch of Scotch to follow the dialogue quickly.

The other serial story of our twenty-fourth volume was "Bogwort," by M. E. Connolly\*—innocent, genial, idyllic, with many a shrewd touch of rustic character and many a vivid glimpse of rustic scenery. And now this young Irish maiden who has but recently begun in our pages her literary career will in the coming year be followed as our novelist by a highly gifted Irishwoman whose career is long over—Attie O'Brien, author of "The Carradassan Family" and "Won by Worth." But the fictional element will of course be reinforced by occasional short stories by friends who are with us still.

\* By a strange oversight we have omitted her excellent contribution of sixteen chapters in our 21st volume (1893) "Meg Blake, the Story of an Old Maid."

We cannot attempt to name the shoals of bright, short stories that in the past have lit up our pages, from "Nancy Hutch and her Three Troubles," by Julia O'Ryan, in 1873, to "Feyther's Blessin'" by M. E. Francis, in 1896. Those who have helped us thus were chiefly the two just now named, with Rosa Mulholland, Frances Maitland, Mrs. Charles Martin, Katharine Roche, Mrs. Frank Pentrill, Jessie Tulloch, Mr. James Bowker, the Rev. David Bearne, S.J., Magdalen Rock, Mina Raleigh, Bart Kennedy, Michael O'Mahony, and the earnest priest who in these pages signs himself "R. O. K."

Many happy hours for the writers and the readers, many generous emotions, many a care perhaps alleviated, and even many a temptation combated indirectly, many a grave lesson and sound principle inculcated unawares, and much unselfish labour undergone for the sake of helping the cause of Irish Catholic literature: these and many other good things are represented in this dry catalogue of the stories told in the first twenty-five volumes of *THE IRISH MONTHLY*.

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

### A LEGEND OF NUREMBERG.

THE town is wrapp'd in shroud of snow,  
 The cold north winds across it blow,  
 The sullen waters slowly flow ;  
 All things are bleak and drear.  
 He stands alone in the dark street,  
 With burning head and freezing feet ;  
 He hath nor heart nor voice to greet  
 The Christmas hour now near.

The doors are closed, the windows bright ;  
 And in the glowing, dazzling light  
 The children dance with wild delight ;  
 He looks with tear-dimm'd eyes.  
 He hears their laughter ringing loud,  
 He sees how eagerly they crowd  
 Round Christmas trees, with toys down bow'd ;  
 He turns away and sighs.

## *The Christmas Tree.*

His clothes are ragged, thin, and torn ;  
His little face by hunger worn,  
Of all its childish beauty shorn,  
His mother scarce would know.  
All those he loved are lying dead,  
There is no shelter for his head,  
No helping hand to give him bread—  
His home is in the snow.

His cry for help nobody heeds :  
Who cares alas ! for orphan's needs ?  
Will God, who e'en the sparrow feeds,  
Leave him alone to grieve ?  
He slowly to a corner creeps,  
And silent in the silence weeps,  
While all the world with gladness keeps  
The happy Christmas eve.

A prayer by his dead mother taught,  
A prayer with love and patience fraught,  
Back to his memory is brought  
By angels watching near.  
With little hands together pressed,  
With head bowed meekly on his breast,  
He begs the Lord to give him rest,  
Before the coming year.

---

What was that sound so wondrous sweet,  
As if all harmonies did meet  
In one great song of joy, to greet  
The coming of The King ?  
The stars with mystic radiance glow,  
Like molten gold the waters flow,  
Like silver shines the frozen snow ;  
The bells begin to ring.

Where hung the dark and dismal sky,  
Soft clouds in rosy brightness lie ;  
'Mid them, with tall head rearing high,  
He sees a Christmas tree.  
The things he longs for, all are there ;  
Such beauteous fruit, such blossoms rare  
No trees in earthly gardens bear,  
Nor mortal eyes can see.

He lifts his little aching head  
Up from the stones that are his bed,  
And in the light by heaven shed  
The Infant Jesus stands.  
His garb is whiter than the snow,  
His gentle eyes with pity flow,  
His voice is soft, and sweet, and low ;  
He stretches out His hands

“ Come, little brother, come with me ”—  
Thus Jesus speaks — “ I wait for thee.  
“ The flowers of my Christmas tree  
“ Thy little hand shall pluck.”  
The boy hears with a glad surprise,  
Upon his Saviour's breast he lies,  
And in that sweet embrace he dies ;  
The midnight hour has struck.

Next morn a child was lying dead,  
And round his pale, snow-pillow'd head  
The sun a golden halo shed ;  
The passers stopp'd to sigh.  
One angel more in heaven sings,  
And high, with joy, his censer flings  
Before the eternal King of Kings ;  
The passers have pass'd by.

FRANK PENTRILL.

---



## THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT:

OR,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

## CHAPTER I.

## MONA AND ITS INHABITANTS.

IN western Clare, on the sunny slope of a hill, beyond which heather-covered mountains rose gradually to a fine elevation, stood Mona, the residence of Mrs. Moore, who was better known to the country people around her, as The Madam. It was a long low dwelling-house, old-fashioned, but very comfortable. There were cushioned seats in the deep windows, capacious fire-places where whole baskets of turf and bogwood roared and flamed up the echoing chimneys, while heavy crimson curtains hung about the doors and windows to protect the inmates from the keen winter blast.

The mountain air made melancholy music through the key-holes, whistling with sudden impatience at the casements, entering an open door with a triumphant rush, and uttering plaintive protests when shut out again to wander aimlessly under the lonely stars.

The grounds surrounding the house seemed like an oasis in a barren land. They comprised something less than three hundred acres, whose cultivation, after a systematic fashion, had been begun by a Moore, who long ago had returned to the dust from which he sprung.

The Moores were an ancient Irish race who for years had been in possession of these everlasting hills that looked down with unchanging front upon the distant ocean, where, blue and beautiful, it rolled in upon the yellow sands. The heads of the house came at intervals to hunt, shoot, fish, and breathe the invigorating mountain air. At some distance from Mona, at the other side of the hill, there was a fine shooting lodge, always kept in order to accommodate any vagrant member of the family who, wearied of the languid civilisation of lowland ways, longed for the wind of mountains and wild free days. But the land about the Lodge bore

no evidence of the care and cultivation that made Mona a Tadmor in the wilderness.

Less than a century back this latter part of the property had been assigned to a younger son of the house, who was deformed, sensitive, and singular. He had a taste for farming, and as he was unfitted for the world, and shrank from its rough ways, his father fostered his inclination; he settled the farm of Mona on him; gave him money to work it and rejoiced at the instinct which led the young man to seek solitude.

Herbert Moore built a front to the herdsman's house, and erected a high wall to protect it from the ocean breezes; in the wall was a door that opened on to the avenue. He was indefatigable in carrying out his desires for improvement; reclaiming and manuring field after field, until gradually a softer glow came in the land; acres of yellow corn bent to the autumn breeze in pleasant contrast to the purple heather; the meadows were fuller, the pasture lands richer; and it was evident to an observer that the master of Mona had done a work that had become reproductive. He had the tastes of a gentleman, and gave thought to beauty as well as to utility; he made plantations, and grew hardy shrubs beneath the shelter of the western wall, whose picturesque proportions disappeared under its green garment of ivy leaves.

The eldest brother, a hard selfish man, when he came at intervals to the Lodge, looked with covetous eyes on this improved portion of the property; passing over, as was the wont of landowners, the certain fact that it was the occupier's outlay and exertion which made it what it was; but he reconciled himself by calculating that it would eventually return into his children's possession when the younger brother was laid in the ancestral vault.

There is a disposition in people to arrange the future of others according to their own peculiar ideas of the fitness of things; and as they usually place those who are physically defective outside the pale of domestic affections, no one supposed the deformed man would take a wife to his bosom. However, homeliness, "the strong necessity for loving," and a pretty schoolmistress woke tender and irrepressible thoughts in the master of Mona. He wooed and won her; whether like the "faithful Oweena" she "saw his naked heart and loved him" or married him for material advantages, was best known to herself,

At all events, according to tradition, he led a contented life on the hill-side, and was a devoted father to his only child, a son, whom he educated, and was anxious to fit for that position out of which, more or less, he had fallen. His marriage had given great offence to his family, they took but slight notice of him, none of his wife, and beyond the three hundred acres settled upon him at first, his father left him nothing.

When his son's education was completed, he urged him to seek a place in the world and run the race with others for wealth and rank; but the parental tastes were transmitted, and the boy lived, loved, and died at Mona. He had married the daughter of a neighbouring doctor and had died rather young, leaving his wife to look after the interests of their children—a task which the Madam was well qualified to perform.

Beneath the directing influence of father and son, Mona had been perfected as much as was possible, and in the year of our Lord, 1864, was a bright and pretty home. All the country lay at its feet; a small lake glittered beneath, on whose surface dippers appeared and disappeared, and trout sprang at the passing flies, while in the distance, the restless ocean tumbled and rolled its blue waters. There was a sunk fence in front of the house, which kept the tiny pleasure-ground safe from the destructive feet of the calm-eyed cows that grazed beneath it. A porch had been built which served as a small conservatory, while, outside, all manner of sweet-smelling, hardy flowers perfumed the air and showed in bright patches of colour against the dark green ivy.

There were comfortable offices at the back of the house; in the haggard stood great stacks of hay and corn; long reeks of turf lined the yards; turkeys uttered their plaintive cries; ducks quacked; geese gabbled; and in the sunny evenings were heard the sweet monotonous song of the milkmaid and the sharp beat of the milk-pail, gradually becoming softer as the vessel filled and foamed.

The mistress of this prosperous domain was a living instance of those who, seeking first the kingdom of God and his justice, find all other things added thereunto. The Madam was a gentle large-hearted woman, sincerely religious and charitable in thought, word, and deed. She had no ethical tendencies impelling her to study human nature; so the wickedness of the world was to her a vague abstraction, and in no wise diminished her predilection for her

fellow-creatures. She had not the remotest perception of character, but rather an incapacity for going beneath the surface of anything. She was the adviser of all the women around, giving them simple medicine, food, and clothing when they required them, new breeds of fowl, and counsel as to their behaviour to their families. She was an excellent housewife; everything she did, she did well, from the making of butter for the market, to the mending of a stocking. She knew the value of each beast she had and how to keep it in condition; and she knew how to cultivate her flowers. No one had finer fowls or sent them to table better cooked; her sausages and collared heads were celebrated; and the whole domestic machinery in whose centre she moved, performed its complex evolutions with perfect regularity.

Though her external relations with the world went thus harmoniously, the Madam had her share of suffering. She lost her husband to whom she was devotedly attached, when she was little more than thirty years old, and saw child after child close its laughing eyes and change in her clasping arms from the soft warmth of life to the cold rigidity of death. Only her youngest remained to her, Ethna, now a girl of twenty years.

Ethna was like and unlike her mother; she had her generous nature, her warm-heartedness, but she was self-centered, passionate, and at the mercy of her impulses. The mother never aspired to higher levels than the one on which she wended the quiet tenor of her way; the daughter was often filled with that 'vague unrest' and aspirations for something, if not better, at least that she had not known. The mother would make a hundred unnoticed sacrifices and give no thought to them; the daughter was capable of a heroic effort, half vanity, half enthusiasm, for what was noble and elevated; but her self-abnegation was momentary, and again her own emotional life, feelings, and future were the things that had the greatest interest for her. Like the generality of those who have an exuberant vitality, she had a cheerful disposition. Her ready laughter was infectious, and people looked a second time at her long-lashed hazel eyes and crimson lips. She was tall and finely formed, with golden-brown hair, and neck and cheek as white and red as a York and Lancaster rose. Ethna was proud and sensitive, and one of the things she specially resented was the manner in which they had been ignored by the other members of the Moore family. They had come to the Lodge at intervals,

borrowed dogs and horses, accepted with unhesitating condescension presents of fowl, butter, everything the Madam's generosity prompted her to send; but when they had shooting parties, her father (when alive) had not been asked to join them, and they made it evident that they were standing on different rungs on the ladder of life. The girl exaggerated this grievance, and gave a great deal of unnecessary thought to the impression she made on them. She pictured them laughing and mocking her and those belonging to her as mountaineers, when in reality their aristocratic relatives never gave them a thought, once the necessity of making use of them was past.

It may be remarked *en passant* that those people who want for nothing get a good deal for nothing. The hospitality they accept and the use they make of their poorer relatives would jar upon one's sense of justice, only that the poorer relatives seem to be repaid by the mere fact of proximity, and the gratification of being seen in conjunction with them.

We adore fine people. With what unerring instinct we can trace relationship to the Marquis of Bullion. How difficult it becomes when the blood current leads to Mickey O'Rourke the butcher, who is also a cousin in the fourth degree.

The Madam's family, besides Ethna, included Nora, the child of her dead eldest daughter, a rosy, merry little lassie of five, who was on the best possible terms with the animal creation. She swung out of the dogs' necks; squeezed, and dressed the cats in antimacassors, got under the cow's legs at milking time, was knocked down by the skipping lambs; and held up her little fat hands to be placed on the horses when they were taken to water. She toddled everywhere—down to the well with the maid, the wooden bowl rattling in the can, riding on the grass-forks when they were being drawn across the meadow into the barn, where the regular beat of the flail was music to her ears, and where she hid from her little attendant in the yellow straw,—out to the dairy from which she issued triumphant with a little pat of butter on her own plate, which she bore across the yard with supernatural caution until the big turkey-cock approached her with unholy gobbles, and her screams brought her help. She was but a baby when her mother died; the Madam had taken charge of the little one, and she was soon a necessary element in the establishment. Between the Madam and her son-in-law existed the strongest affection and confidence.

Mr. Taylor was an attorney in the neighbouring town; an upright, honourable man, who was universally esteemed. He was fortunate enough to be in easy circumstances, as he had a very excellent practice. In the second year of his widowhood his mother-in-law counselled him as to the advisability of a second marriage; his home was lonely, his housekeeping defective; and she spoke to such good purpose that in a few months he became the husband of a young woman for whom the Madam had a special predilection, one to whom she would not be afraid to trust her little Nora.

They continued, of course, their friendly relations; the Taylors came to Mona constantly, and Ethna went to town when any amusement was to be had there at races, assizes, elections &c., and enjoyed herself thoroughly.

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## CHAPTER II.

### ETHNA.

As Ethna was to inherit Mona, she was looked on as an heiress on a small scale, and consequently received a considerable share of those masculine and maternal attentions which contribute not a little to a young girl's social position. However, she had remained heart-whole through her quiet life on the hill-side, and the perusal of novels had tinged her thoughts with the illusive glory of romance. Like the Sleeping Beauty, she waited for the awaking kiss; love was to come by-and-by into her expectant life, clothed in divine beauty, changing the face of all things, giving a wilder sweetness to the perfumed days and fulfilling that self-created vision in which she beheld herself acting a prominent part—happy in the love of one and the admiration of many. As Ethna had a capacity for hero-worship, she felt it would be an easy matter "to live up" to one, if he loved her.

There is something absolutely pathetic in our self-confidence. How amiable we all intend to be when we attain our particular desire! What sweet cheerful wives, what kind considerate husbands, girls and young men intend to be, though they are rude and trying in their present state and domestic circle, with but abstract consideration for the feelings of others! How confident they are of their ability to rear up children in the way they should go, though going that way themselves seems oftentimes unnecessary!

If we were rich, how charitable we should be ! It is not worth while disturbing ourselves to give a penny to the poor woman at the door.

We all flatter ourselves that we shall perform the duties of our state excellently, particularly when we relish those duties, and find performing them a pleasure. We all hope to be good ; but if we do not seek it to-day amidst the discordant elements of our lives, shall we be nearer to it to-morrow, though life may have changed into more musical rhythm ? If we do not master our natures this week, can we promise to do so next week ? Possibly disturbing circumstances may have lessened ; but it is also possible that the intolerance of an uncontrolled disposition may have increased, and we may continue to find the same difficulty in bearing lesser crosses that we once had in submitting to greater ones. Perfection will be easy to-morrow when we revolve in a different set of circumstances. Until we are in that position for which we are suited, we cannot be always agreeable. Our souls are cramped in too limited a space. How can we show the brilliant plumage of our wings when our cage forbids their extension ? How can we perform lesser things who feel within us the impulse that achieves the greater ? Can we tend flowers who aspire to read the stars ? Can we give graceful utterance to flowers of rhetoric from a hard and angular tripod ?

Few of us are so bad but we flatter ourselves we should have been better, only for some unfortunate obstruction that turned our steps aside into lower levels.

As has been said, in spite of the amount of attention paid her, Ethna Moore sighed that Heaven had not made her for such a man as King Arthur or Galahad, rather than for any of the flesh and blood unpoetic specimens of the opposite gender whom she saw having such a hearty relish for tobacco smoke and whiskey and water. Yet she treated them with no extreme disdain ; she rather liked to be paid attention ; and it was only in her cynical moments she found the odour of the weed overpowering. She was entertained by her young admirers when she met them at races or evening parties ; it was when she got back to the hillside, and dreamed over "The Idyls of the King" in her little rustic seat under the big drooping ash, that she found them painfully commonplace, and speculated on that mysterious He "who would touch her finer fancies."

Her most favoured knight was Vincent Talbot, the son of an

old friend of her father's. They had a frank, natural affection for each other, the seed of which affection had been sown when they were little children. The sentiment was like what may exist between two boys, only that the consciousness of sex influenced their manner to each other. Vincent would pretend to be jealous of Ethna, telling her at the same time with perfect candour of his tilts in the tournament of love. Ethna would laugh at him and scold him and remain quite satisfied that she was his first friend. Vincent Talbot was a fine, generous-natured youth, enthusiastic and impulsive, full of reckless courage and ardent emotion that did not as yet permit him to count the cost of anything; he was eager about everything—cricket, boating, hunting; but he was as changeable as a chameleon, and one taste superseded another with marvellous impetuosity. He was the only child of his father, who shared with Mr. Taylor the profits of the law in Beltard; and he had at length succeeded in passing his examinations; so he was now a full-blown solicitor himself, ready to make an honest livelihood out of rogues and fools. Mr. Talbot was considered a wealthy man; his residence was a little outside the suburb, and every morning his neat trap was to be seen driving into town, with its steady grey-haired occupant. The impetuous disposition of his son caused him many misgivings; but on the whole he treated his unbusinesslike proclivities with forbearance, and trusted that the influence of time, and by-and-by, a sensible wife, would make him a man after his own heart. He alluded to other young men who were a credit to their families, and spoke with pathos of Richard Grubb, who never had a thought but of business.

"Why, father," Vincent would exclaim, "I wouldn't be such a mean beggar as Grubb if I never made a penny. He wouldn't give one a match to light a pipe."

"Because he will not waste money or time, smoking, himself," answered the father.

"He will not, before you; he would if he got it for nothing," said Vincent. "You think he has all the cardinal virtues because he is good at work; but he goes in for sin when 'tis cheap enough, I can tell you. I would not come out on him so hard," he added, laughingly, "only you hold him up as a model."

Mr. Talbot's desires were at last accomplished; the young man at last concentrated his attention on his studies and came home in triumph to the paternal arms.

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## CHAPTER III.

## A DINNER PARTY.

It was assize-time in Beltard. The town was crowded, by those having business, and by those who are drawn by the odious force of a crowd; and there was a pleasant stir and bustle as if the world had suddenly waked into a fuller existence.

The first night there was to be a dinner party at Mr. Taylor's, and Ethna Moore, looking very fresh and pretty in a black net dress and silver ornaments, sat in the drawing-room waiting the arrival of the guests. Mrs. Taylor had not come down, having been busy superintending. She was bending over a book of engravings absorbed in the contemplation of one figure named "Purity," from which seemed to exhale an inexhaustible kind of beauty, a cool virginal fragrance that seemed to steal upon the senses and calm the pulses of more passionate rhythms, awaking admiration at heart, for those rare natures who will not feed on "flesh pots" but among the lilies. She was aroused by a movement near her, and looking up saw a dark, handsome young man, looking down on her with critical eyes.

"You are Ethna Moore," he said, stroking his long moustache.

"Yes that is my name," she said looking at him rather haughtily, "but I am usually called Miss Moore by strangers."

"Quite right, but I don't intend to be a stranger, Ethna, so I am only just taking a little advantage of time, 'taking time by the forelock'—is not that what some poet fellow has said? Mr. Taylor told me you were here, and I hurried my toilet—a deuced bore hurrying anything—to meet you before the natives come in to feed. Do you feel flattered?"

"Not in the least," answered Ethna icily, astonished, yet conscious that her free-mannered querist was very handsome and did not look like a madman, but was not treating her with proper respect.

"Not in the least!" he repeated. "Strange, I should feel touched to the heart if you hastened your movements for me."

He sat down tranquilly near her, with an amused expression on his face, as he took the book out of her hands.

"I should be very sorry to hasten my movements for any man," said Ethna, growing indignant.

"Quite right, not worth the trouble. I wonder what brings women to assizes, court-houses, fairs, and other haunts of men. Love of law and cattle, I suppose. If the lawyers were of the gentler gender,—are they gentler, Ethna?—would they have such a feminine audience, do you think?"

"I really do not know."

"Ah, you are getting angry, pardon me for saying it, but all the Moores were a little ill-tempered—or, let us say, spirited—it sounds better. I have reason to know it. But you are changed, Ethna; there was a time when you sat on my lap and kissed me."

The girl started; the young man burst out laughing.

"Come, Ethna," he said, "we must be friends. I am Philip Moore, your cousin, and entitled to be on familiar terms. You were only about eight years old when I saw you last, so I forgive you for forgetting me. Did I try you too much? Are we to be friends?"

He extended his hand, smiling so brightly, that the girl, smiling and relieved, placed hers in it.

"I should never know you," she said, "though I remember your being at Mona quiet well."

"Twelve years makes a change in the face of man, my fair cousin. I was a beardless boy in those days. It makes me feel as if I were my own grandfather to see you grown into a woman."

"I suppose you will stay at the Lodge for awhile."

"Yes. I am home now on sick leave and am, like Cassius, a-weary of the world. I expect you will all pay me a good deal of attention amongst the hills, and make life endurable. I am worn out from the tropics."

The young man at whom Ethna was looking did not quite convey the idea of exhausted vitality. He was tall, finely formed, with a dark, handsome face covered with silky beard; the brown eyes were sleepy looking. There was an indolent repose in his manner that bespoke rather a tendency for the *dolce far niente* than a want of force. And Philip Moore's appearance was indicative of his temperament. He was essentially a man of pleasure—a man that took his pleasure with perfect composure and deliberation. He was more an epicure than a glutton; he did not gulp down the wine of life to gratify his thirst alone. He liked to taste it, to hold it between him and the light, to sip it quietly, and

watch others who were idiotic enough to become intoxicated. He was liked very well in his regiment ; he joined in everything, yet managed in so marvellous a way to keep out of scrapes, that he was regarded as rather a steady fellow. He paid his debts of honour (his tailor's bill net always coming under that head) and acted generally as is the wont of men having a regard for public opinion. There was passion in his nature, but it seldom appeared in his temper, for the reason perhaps that it was not greatly tried. At one time an ingenuous ensign made some remarks which offended him, whereupon Philip Moore silently arose and so nearly strangled him, that ever after it was considered wiser to let " sleeping dogs lie."

Philip Moore had felt no particular inclination for matrimony up to the present, and his idea was that if a fellow went in harness, they ought to be golden. Union of hearts, reciprocal affection, mind, soul, were terms that made him smile ; for *he* found women like men, more or less vain, greedy, selfish, and very much alike. He had not much intellectual power, he had no taste for abstract questions or anything tending to a higher level than the one on which he and the generality of his fellow-creatures tried to make themselves comfortable ; and, as it may be supposed, spiritual matters concerning the immortal destiny of man, his duties and responsibilities, did not cause him overmuch mental disturbance. But he was very agreeable and fascinating amongst women, and could see pretty accurately into the natures of those surrounding him.

He and Ethna had time to be favourably impressed by each other's external attractions before the other guests arrived and interrupted their *tête-à-tête*.

"She is not bad," he said to himself, "rustic and fresh ; lots of fire in her. I rather like a spirited woman. I am sick of soft ones."

He took her down to dinner, and kept her amused by his remarks on the company.

"What pleasure do you find in being ill-natured ?" asked Ethna. "Do you suppose you have no peculiarities yourself ?"

"By Jove, I am a bundle of peculiarities," answered Moore. "That is the reason I have such a relish for those of my neighbours ; they prevent mine from coming out in too bold relief. Who is the lady opposite with the white teeth ?"

"The wife of our doctor, Mrs. Smith."

"Ah—she should have been the wife of a dentist; she would be quite an advertisement for him. Nature acts kindly in making those who have fine teeth show them largely. You are not afraid to smile, I perceive. Do you ever do so accidentally on purpose, so to speak?"

"I think not," said Ethna, laughing. "It is not necessary, as I have the wide Irish mouth."

"The beautiful Irish mouth, Cupid's bow," he said, with a slow glance. "I suppose you heard my brother, Harry, has had the bad taste to take an English wife to himself?"

"Yes, we saw the marriage in the newspapers. Is she handsome?"

"She is considered so. Not my style, though—I prefer a rose to a lily; there is more warmth about it. The wedding was a great affair. I distinguished myself as an orator—broke down only twice. I wished the race of bridesmaids were in the bottomless pit."

"The days of chivalry are gone," said Ethna. "'Tis a long time since any of you were at the Lodge. Do you intend to make any stay there?"

"That depends upon things beyond my control—my changeable impulses, the agreeableness of you and all my neighbours, the amount of sport to be had, the weather, and so on. Harry is to bring over his wife before he settles down again. They are doing the sentimental on the continent. Do you like Harry?"

"I saw very little of him," answered Ethna, colouring. "The last time he was down he had a large party with him—your sister, too, I think. My mother is a bad visitor; so I scarcely met him. He came once or twice, I believe, to Mona."

"Is that the way you care for your relations?"

"I care as much for them as they care for me."

"Quite a fair arrangement. If you carry it out with regard to me, I shall be perfectly satisfied."

He looked at her, smiling, and stroked his moustache, while the girl laughed, and said she was of a stingy nature—she always measured what she got before she gave.

The week was a delightful one. Ethna met Philip Moore every day, and was not indifferent to the fact that she was escorted occasionally by the most distinguished-looking man in town, who

was her cousin also. Her maiden acquaintances went into raptures about him. "Who is that with Miss Moore?" she could hear people whisper, and she passed by people from whom she had received, or fancied she had received, some little social annoyance, in the best possible spirits. But the week followed the course of all other weeks and fell over the brink of time into the unfathomable deeps. Ethna returned to Mona to give her mother a minute account of her experiences and her liking for Philip Moore.

ATTIE O'BRIEN.\*

*(To be continued).*

### SAINT AGNES.

O VIRGIN-MARTYR Saint! how much all love  
 The name of Agnes since it has been thine!  
 Thy parents must have learned it from above  
 By inspiration or some sacred sign.

In choosing it, they meant not to declare  
 An only child, one sent to their old age,  
 Should be their Pet Lamb, reared with fondest care,  
 To be their solace in life's final stage.

No! They who gave to God their ample wealth,  
 Who served Christ's poor and sick in haughty Rome,  
 Who from their noble house went forth by stealth  
 To join the Brethren in the Catacomb—

Would not have chosen Agnes for thy name,  
 Unless they destined thee for virgin vows,  
 Prepared to give thee to the Spotless Lamb,  
 His Bride elect, His consecrated Spouse.

O Blessed Agnes! Happy martyred Maid!  
 In childhood's innocence to Jesus given—  
 Kind Saint! dear Sister! all implore thy aid  
 Who lead on earth the angel life of heaven.

\* The circumstances under which this story of a former contributor, long dead, is printed here were explained last month in the concluding paper, "Thanks Promises and Requests." See also the reference to Miss Attie O'Brien in the retrospect with which our present volume opens. Ed. I.M.

O ye, who call Saint Agnes Patron Saint,  
Heed well the fiery strife through which she passed ;  
In combat think of her, and do not faint ;  
The crown of life will grace your brows at last.

Ah ! those were days when Rome picked out by lot  
The vestal virgins, who bewailed their fate,  
Like Jephthe's daughter, victims who might not  
Reject the dreaded honour of the state.

The emperor, as Cæsar and High Priest,  
Consigned these hapless vestals to their doom,  
To join in rites abhorred, until released  
By age, or death, or—worse—the living tomb.

Thus mournful error mocked and mimicked truth ;  
The Demon would have virgins mid his slaves ;  
He took his victims in the flower of youth,  
And Vesta's temples were their gilded graves.

And those were days, when other Virgins fed  
A hallowed flame that lit a hallowed shrine,  
That shone forth like a glory round their head,  
And made their pure hearts glow with love divine.

These gave a heavenly meaning to the name ;  
Their oath a solemn vow, no girlish whim—  
They loved the Virgin-Mother of the Lamb,  
They chose the Better Part, and followed Him.

They found a blest redemption from the Fall,  
From Eva's punishment and dire disgrace—  
Brought honour to their sex : their heavenly call  
Has more than won back woman's rightful place.

To pain and torture they indeed aspired—  
Their Love was crucified, and they would share  
The sufferings He bore ; their hearts desired  
This, this alone—it was their ceaseless prayer.

His "lilies among thorns," they were not housed  
From tempest, nor embedded in soft moss—  
Chaste Virgins unto Christ the Lord espoused,  
They followed where He went, nor feared His Cross.

In Sacrifice to God each day renewed  
They saw the Lamb lie mystically slain—  
And, fortified by that celestial Food,  
They deemed life loss and martyrdom a gain.

Of such as these was Agnes, unto whom  
Saint Marcellinus gave the virgin wreath  
Before the faithful in the Catacomb,  
And Diocletian gave the Martyr's death.

Her parents were among the great of Rome,  
And, childless many years, escaped the search  
That spared no Christian family and home,  
When Cæsars waged their war against the Church.

But, when this gentle and most lovely child  
Had reached her thirteenth year, the house was sought :  
Old friends remembered them, came back, and smiled,  
And suitors for the hand of Agnes brought.

With many others, came the Prefect's son,  
Resolved on winning Agnes for a bride :  
His calls the anxious parents might not shun,  
He was too powerful to be denied.

He, bolder than the rest, presumed to seek  
The Maid herself with gifts, and urge his cause.  
Amazed, she heard the hopes he dared to speak,  
And fearlessly exclaimed without a pause :

"Hence, deadly poison ! Silence, language loathed !  
Or, listen, while thy boldness I reprove,  
And tell of Him to whom I am betrothed,  
For whom I keep my faith and constant love.

"The ages saw not His Eternal Birth ;  
His Father gives Him Majesty Divine—  
A Virgin-Mother brought Him forth on earth ;  
He placed upon my brow this Virgin Sign.

"The day-star, nay, the sun shines not so bright  
As my Beloved, on whom they cannot gaze ;  
His Seraphs use their wings to veil their sight  
Beneath the blinding splendour of His rays.

"Thy trinkets tempt not. He has given me  
Rich bracelets, necklaces of rarest stones—  
For ear-rings, priceless pearls, no gems can be  
Immense as those upon my jewelled zones.

"Thus, rubied with His Blood—my robe, my crown,  
My cheeks and lips, with that sweet Blood I taste—  
I love the Lamb of God, and Him alone,  
Whom loving I am pure, espousing chaste."

The youth withdrew abashed ; but thought she raved  
Of one preferred to him. He grieved and pined  
Dejectedly at home ; at last he craved  
His father's help to change the Maiden's mind.

Symphronius the Prefect sought the Saint ;  
He found her faithful to her Unknown Love,  
And, hearing she was Christian, guessed her feint,  
Knew that the Spouse she meant was God above.

The Prefect cried : " If thou refuse to wed,  
Be Vesta's Virgin : else, far worse than death  
Shall be thy doom. From off that haughty head  
The vilest hands shall pluck its virgin wreath."

They dragged Saint Agnes to no lion's den—  
Christ's innocent, pure lamb was doomed to worse !  
More welcome wild beasts than the monstrous men  
Whose vileness shall not desecrate my verse.

Are not " the lilies of the field " arrayed  
In glory by our Heavenly Father's care ?  
He clad Christ's lily—for He veiled the Maid  
With snow-white raiment and her flowing hair.

In dazzling light, Saint Agnes stood and prayed ;  
The pitiless with reverence were filled :  
The Prefect's son alone was not afraid,  
And him—her Guardian Angel promptly killed.

Then knelt that wretched father at her feet,  
Besought her to recall his son from death.  
She prayed—and, lo ! her conquest was complete,  
Procopius rose, converted to the Faith.



Then clamoured for her death the angry crowd :  
The judge, like Pilate, wavered, turned and fled ;  
By menaces he was ignobly cowed,  
And weakly left another in his stead.

So, once more Agnes faced the judgment-seat ;  
"Now, manacle those wrists," the new judge cried.  
The licitor's smallest fell down at her feet—  
Said he, "Mine are not bracelets for a bride !"

"Heap faggots round her, hither bring the torch,"  
The Judge called out : Saint Agnes felt no fear.  
The fire sprang forth on those beneath the porch,  
She stood untouched, and not a flame came near.

With hands upraised, amid the flames she prayed :  
"I bless Thee, God, the Father of my Lord,  
That I have passed all peril by Thy aid ;  
I glorify Thy Holy Name adored.

"My heart's desire at last breaks on my sight,  
At last, my life-long hope draws nigh to me !  
How oft my soul hath sought Him in the night !  
And now, my God, my Love, I come to Thee !

"Nay, gentle headsman ! Why look grieved, why shake ?  
Send, send me to the God who took my Vows—  
Strike, boldly strike ! My full forgiveness take—  
Set free a soul long pining for her Spouse !"

The sign was given. He dashed away a tear ;  
And then his sword struck off the fair child's head—  
Saint Agnes gained the death she held so dear—  
The snow-white Lily lay there, crimson-red !

"Forget thy people and thy father's house,"  
Are words of life, not words of hopeless doom ;  
Mourn not the daughters chosen by *that* Spouse  
For convent cell, or for a virgin tomb.

Let none think Agnes had no tender love  
For earthly ties, because of her great call.  
Ah, think not this, but let the sequel prove  
They most love all who love God more than all.

Her parents in her triumph had not grieved ;  
 But watching at her tomb, they sometimes mourned :  
 They missed their martyred Lamb, they felt bereaved—  
 To give them peace, one night the Saint returned.

Surrounded by bright Virgins, Agnes came—  
 Most lovely, most resplendent was the show—  
 Upon her right there stood a Spotless Lamb,  
 Whose fleece was whiter than the whitest snow.

" Hail, dearest Parents, hail ! " the daughter said—  
 " Behold my Sisters ! See my joy, my love !  
 And weep no more for me, nor mourn as dead  
 Your child whose hopes are all fulfilled above ! "

Saint Agnes ! Child of Peter, Joy of Rome !  
 His Apostolic spirit lives in thee :  
 Where Peter feeds the Sheep, we see thee come,  
 The Lamb that bears the Shepherd company !

For, when a pastor sent in Peter's name  
 Has brought another flock within Christ's fold,  
 What holy symbol wears he, to proclaim  
 That Peter's Crook is rightly in his hold ?

Oh, is it not the Pallium of fine wool  
 From those white lambs upon thine altar laid,  
 And gently blessed with rite most beautiful—  
 Rome's grateful homage to her Martyred Maid ?

O Child of Rome ! bless those in banishment—  
 May faithful shepherds guide each distant flock,  
 And bear the lambs on shoulders meekly bent,  
 And fold all in the Shadow of the Rock !

Bless England, were it only for the sake  
 Of one sweet word, and all it goes to prove—  
 Saint Agnes' Flower we call our pure snow-flake ;  
 That name, dear Saint ! records our former love.

K. D. B.

[The reader may be reminded that the 21st day of this month is the feast of this amiable young saint, to whom our Magazine paid no fewer than three separate tributes last year—J. W. A.'s beautiful poem in her own month, and in two subsequent Numbers two collections of the best things that have been written in her praise, "The Literature of St. Agnes," in March ; and "More about St. Agnes," in July.—Ed. I.M.]

## A STUDY OF THACKERAY.

## PART I.

THE influx of the tide of Democracy into England, together with that of the critical movement in Germany, subsequent to the French Revolution, worked a sudden change in the history of English Literature. It produced such men as Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey on the one hand, Burns, Byron and Shelley on the other. On one side we see a solemn consecration of the mind to truth, to the study of the soul, its powers, its destiny, and its duties ; on the other a volcanic upheaval of rebellion against existing injustices, hypocrisies and beliefs, an outpouring of hatred for the whole social life. With Wordsworth all men are equal in the possession of a soul : this is the inviolate being, the only holy part of man, holy in all the walks of life. Condition, habits, education, all the outer covering of man, are accidents of fortune ; there is only one thing of worth to be considered, the integrity of the conscience. Science itself is worthless except where it penetrates moral life. Beyond the vanities of the world, the pride of knowledge, lies the broad rule of the Christian life. "The primal duties shine aloft like stars, the charities that soothe and heal and bless, are scattered at the feet of man—like flowers." At the close of all questioning and unrest comes the great truth whose abstraction includes the whole problem of existence :

" Life, I repeat, is energy of Love  
Divine or human, exercised in pain,  
In strife and tribulation ; and ordained,  
If so approved and sanctified, to pass  
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy.\*

When an epoch awakens certain modes of thought in the human intelligence, it does so in both directions. It leagues itself with both of the contending armies ; it appears everywhere, and instead of harmonising the opposing forces, it intensifies the contrary instincts of each. What it effects with one hand it nullifies with the other. If the movement of the epoch be one of style, we find it giving its services to the bitter misanthropy of Swift, and to the kindly humanity of Addison. If, as in the opening of this century,

\* *The Excursion*, Book V., closing lines.

it be the philosophical movement, it produces at once the conservative utterances of Wordsworth, the stoicism of Southey, or the socialistic utopias of Shelley and the pagan epicureanism of Byron. That which on the one hand has prompted lofty musings on man, sacred through his divine possession and destiny, will on the other hand stimulate hatred and contempt, urging its agent to rend or defy him.

“Dogs, or men—for I flatter you by saying  
That ye are dogs,—your betters far—ye may  
Read, or read not, what I am now essaying  
To show ye what ye are in every way!” \*

This fact, so distinctly visible in the sudden development of the reflective and democratic spirit in the poetry of the commencement of the century, exhibits itself later in the history of the Novel. It produced on the one hand Charles Dickens, the philanthropist, the ardent and expansive lover of men, women, and children; the defender of the poor, the apologist for the wealthy; † with hatred only for hypocrisy and cruelty, and with a sense of justice born of his charity, that will not deny the possession of virtues to the aristocrat ‡ nor of vices to the poor. On the other hand it produced Thackeray, the cynic, the satirist, the lover of moral theses, the lay preacher; less devoted to defending the poor, wholly devoted to censuring mankind in general, and the aristocracy in particular; a writer who is nothing if not critical; a man who in the main body of his works affects us less as an artist than does Dickens; but who, in the strength of his mental attainments, caustic powers of satire, and logical method, looms larger on the intellectual horizon.

Herein lies the contrast: Dickens is an idealist, a man who believes in the highest possibilities for his fellowmen; his highest philosopher may be a pedlar, like Wordsworth's, or his greatest hero may be a drunkard; given the divine flame of charity and of love, and there is no height to which a man may not attain. Thackeray is a cynic, a searcher into motives, a critic of human

\* Byron. *Don Juan*. Canto vii. Stanza 7.

† Ralph Nickleby commits suicide through remorse. Mr. Dombey is about to do so, when Florence appears, a goddess out of a machine, at the precise moment when the pistol is at his head.

‡ Sir Lester Deadlock. Read the chapter entitled “The heart and soul of Gentleman.”—*Black House*.

action, who would often fain rob them of their nobility by referring them to ugly sources ; a man whom his first success condemned to almost rival in his works the bitterness and the gloom of Swift, and who narrowly escaped, but for his sensitiveness and warmth of heart, from becoming a complete misanthrope. With him the Novel is not a study in psychology, nor of manners ; it is a parable, the characters of which are created with the express purpose of illustrating to us the doctrines he would preach. It is a product of the reflective spirit which had entered into the nation's literary life ; and its chief weapon is satire.

The proper faculty of Satire is reflection. When Dickens broods it is over an action good, evil, or trivial, or over a peculiarity of character, or of manners, or an event. Thackeray does not dwell on these with the same intensity, nor paint them with the same vividness ; his reflective powers are chiefly bent on discovering or exposing the motives that underlie them, or lead up to them. Whom he does paint a character with intensity and emphasis of power, it is not so much with the artistic instinct, to show its depth or height in the scale of good or evil, as to heighten the force of the moral he would convey. I suppose quite as many sensitive people have wept over Colonel Newcome, as over any one of Dickens' pathetic figures. And yet it does not require much critical acumen on the part of the reader to see behind this over sensitive creation the cynical smile of the writer. Thackeray emphasized this character not so much because he loves him, as because he detests the spirit of harshness in his persecutors, and by painting strongly the over sensitiveness of the creation, he will make us detest the more the oppression to which he is subjected. He has brought this art of hatred to a science : he is in possession of " the motives, and results " of the Villainies he is exposing. He classifies them ; they have their genera and species, their habitat ; they thrive best in such and such moral atmospheres and temperatures ; certain others kill them. His books are the Etiology and Pathology of moral diseases ; and his instruments of demonstration are the scalpel, and the microscope.

The most natural weapon of Satire is Irony : nothing gives better the sense of concentrated hate. Thackeray's irony is in a style peculiar to himself : he feigns to support his adversary, and to speak against himself : he does this with painstaking seriousness ; the more serious the irony the stronger it is. It is the

completest method of suggesting excessive scorn ; with this style the more you seem to defend your enemy, the more you show how you despise him ; the more you seem to support him, the more you crush him. It is the manner of Swift ; he approaches you with grave courtesy and deference, and he slays you. No flogging is worse than Swift's praise. It is the same with his best pupil. There are passages in *The Book of Snobs* worthy of *Gulliver*. He is defending his colleagues in Literature : the *men of letters*, he says, are the sole exception in Great Britain to the charges which he levels against all ranks and professions. True, they sometimes, nay, frequently criticise one another, you may even hear one literary man abusing his brother : but why ? Not at all out of malice, not out of envy ; "merely from a sense of truth and public duty."

"That sense of equality and fraternity among Authors has always struck me as one of the most amiable characteristics of the class. It is because we know and respect each other, that the world respects us so much ; that we hold such a good position in society, and demean ourselves so irreproachably when there. . . Literary persons are held in such esteem by the nation, that about two of them have been absolutely invited to Court during the present reign ; and it is probable that towards the end of the season, one or two will be asked to dinner by Sir Robert Peel,"\*

In the opening of this chapter you may for the moment be deceived. The manner is so candid and benign you may not at first be aware that this very subject and class is the one which he is thus about to load with most contempt.

The writer who adopts this style at the outset is condemned to maintain it to the end. The simple and direct method, free from logical inversions and malice of forethought, will be out of place here. There is a certain lesion of the brain which produces a symptom known as "mirror writing." The sufferer writes left handed, from right to left, and his writing can only be deciphered by normal intelligences when held in front of a mirror. The reader of Thackeray having been taught to estimate truth in an inverse ratio to the author's words, will lose hold of the connection of ideas if the direct method is suddenly thrust upon him. Thackeray, therefore, writes whole books in this style. Were it not for the splendid terseness of his vigorous English, it would be intolerable ; and let us confess that at times it grows wearisome. When he hates his women characters, and that is often enough,

\* *The Book of Snobs*. Ch. vi. Literary Snobs.

he carries this method to its farthest : it is not mere respect, nor pity he feigns for them ; he plies them with tenderesses and caresses ; he sports with them as a cat does with a mouse :—it is forever “ dear Rebecca ! ” or “ tender Blanche ! ”

From serious Irony to caricature is but a short step. Thackeray as a writer of burlesque is the first artist in the language. He has done nothing in its own way greater than “ *The Rose and the Ring*,” a burlesque fairy tale for children ; but the satire is so supreme and the fun so seriously managed that the children who delight in it most need to be old ones indeed. Nothing is more delightful than this burlesque on Monarchy, Aristocracy, diplomatic relations, and the whole conglomerate of roundabout machinery with which tradition and history have burthened kingdoms : and there are portions where the fun is so rich and vivid that one is tempted almost to wish that Thackeray had devoted himself to this region of Art where he reigns supreme. But though the realms of Burlesque are sacred, and it is given but to a few to enter them, what can be said of a writer who fills onethird of his most popular novels, designed in serious intention, with the inhabitants of this kingdom of “ *Valoroso II.* ” ? He is forever outraging our feelings by asserting some monstrous claims for his characters. This is his method of making a character appear ridiculous, and no claim is too absurd for these creations. The French cook, who believes himself to be a refugee noble, will make love to the fair Blanche through a series of symbolic dishes ; Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz himself, so skilled in the amatory code of cooking, is a mere tyro beside Thackeray, whose forced and grotesque conceits as to the “ hidden meanings ” contained in sauces, entrées, and hors d’œuvres, must have relegated him to the pots and pans, and menus of the diners out, for at least a month’s study. The Doctor too, how often he will prove to his pupils that idleness and bad construing lead inevitably to the gallows. Mrs. Major O’Dowd, bragging, garrulous, vulgar, and an Irishwoman, which latter is an especial reason why she should be made ridiculous, will marshal before her all the bachelors of the regiment on matrimonial parade, and marry them off whether they will or no. In such society the whole human race is bad or stupid ; and instead of filling our hearts with good-natured laughter, afflicts us with nausea or disgust. He will not allow these people any sense of reason or proportion ; they are

like those strange nondescripts that used to come on during the harlequinade in the pantomimes of twenty years ago, when the stage was darkness, and the bass viol and trombones groaned dismally, and the players crawled silently about, with no object but to confuse and perplex our childish minds. Within ten minutes they will give utterances to diametrically opposite opinions; he will make old Miss Crawley praise with forced ecstasy the charm of unequal marriages—in order that she may appear more ridiculous when, in the next page, she falls in a fit on discovering that her scapegrace nephew has made one. She calls Rebecca her equal, and the next moment peremptorily bids her to put coals on the fire. When the climax of irony comes, and she finds that it is “her dear Rebecca,” her slave and factotum, who has captured the scapegrace nephew, and run away with him, she cries out in rage and despair, “Gracious-goodness! *Who’s* to make my chocolate?” We will accept such malice of forethought from the writer of comedy; it is delightful to witness the see-saw of quarrel and reconciliation between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. Sheridan makes them become friends that in five minutes he may put them through another scene of bickering; and their modes of reconciliation are so funny, he will make them quarrel again that they may be reconciled. They are not men and women, seriously drawn characters, they are puppets in the hands of a supremely clever showman, we see the strings that work them, and hear his voice from behind the scene. Such incidents as we have seen in Thackeray fall under very much the same heading: they are the scenes of comedy and opera-bouffe, not pictures of life and manners. Men and women do not unmask themselves in this delightfully frank and fearless manner in real life, except indeed in the wards of lunatic asylums. But because we have now and again received vague hints of such motives and feelings through the walls of personal reserve in those around us, we do not resent these grotesque outbursts and candid self-exposures in meanness: this is how our nature would at times wish to see the hypocrites of the world unmasked; and seeing it, we would laugh.

If we can laugh at such things, the laughter must be sad: we remember that what we have seen are the weaknesses of our flesh; and the laughter dies on our lips. We ask ourselves what manner of man is this, who has the power of investing with ridicule the  
 1 tragedy of sin? We turn to the author’s face for comfort,



and to glean his meaning, and we are met only by a sardonic smile. We have come fresh from a nature ardent, eager, and direct, who if he hates a man or an institution is at pains from the outset to tell you so, and will continue to tell you so to the end; who wants you to hate excessively with him, as he would also have you excessively to love: having left Dickens, we approach Thackeray. We have seen how, if Dickens hates intensely a type of character or an institution, his hatred will often poison with gloom the whole work: and how when he laughs, sports, or plays the buffoon it is to free us from oppression, and let in light and refreshing air. His contrast exists in Thackeray who will poison it with laughter when he hates; and when, for once, he becomes tolerant and benign, his style for simple dignity and direct pathos has not been surpassed in the Literature. Again, it is the same talent in each that assists in marking the contrast.

"Humour" is a talent not easy to define. A French critic has said that the word is untranslatable in French, since in France they have not got the idea. One of its most prominent features is a love for contrasts. Swift gives utterance to the most grotesque absurdities, like a man in earnest: Hamlet, shaken by horror, gives vent to wild buffooneries and jests. Heine mocks his own emotions whilst he displays them. Comedy is dressed in solemn garb: or grave thoughts emerge from the motley of a clown. With Thackeray the satire is always uppermost. In his fun there is always a seriousness begotten of reflection and brooding thought, which, as we have seen in the case of Dickens, reproduces things in false relief. And thus the impossible and grotesque become not as such to the writer's mind, nor to the reader's, when once the author's intensity has gained full dominion over him: they become fixed and constant; not phantoms of the brain, but facts. When Swift takes you by the sleeve, and, with minute and commonplace circumstances, tells you of a race of strange beings lately discovered, his manner compels you to listen. He describes, in the style of an unimaginative but observant traveller, their habits and ways. They are disgusting: at the same moment in which you recognise this you discover that they are your brothers: he then closes the description by telling you that they are your betters, but only a little less base than yourself. Thackeray will give you an incident of life with the minutest detail, and the utmost gravity; the incident is not a pleasant one, nor the actors

noble, but the style is so graphic that, your attention fixed, you laugh at the humiliating climax ; he will then turn upon you, and, taking you into his confidence, will tell you that in drawing this picture he had *you* for his chief model ; and, in the kindest manner possible, he will show you how complete a knave or fool you really are. "Yes, dear reader," he seems to say, "you do not laugh now ; 'tis pity, but 'tis true ; I warn you only for your own good and self-enlightenment. Let us be charitable to one another, then ! wedded as we are in the bonds and brotherhood of knaves and fools !"

MONTAGU GRIFFIN, B.A., M.B.

*(To be continued).*

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### DOLLY.

MY first experience of life was in the Campagna, the sweet wild country which surrounds Rome, and from which come the buffaloes one sometimes sees dragging their heavy loads of stone in the streets of the Eternal City. My home was at the edge of a little wood near a large farm where a flock of about three thousand sheep was kept, and all about me in the Springtime asphodels, narcissi, and orchids bloomed amid the short grass, and later on the flowering rush lifted up its lovely pink clusters, and the Iris flaunted its golden shields in the summer heat. The strong sunlight and the soft starlight kissed me day after day and night after night, and the perfumed wind sighed and whistled about me as it swept up from the Pontine Marshes, and, laden with the scent of innumerable flowers, passed away with its mysterious message to the dwellers in the crowded town. At times the cries of the shepherds, who, in their long trailing mantles, drove homeward in the dim light their flocks of sheep, the white dogs bounding and barking around them, came from a distance upon the still air, and then the silence fell, and the stars came out and looked down upon the great marshes and the scattered farms, and everything was still except in the dim pastures where the wild cows were being gathered for the milking time, in the twilight.

So my life went on through many a sweet spring, through many a tropical summer, and cooler autumn, and wild weird winter, and I thrived and grew, until one evening two of the shepherds came and sawed me through, lopped off all my pretty branches and carried me away to their hut, where in their spare time, when the flocks were folded, they made those roughly carved chairs which one sees for sale in some of the little streets of Rome. And then a young goatherd who had his quarters with them picked up pieces of me and out and shaped them into a doll, not by any means pretty, but strong and useful-looking and quaint, with no sawdust to fall through any rents, or wax to chip off or melt. When all my bits were fastened together, he persuaded one of the girls at the farm to clothe me like a *Contadina*, just as she herself was dressed,—all red and yellow and green, with a bit of tarnished gold lace round the skirt. Then I was put on a shelf and left there to think of the future before me, but the hot season was not long in coming, and the Malaria began to rise from the swamps and marshes, and the fever to creep about in search of its victims, so the shepherds moved their sheep up into the higher pastures of the mountains, and the goatherd took me down from the shelf and carried me with his other treasures along the winding ascent up to their cabin on the hill slope, where again I rested for a while in loneliness, with only the whistling of the wind and the bleating of the sheep to cheer me. Later on in the Autumn, however, the flocks were brought down to the Campagna again, and one day the goatherd was sent back to Rome, and he at once took me to a tiny toy shop and sold me for a lira, and in a few moments I was hung up in the sunlit window to tempt a child into a purchase. It was gay there, although I was left with nothing to amuse me save the stray passers by, who paused a few moments to look at the gaily colored toys around me and then went on, with hardly a glance for poor little me in the corner. When December drew towards its close, however, things were brighter. At the corner of the house there was a little shrine of the Madonna, and day by day couples of Pifferari, the peasants who make a pilgrimage to the City, came and stood before it in their picturesque costumes of red waistcoats and blue jackets, and goat-skin knee breeches and long blue cloaks, and tall hats with peacock feathers atop. They all played an old and sweet Ave Maria, one of them using a quaint bagpipe, and the other a shepherd's pipe, such as you see here and

there in the pastoral districts; and during the intervals street singers came and sang, one of their number twanging a guitar or a mandoline; but their songs were not half so sweet as the wild notes of the pipes and bagpipes and the rough sad voices of the peasants in the Ave Maria. By-and-by there came also the Christmas crowds through the narrow street, and one day a foreigner, *Irlandese* they called her in the shop, stopped at the window, and the little dark-eyed girl she was leading by the hand shouted with delight when she saw me in my gay clothes, and begged the lady to buy me. So the pair entered, and, without any dispute as to the price, bought me, the girl refusing to have me tied up in paper, and taking me away in her arms. What a change it was for me to find myself in a room of one of the grand hotels, with servants rushing about, and a French maid chattering with my little mistress in a tongue that was not nearly so sweet as the words I used to hear in the shepherd's hut on the wild Campagna, and in the tiny dim shop. After a while I was put into a dark box, and when I was taken out, I found that I had crossed the sea to a foreign land, and that I was in a dainty little bedroom at the top of a large house in a green square of a famous city. There was a white bed in the corner where my mistress slept, and on a chintz covered sofa there were four other dolls, not like poor me of wood and cheaply dressed, but of wax, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, and clad in silk and velvet. They were, however, only for show when little girls came to spend the day with my mistress, for she always had them put away in a box at bedtime, and kept me in sight on the quilt until she fell asleep, and she looked for me first thing when she awoke in the morning. I was very happy there and had nearly forgotten the tiny shop in the Roman street, and the Pifferari music at the corner, and the gay Christmas crowds in the street, when one wintry day my young mistress was taken by her mother to see the suffering little people in a Hospital. After they came back I saw traces of tears in their eyes, and all the evening my mistress was very quiet. She gently laid me on the warm white quilt as usual, and when the maid had put her in bed, and her mother had come in and given her the good night kiss she suddenly said:

"Mamma, I want you to send all my toys and dolls to the children in the Hospital."

Her mother kissed her again, and replied softly, "But my child

you will want them again, and I can send some money instead."

"I should like to send all the toys and dolls," my little mistress said, "I should love the poor children to have them."

"But not the *Contadina*," her mother answered, taking me up from the quilt.

My mistress hesitated a little while, and I saw her lips quiver as she said, "Yes, the *Contadina*, they would like her best."

So the next afternoon we all were packed in a basket and carried away across the city. It was Christmas Eve, and the streets were gay with people gazing at the lighted windows of the shops, which were crowded with folks buying all sorts of presents, but the large room in which we were unpacked, was still and peaceful. In the dim light one could see rows of small white beds along the walls, and in each one there was a tiny child whose little head rested upon the soft pillows. Some of them were asleep, and perhaps dreaming of the heaven where there is no pain or grief, and others were shifting from side to side wearily, their hands moving restlessly upon the quilt, as they looked eagerly after the Sisters and the Nurses moving about the long chamber silently and softly. It was the Children's Hospital in Temple Street, Dublin, I had been taken to, and, although I was only a wood doll, I was going to help some little sufferer to forget for a while its pain and weakness. I had never been vain of my red skirts and blue cloak, and the bits of gold lace upon my dress, but I certainly was proud that I had been chosen to be of use in the world. A few days afterwards there was a Christmas Tree for the children, and with a bit of string round my neck I was hung upon a branch full of toys and sweets, and when the prizes was given, I was handed to a little girl who had been brought to the Hospital only a week or two before, after having been badly burned in the small room where she and her father and mother and sisters and brothers lived. I could see scarcely anything of her but her eyes, she was so swathed in bandages, but I saw that she was glad to have me beside her on the bed, and many a time in the silent nights, when all the great city was still, as I lay awake there, I felt her little hands clasp me for a while until the thin fingers slowly loosened their grasp, and she fell asleep again. Often in the dim light of the dawn when I heard a sufferer moan in pain, or sigh in weariness, I would have given much to have had a voice so that I might have spoken some words of comfort and

hope to the tiny one bearing so patiently its heavy burdens. Once while I was there a child passed away to the better land where, we are told, God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and there shall be no more sickness or sorrow or crying, and we were glad that its sadness was over and that its joy had begun. It was not all sorrow, however, for the whole house was full of love and tenderness, and many a small patient went back to its home with almost a new life, its twisted little limbs straightened, and its face, pallid and wan when it came, coloured with the red glow of health. And so it was with the child whose pet plaything I was for many weeks. Day by day the kind Doctors did all for her that could have been done for a little princess, and one morning they told the Nurse that she was quite well again, and word was sent to her mother. In the afternoon she was taken away, and my hospital life came to an end as the little one carried me in her hand through the doorway. There was much gladness when we reached the room in a dingy house in one of the Courts in which the family lived, for the little sister had come back safe and sound ; and as for me, I could not have been made more of had I been a queen. Each of the children nursed me in turn, and every day they put me in a little cart made out of a starch box, and ran me up and down the Court, and out and along the pavement of the long street beyond, till they were tired and I was nearly shaken to bits. Other children in the Court, however, were a bit rough with me and I soon lost a leg and an arm, and my little clothes became dingy and torn, and to-day I am not nearly so fine as I was when I was hanging to the nail in the toy shop window in Rome ; and the goatherd who carved me, and the Contadina who first dressed me, would scarcely know me now. I don't mind it a bit though, for I have been a hospital doll, and I have done some good in the world, and been of service to the poor and the suffering, and that is more than every doll can say, is'nt it ?

JAMES BOWKER.

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## OPTIMISM V. PESSIMISM.

*A Causerie.*

## I.—IN LITERATURE.

The clever agent of a circus-troupe, sent in advance with bills and flaming posters, to excite the curiosity of the young, and it may be, of the old, generally has some latent charm hidden away under some obscure and unknown phrase, to stimulate all the more the curiosity of his future clients, and assure himself of their sixpences. Somewhat in the same way I was greatly tempted to call this paper by some mysterious name, so that, if the reader did not turn to it for the writer's sake, he might do so through that universal and insatiable little vice—curiosity. And I had no trouble in finding such a phrase: for as Robert Browning is my ideal of an optimist poet—indeed, the only optimist poet of our generation; and as Robert Browning's verses are synonymous with everything that is obscure, involved, or—to use a word that has a special interest at present through Dr. Jameson and Oom Paul—outlandish: I had only to open this little duodecimo volume, and *presto!* here is the word, ready, cut, and dry—"Pippa passes." Not to keep you too long on the tenter-hooks of expectation, let me say at once that Pippa is a little Italian girl, working in a silk factory, in Asolo, and Pippa has got a holiday. It is a rare event; and she is determined to enjoy it to the uttermost. She will not "squander a wavelet" of it; no, not "one mite of her twelve hours' treasure." Now, Pippa, like all Italians, can sing; and she goes around the vine-clad hills, and down the singing valleys, with a carol on her lips, and lightness in her heart; and the burden of her song is this:—

The year's at the spring,  
 And day's at the morn;  
 Morning's at seven;  
 The hill-side's dew-pearled;  
 The lark's on the wing;  
 The snail's on the thorn;  
 God's in His heaven—  
 All's right with the world!

Now, it happens, as she goes along, four distinct groups of persons, unseen by her—four groups, who are contemplating

either crimes or critical balances in their lives, are so affected by her simple artless song, full of hope and trust, that they pause—some stricken by remorse, others, appalled at the step they were about to take. And all touched by the simple faith of this child, are moved to change into better and hopefuller ways ; and consciences seared with sin, and hearts hardened in iniquity, spring towards better and loftier things, by the tender faith of this guileless child.

Now, the burden of her song :—

God's in His heaven,  
All's right with the world.

is the burden of all Browning's poetry. He is essentially—Browning the optimist. "All's right with the world." This note runs through all his poems. In nature, in man, in science, in social life—everywhere there is either some good, or some tendency towards final good. He will not see gloom anywhere ; and should a passing cloud darken his sunlight, he looks only at the silver lining. You remember the melancholy of Tennyson : and how he makes the lonely mere, the sombre sky, the cold grey stones of the sea, etc., typify his own sombre spirit. Browning will not have this.

"The lark

Soars up and up, ahivering for very joy ;  
Afar the ocean sleeps ; white fishing gulls  
Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe  
Of nested limpets ; savage creatures seek  
Their loves in wood and plain—and God renews  
His ancient rapture ! "

The same spirit pervades all his poems. Where others spell failure, despair, despondency, Browning spells success, hope, and that lofty elevation of spirit, that passes from mere human joy to the highest dreams of inspiration. Of course there are flaws in the handiwork of creation : but they only show the grace and beauty of the rest of the work, and they, in turn, will be filled up, and polished into perfectness. There are discords in the music, but they only emphasize the harmony : and life, with all its sorrows, is very sweet and good, and a gift from Heaven, and can be rounded into perfect form by our own efforts, that is, if we are generous, hopeful and true.



In strange contradiction to all this, is the melancholy, the despair, the pessimism that is the key-note of all other philosophers and poets. And, as I have here introduced a new word, let me define it, or rather let me define my contradictories. Optimism is the theory that, "all that is, is right," that it is a glorious world, full of all fine possibilities; and that mankind is ever moving onward, onward, to the goal of perfect happiness. Pessimism, on the other hand, is the sad and terrible doctrine, that life is, at best, a miserable business to be terminated as soon as possible by annihilation, that all this thing, called progress, is really retrogression, and that the sooner it is all over the better. Of course, this dismal teaching was known to the philosophers of old; but in our century, it has permeated all literature, the poem, the novel, the historical work, the treatise on philosophy; and its chief apostles were Schopenhauer and Hartmann in Germany, and a poet, named Leopardi in Italy. One, however, could be disposed to forgive and forget these idle dreamers, but the evil theory has infiltrated down into the lives and souls of men, and made miserable very beautiful and lofty spirits, whose words and deeds have been, instead of a gospel to humanity, a sad legacy of the untruthfulness of despair.

It runs like a black warp through all Carlyle's philosophy. "England consists," he says, "of thirty million people—mostly fools." And such expressions as everlasting falsities and negations, want of verity in public men, windbags, and all the rest of the intolerable coarseness of a poor diseased mind, which the world will have us believe was a philosophic one, force themselves on you at every page, and make you believe at last that if ever there was a sham philosopher, it was Carlyle; and if ever there was cant and humbug, it is in the twenty odd volumes which a misapplied industry has left the world. You will find the same in all his successors—in Clifford, Spencer, Martineau. They all set out with the original faith—that science means progress, and that the whole race is moving onward and upward to perfection. Then the disillusion comes with experience: and when the zeal and heat of youth are over, they give place to the blackness of despair.

I think I could forgive this in the philosophers. But how can you pardon it in the poets—the world's singers and prophets? What a frightful deordination it is, that they, whose music should lift up the weary heart of humanity, sing but to depress it, and bring into the lives of men not the songs of gladness and hope,

but the threnodies of anguish and despair. And despair, despair, is the dominant note in all the grand organ-music of the nineteenth century. As I have said of the philosophers, so do I say of the poets. No matter what songs of gladness burst from their lips in the morning of their lives, it soon dies away into one melancholy monotone of sadness and regret. You might forgive Tennyson that lovely lyric :—

Break, break, break  
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea,  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me—

but how can you forgive him for this :—

There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds—

or this :—

“Sooner or later I too may passively take the print  
Of the golden age—why not? I have neither hope nor trust;  
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint;  
Cheat and be cheated, and die; who knows? we are ashes and dust.”

And if you protest and say: He rose above all that, even in that poem from which you have quoted (“Maud”), and wound up his awful philippics against society by declaring

“It is better to fight for the good than rail at the ill;  
I have felt with my native land. I am one with my kind;  
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assigned—

yet he retracted again in his extreme old age, and passed his final sentence of eternal reprobation against humanity in the very last extended poem which he wrote.

The same is true in even a more intense sense of a still more delicate and refined nature—Matthew Arnold. Many more modern critics will place his name even higher than that of Tennyson; and it is more true of his poetry than of Tennyson’s that one long wail of sadness runs through it all. In that well-known poem “Dover Beach,” he, too, makes the eternal sea re-echo his own despair :—

The sea of faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth’s shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating to the breath  
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world.

Let us be true  
To one another! for the world, which seems  
To be before us like a land of dreams  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
And we are here, as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and fight  
Where ignorant arms clash by night.

and so on, through pages of "most musical, most melancholy" verse.

Of course I have not quoted Byron, who was a professed pessimist; nor Swinburne, who tries to infuse into his poems a Greek lightness and joy, and would have succeeded, but that the curse of Paganism is on all he wrote, and his pages are floating into the waters of Lethe. Nor do I quote John Ruskin, who, as you know, thinks we are all rushing, on the wings of modern science, to certain damnation. Neither shall I mention any of our modern novelists, but to say, that if any lingering doubt remained in the minds of men, that our literature is also in a state of decadence, I need only quote "Trilby," and the far worse abominations that pour forth from men and alas! women novelists, until one is inclined to believe that this awful flood of prurient literature will sweep away every old and venerated landmark of decency and propriety. But, as I half share Ruskin's detestation of the ravages on the face of Nature made by modern science, here is a rather sharp echo and confirmation of his worst predictions.

"All the valleys of the Meuse and Moselle are sullied with factory smoke and blasting powder.

"The Bay of Amalfi and the shore of Posilippo are defiled by cannon foundries.

"All the Ardennes are scorched and soiled and sickened with stench of smoke and suffocating slag.

"The Peak country and the Derwent vales are being scarred and charred for railway lines, mines, and factories.

"What has been done to Venice is such outrage, that it might wake Tiziano from under his weight of marble in the Frati Church and call the Veronese back from his grave.

"The finest torrent in Scotland is about to be deviated from its course and used for aluminium works.

"The fumes of these aluminium works will, when they are in full blast, emit hydrofluoric acid gas which will destroy all the vegetation on Loch Ness for miles.

"The lakes of Maggiore, of Como, and Garda, are all being defiled by factories and steam-engines. Thirlmere and Lough Katrine have been violated; and all the other English and Scotch lakes will be similarly ravaged. Fucina has been dried up as a speculation, and Thrasymene has been threatened. The Rhone is dammed up, and tapped, and tortured, until all its rich alluvial deposits are lost to the soil of Provence."

So says "Ouida" in the "Nineteenth Century" for January, 1896. And so all the beauty and grandeur of the old world is blighted and poisoned by the insatiable lust of men and peoples for gold. It is a dismal prospect; and some will think, that amongst the few consolations we have left us in Ireland, we may number the probability that our blue skies will never be altogether blackened by belching chimneys, nor our fair vales seamed and scarred as are the sweetest spots that the great Artist, God, framed and beautified for the delight of the children of men.

And so the litany of despair goes on. In science, in literature, in the relations of great powers towards each other, in the impending and inevitable cataclysm that will rend Europe from the Ural mountains to the Atlantic seaboard, in the total absence of honour and sincerity amongst nations as among individuals, in the new ideas that are being advanced about social, parental and marital relations, in the lust of the rich for more wealth, which is so insatiable, in the subterranean thunders that herald a terrible revolution amongst the working classes—above all, in the ever-growing indifference to religion in protestant lands, and the substitution of some new code of ethics for the eternal gospel of Christ: in all these things the prophets of despair,—and they are legion—forecast a future, pregnant with possibilities that may not be imagined, and full of doubt and gloom that should make sick at heart anyone who thought well of his race, or yet entertained a lingering regard for a humanity that appears to be bent on destruction. Where now is little Pippa—

God's in His heaven,  
All's right with the world?

Where is the great optimist poet who sings:—

Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was made;  
Our times are in his hand  
Who saith: "A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half; trust God, see all, nor be afraid!"

You will ask however, very naturally here, where is the point for discussion : what is your thesis, which we are to support or contradict ? It is simple, apparently, a very easy question for solution ; yet I venture to say, that you never discussed a question in this hall, which is so many-sided, or which leaves the decision so uncertain. The thesis is :—

The optimistic, the hopeful view of the world and humanity, is the view that commends itself to us, as fraught with the larger and higher possibilities for our race.

The contradictory thesis is :—

The pessimists are the thinkers that really, and in very deed, by their criticism, their dissatisfaction, their sublime restlessness, are pushing on the race towards the very perfection in which they do not believe.

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## II.—IN DAILY LIFE.

But, before you argue the question, it may well be asked what practical bearing has such a discussion on daily life, or the real progress of the race. It would be unkind in us, who owe so much to our poets and philosophers, to ask what influence do they exercise on the first movements and the generic ideas which are the wellsprings of all human actions. There are thinkers who trace every resolution, progressive or reactionary, to our sages of the attic and the closet, on the theory : Give me the making of a nation's ballads, and I will give you the making of a nation's laws. But, apart from all that, does not this vital question enter into our daily life, colouring all our ideas, and giving a bias towards all our emotions and actions ? You will say : " But we never have met your optimists and pessimists in daily life." Have you not ? Let me come down from the Olympians for a moment, and challenge the man in the street.

When you are down below zero in spirits, unable to meet that little bill at the bank, with your sick child at home—when you walk under dripping December skies, your hands stuck deep in your pockets, a picture of misery and despair, do you know the man, that comes up with a smile, slaps you on the back till you gasp for breath, shouts at you to cheer up—that the banker will be considerate, that your child's sickness is a trifle, that the sun is

shining somewhere away behind these [leaden clouds, etc., etc. ? Well, that's an optimist.

Do you know the man, who tells you just as you are starting on that picnic in the middle of June, with high hopes and presages of the good time you are going to have, that it will rain cats and dogs before twelve o'clock, that you will eat your muddy sandwiches and watery pies under dripping umbrellas, and that you need take no water to dilute Jameson, Heaven will supply it by the gallon ? There's your social pessimist.

Do you know the man that buttonholes you on the street, when you are rushing for a train, asks you how many miles to Sirius, and would trouble you to calculate how long an express train (just coming in to your station) at 45 miles an hour would take to reach the nearest fixed star ? Do you recognise the same idiot, who asks you how many microbes there are in a spoonful of milk ; and how many will there be if you leave it standing for twenty-four hours in a temperature of 77° Fahrenheit ? Do you remember your delight, when he informed you that you have 24,176,348 microbes waltzing around your mouth, and that is only the advance guard, lying in ambush for the countless legions that you swallow every-time you sit down to a meal, for that innocent spoonful of milk contains 10,548,000 microbes, and in twenty-four hours, if you have the courage to swallow it, you will add to the population of your interior 17,402,000,000 of the same fertile and interesting subjects ? Is it not the same individual who informs you that early in the 20th century, you can carry all your meals in your waistcoat pocket—breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper ; and that, when you wish to breakfast, you just take out a capsule, as you now take a pinch of snuff, and *presto*, here is the concentrated essence of a beefsteak, two rashers of bacon, two poached eggs, two cups of tea, and several outs of toast ? And, when you invite your friend to dine, no more courses, no more waiters, no more napkins, nor knives and forks, nor flowers, nor glass, nor silver—no toasts, no after-dinner speeches ! You touch an electric button, and lo ! you have a delicious heat, and a soft lambent light playing around the room ; you take out your silver box, tap it, ask your friend to take a pill, and—he has done, in a moment and in a simple way, all that we do through the long hours and exquisite tortures of an eleven course dinner *a la Russe*. He expects you to be enthusiastic. But if you are still dull and uncomprehensive, he will excite your

imagination by fairy stories of flying machines, Kinetographs, telepathy, earth-inoculation, ether-electricity, etc., etc.—space annihilated, time reduced to minutes of surpassing volume and elasticity. You want to see Rome? Touch a button, here in your study; and lo! you are in Rome, walking down the Appian way, studying statues in the Vatican, or treading the pavement of St. Peter's. You'd like to see Calcutta? Here you are. Blazing sun, ill-smelling Hooghly, black Hindoos, yellow Mussulmen, bells ringing from the temples, lamps floating on the stream. Let's see Chicago! Presto! Here's Chicago—Porkopolis. Trampcars ringing, men and women pushing along on the sidewalks, the white walls of the Exhibition mirrored in the black waters of Lake Michigan, pigs squealing, as they pass into the machines, and come out hams and sausages. Sausages put into the other end of the machine, and out comes a lively porker! Madame Patti (or rather her great successor, for Madame Patti is not immortal—however, stop there, science will make her so—) is singing in Manchester to-night. Very well. We shall hear her. You touch a button here, sitting down in your armchair: and lo! her wonderful voice comes floating over the wires, and you sit enchanted—but you'd give all the world to see her. Certainly. The good genius of science is here. You call up another number. Your little study and armchair and books and pictures float away: and ecco! here is the vast theatre, the stage with its footlights, the gorgeous scenery, the orchestra, the boxstalls, the wonderful dresses, the man standing up to go out to see a friend, etc. Isn't science wonderful, my dear fellow? But your train is gone, and you are tempted to be profane? Do you know the demon? Well, that's your scientific optimist.

But don't you know that man that damns science, wishes back the good old times when it took four days to go to Dublin, dilates on the morning coaches *a la Dickens*, the early breakfast on cold beef and tankards of ale, the bugle cheerily waking up the sleepy echoes, the goodnature and fellowship of your passengers, the glorious scenery by wood and lake and river, the new towns you come to, the curiosity your arrival excites, the glorious dinner of veal pie, pigeon pie, legs of mutton, sirloin of beef, oceans of claret, and plenty of time to eat it and digest it, not like your leather sandwich and your boiling coffee, a whistling engine and a shouting guard. Ah! the good old times, when science

was unknown—when men and women were fine, healthy, God-fearing beings, living on wholesome food, and not on your deleterious Oriental drugs of tea and coffee—when disease was practically unknown—when science had not invented stethoscopes and electric batteries—when there was no neurosis, or neurasthenia, and no man knew he had a liver—when we were clothed in good old Irish frieze, not in Manchester shoddy—when there were no newspapers, but you could talk for six months about a wedding or a christening; when, in a word, the world of each man was a small world, and we were more interested about our neighbours than about naked savages in Matabele, or what is to be done with the “sick man” in Constantinople. Don’t you know him—the scientific pessimist?

And the educational optimist—with his piles of statistics about the Intermediate Examinations—5,340 boys and girls passing in Botany, Mineralogy, Metallurgy, Trigonometry, Physiology, Differential and Integral Calculus, Latin, Greek, Italian, German, French, Gaelic, etc. Ah! my dear sir, what advantages young people have now that we never enjoyed! And what a glorious future lies before our country, when these young people grow to manhood and womanhood, and form the commercial and professional classes—the backbone of the country! Educate! educate! educate! Take your stand amongst the nations of the earth, and sweep away the curse of illiteracy. We are doing it. In Primary, Intermediate, and very soon in University Education, we will come into line with the best intellects of England, Germany, and America; and then the rest is easy. Ireland’s future is assured!

But here suddenly as the stream of optimistic eloquence flows on, a big block is flung across it by the no less fervid, but denunciatory eloquence of the pessimist:—

Education! there’s no such thing in Ireland! There are not ten educated men in Ireland from Malin Head to Cape Clear. Your systems of education are a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. You cram for examinations, as turkeys are crammed for Christmas: and your boys and girls are consequently suffering from intellectual plethora and indigestion, resulting in mental atrophy and paralysis. Take any of your gold medallists or exhibitioners three months after examination; and he cannot translate a line or sentence in the very books in which he passed with glowing colours. And if



he goes up for a bank examination, or some minor office in the Civil Service, he cannot pass in the elements of grammar, or the rudiments of geography or Arithmetic. He will talk of Homer, and believe that Troy was in North America; he will tell you that Mount Parnassus was in Ireland, and that the Nile flows into St. George's Channel; that Cæsar was killed at Clontarf, and that the battle of the Pyramids was won by Brian Boru. In other words he is a conceited ignoramus, despising everyone, and despised by all. And it only stands to reason. You cannot cram a boy's head with all this learning to any advantage. Meat for men, milk for babes. But you want the babes to fatten on roast beef. You don't know that overfeeding, as any doctor will tell you, is but another word for starvation. God be with the good old times, when the hedge-schoolmasters were as plentiful as blackberries in Ireland, when the scholars took their sods of turf under their arms for school seats; but every boy knew his Virgil and Horace and Homer as well as the last ballad about some rebel that was hanged, and every farmer's son could survey his father's land by merely looking at it—when the Kerry peasants talked to each other in Latin; and when they came up to the Palatines in Limerick, as harvestmen in the autumn, they could make uncomplimentary remarks, and say cuss-words *ad libitum* before their master's face, and he couldn't understand them, for they spoke the tongue of Cicero and Livy—the language of the educated world. These were the times when Irishmen knew well what they did know, when every Irishman knew three languages perfectly, Voster from cover to cover, the six books of Euclid, the science of mensuration—how to season a hurley for the Sunday game, and how to polish the pike-head for “the muster in the valley, beside the singing river, at the rising of the moon.” But we are degenerates. And what's the purpose of it all? Look at the way you educate your children in the National Schools. Listen! Here is a logical proposition. Any system of education is a dismal failure that does not supply the means towards the end. Now, the end of education is to fit pupils for the spheres they shall occupy in life. But the spheres that most pupils occupy in life are spheres either of menial, or manual labour. Therefore, the education of your children should be a literary education, by accident, but a technical education by necessity. Yet, we adopt the opposite course. There is no such thing as technical education in Ireland; and the literary education

is far beyond the necessities, mental or social, of nine tenths of the children who attend our primary schools. What, for example, does a poor girl, who has to earn her bread as housemaid, want to know about freehand drawing, or perspective? and what does a factory hand want to know about the intricacies of the Tonic Sol-Fa System, the science of Transposition, the Modulator, or the humming song? And what's the result? Our country overwhelmed with professional men, clerks, secretaries, teachers, etc., and the further result, a complete dearth of business men and skilled artisans; and the further result of the decadence of Cork and Dublin, and all purely Irish cities; and the advance, by leaps and bounds, of a half-Scotch, half-American city, like Belfast!

There is your educational pessimist. Who does not know the political pessimist?

"The country gone to the dogs—Ireland once more on the dissecting table—the spirit of faction dominant—the world laughing at us—the country flung back fifty years, etc., etc." It's all well, if he does not quote poetry, and tell us:—

Thy treasure with taunts shall be taken,  
 Thy valour with jibes be repaid,  
 And of millions who see thee, now sad and forsaken,  
 Not one shall step forth to thy aid.  
 Thou art doomed for thy tyrant to toil,  
 Thou art doomed for the proud to disdain,  
 And the blood of thy sons, and the wealth of thy soil  
 Shall be lavished, and lavished in vain.  
 Thou art chained to the wheel of the foe  
 By links that the world cannot sever,  
 With thy tyrant through sunshine and storm shalt thou go,  
 And thy sentence is "Banished for ever."

Who does not know him, particularly in these latter days when hardly a rift appears in an ever ominous and darkening sky?

But, is there not a political optimist, who tells you to cheer up? The darkest hour is just before the dawn. We don't want mechanical unity. Better Ireland free, than Ireland united. *Cu ira!* all will come right. Wait till you see the scattered battalions reforming on the floor of the House of Commons, and the reveillé of the new campaign sounded, and the fighting men putting on their armour, and all opposing forces marshalled together for the fiercest, bravest, angriest Session, yet recorded in the annals of the British Parliament. *Ay de mi!* says the pessimist.

I have now drawn portraits of these two classes, into which,

in the aggregate, humanity may be divided. And now comes the important, and by no means easy question—which class best promotes the interests of humanity? Naturally, one's sympathies go out, at once, to the optimists who sing, like Pippa :—

God's in His Heaven,  
All's right with the world.

We feel a powerful attraction towards these bright sunny souls, who hold their heads aloft, with an eternal "*sursum corda!*" on their lips. We feel a no less powerful repulsion against these sallow, cadaverous, dyspeptic, despondent cynics, who are for ever railing against the world, and clamouring for the better things in which they have no hope. But when we come down to reasoning, perhaps the case differs. For, after all, shorn of his benevolence, what is your optimist, but the easy, self-satisfied lover of good things, who hates to have his rest disturbed, and who has ever on his lips the watchwords of reaction and retrogression: "Can't you let well alone?" "Aren't we just as well where we are?" "What was good enough for our fathers, is it not quite good enough for us?" etc., etc. And is there not something inspiring ever in the despairful, yet lofty dissatisfaction which protests: Certainly not! Everything is not right, in your stagnancy and self-possession. You must rise up, and onwards. *En avant!* Everything is wrong, and we shall try to right it, though we should fail. Better failure a thousand times than to see, without protest, the lies that are daily before us, on men's lips, and in their lives. Better one sharp struggle, though it end in failure, than the ignoble fate of those who stand up with folded arms, and witness the eternal tragedy that is going on around them."

"Troublesome fellows, dangerous fellows, revolutionaries," says the optimist, "these fellows will upset all decent society, ruin our digestions, bring down our stocks and shares, and scatter to the winds all our dreams of present and possible happiness."

"No matter," says the pessimist, "anything is better than to live a lie. Come, you sleek hypocrite, and look at the world. Here, in the midst of your civilisation, human beings are rotting in misery and hunger, whilst their souls are in the grasp of the Evil One. Can you sit down to your comfortable dinner and know that thousands of your fellow beings are starving? In want and ignorance, in sin and sorrow, half mankind live out their weary

lives, and you say this is the best possible world for them and you—”

“Yes! but you say you cannot correct it?” says the optimist.

“Where’s the use in beating the air?”

Where indeed? And so the eternal discussion goes on: the one side maintaining that it is best to let well alone, and enjoy life as best you can—the other, that the progress of the race is due to the sublime dissatisfaction, the eternal restlessness, issuing in healthy or unhealthy revolution. For “out of the black smoke cometh flame,” say they; and out of the brooding thunder-cloud the lightning that breaks the burden of the storm; and from the hot hearts of angry men the thoughts that shape themselves into burning words. And from the words come deeds, fraught with the germs of all the great things, and all the noble things, and all the inspirement, that drew man from the beast, and pushed him ever higher and higher, until now he can see in the future that looms before him—”

“What?” says the optimist.

And he must acknowledge with bent head and faltering tongue that all his visions and dreams, all the vivid splendours of his hopes and fancy, are blotted out, like a shower of fireworks on a black, frowning sky, on which is written in lurid lights one word, Despair!

Meanwhile Pippa, tired out, lies down to rest.

God bless me! I can pray no more to-night.  
No doubt, some way or other, hymns say right.

All service ranks the same with God—  
With God, whose puppets, best or worst,  
Are we; there is no last, nor first.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. “*Crede Mihi.*” *The most ancient Register-book of the Archbishops of Dublin before the Reformation. Now for the first time printed from the original Manuscripts.* By John T. Gilbert, LL.D., F.S.A., M.R.I.A. (Dublin: printed for the Editor by Joseph Dollard, Wellington Quay, 1897.)

This fine quarto is the latest achievement of Dr. Gilbert’s marvellous industry and skill in deciphering and editing the ancient manuscripts that concern the history of Ireland. A masterly introduction explains the history and nature of the manuscript itself; and the table of contents gives a clear idea of the subject and purport of each of the 160 papal letters and other documents which form the

body of the work, beginning with a letter of Pope Alexander III. to St. Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, A.D. 1162-1181, which confirms to him and his successors all the possessions and rights of that See, with metropolitan jurisdiction over the dioceses of Glendaloch, Kildare, Ferns, Leighlin, and Ossory. This document contains the earliest specification of the constituent parts of the diocese of Dublin. The variation that the names of places have since undergone is one of the most interesting points in this book, over which especially the pastors of the different localities will pore with the keenest interest. To realise duly the skill and toil that have made a finely printed volume for us out of the faded vellum leaves of contracted writing more than six hundred years old, it is well to examine the page reproduced in facsimile at page 136, or even the words at top of the frontispiece, a portrait of Henri de Loundre, Archbishop of Dublin, A.D. 1212-1228, which Dr. Gilbert himself 'discovered' some years ago in the municipal archives of Waterford. Let the reader, after puzzling over this one line, turn to page xi. where the contracted words are written out at full length, and he will conclude that the art of deciphering such manuscript is more laborious than the acquisition of a new language. For "the audience fit though few" that can appreciate this newest result of Dr. Gilbert's learned labours one hundred and twenty copies only of the present work have been printed. It adds another to the many obligations that the student of genuine Irish history lies under to the historian of Dublin. Besides its historical interest, it is of great value under its topographical and theological aspects. It is unnecessary to add that so scholarly an Editor has completed his work with a copious index which will guide the explorer to the points of special interest.

2. The latest additions to the wonderfully numerous publications of the Catholic Truth Society (21 Westminster Bridge Road, London) are five penny numbers of Lady Herbert's "Wayside Tales," and several controversial tracts. Of these the most important are Father Sydney Smith's "Companion to the Encyclical *Satis Cognitum* with a reply to the Bishop of Stepney," and Father Gerard's "Modern Science and Ancient Faith." The twenty-third of the Historical Papers edited by Father Sydney Smith is the Rev. G. E. Phillips's "Blessed Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland," whose portrait is prefixed. Canon Connelly in a penny tract treats of "England and the Holy Eucharist," and Father Sydney Smith of the Bull on Anglican Orders. We have left the most attractive of these new Catholic Truth publications to the last—"Mirli's Ring" and "The Mysterious Shrieks" by Margaret E. Merriman. Miss Merriman—whether matron or maid we know not, but we give her the benefit of the

doubt—is a new writer whom we have only seen in *The Catholic Magazine*. Her style is graceful, and her stories are interesting. Besides the penny numbers mentioned above, fourteen of Lady Herbert's "Wayside Tales" have also been issued in a prettily bound volume. The same indefatigable Society has published for fourpence "Shrines of Our Lady," a lecture for use with the magic lantern. A very tempting list of magic lantern slides and of corresponding books of descriptive readings is given on the cover; from which we learn that fifteen slides to illustrate this particular lecture may be hired for five shillings one evening and a half-crown each succeeding evening. Very judiciously the Lecture is printed in large type out of pity for the showman and his audience. We have not yet mentioned two penny publications of the C. T. S.: "Leo XIII., and the Reunion of Christendom," by Cardinal Vaughan, and "Mother Margaret Hallahan (1803-1868)" by Lady Amabel Kerr, who has given an excellent summary of Mother Raphael Drane's admirable biography of her holy Irish Foundress. "But they don't! A Letter to thinking Protestants" is a very able controversial half-sheet correcting mistaken notions of Catholic doctrines, to be had at two shillings a hundred.

3. The publishing firm of Benziger Brothers of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, continue to display great activity in catering for their public. Four attractive volumes bearing their imprint lie upon our table. One of them, indeed, Father Finn's "Ethelred Preston," has been already brought under the notice of our readers. A greater favourite of ours by the same author, "Mostly Boys," appears in a new enlarged edition containing two or three additional short stories. "Passing Shadows" is a novel in twenty-seven chapters. It is very gracefully written, and the whole tone is wholesome and pleasant. The very mottoes of the chapters show originality and good taste. "Passing Shadows" may safely be added to the most scrupulous lending library. But a more important work than any of these is the fourth of Messrs. Benzigers' recent publications, namely, "A Round Table of the Representative American Catholic Novelists." It is a handsome but not austere bound volume of 350 pages, containing eleven excellent stories by Anna Hanson Dorsey and her daughter, Ella Loraine Dorsey; Mary A. Sadlier and her daughter, Anna T. Sadlier; by two Priests, Father Francis Finn, S.J., and the Rev. John Talbot Smith; by Eleanor Donnelly and Christian Reid (whom a reviewer in *The Month* by mistake calls Mr. Reid) and finally by the three well-known writers, Walter Lecky, Charles Warren Stoddard, and Maurice Francis Egan. To each story is prefixed a very well executed portrait of the writer with a two-page sketch of his or her life and writings. We prophesy for this attractive anthology of American Catholic Fiction a wide and permanent success.

4. *Songs and Ballads of Young Ireland, with Portraits of Authors and an Introduction, Biographical Sketches and Critical Notes.* By Martin Macdermott. (Downey and Co. London).

This beautiful volume is the most complete collection that has ever appeared of the poetry that gushed so copiously out of the heart of Ireland during ten eventful years just at the middle of this old century which is now more than half way through its last decade. Mr. Macdermott, the author himself of several touching ballads, has evidently expended upon his task a vast deal of loving pains. Leaves that would otherwise be blank are filled with suggestive mottoes from Davis and others. The most original part of the work is the collection of short biographies of Carleton, Davis, Doheny, Gavan Duffy, Ferguson, Cashel Hoey, Ingram, Denny Lane, D. F. McCarthy, D'Arcy Magee, Clarence Mangan, John O'Hagan, Dalton Williams, and several other Irish poets of the time. Mr. T. D. Sullivan, to whom the Editor pays a warm tribute of well-deserved praise, seems to be almost an intruder amongst this bygone generation, for he still flourishes among us. Of him and those whom we have named and of several whom we have left unnamed, there are given here extremely well executed vignette portraits, very life-like as far as we can judge from the faces known to us. Mr. MacDermott appeals to his readers to supply the few blanks that remain in this most interesting portrait-gallery. We deem it right to thank him for his hearty acknowledgements of the efforts which this Magazine has made to honour the memory of many of the poets whose sweetest verses are enshrined in this exquisite volume.

5. *Essay on Criticism.* By Alexander Pope (Dublin: Fallon and Co., 16 Lower Sackville Street).

This edition of Pope's famous poem is the newest member of the School and College Series edited by the Rev. Thomas A. Finlay, S.J. It begins with a short sketch of the poet's life and chronology of his works, followed by an excellent introduction which embodies long and admirable extracts from Taine and Russell Lowell. Dr. Johnson's criticism is given at some length. The notes in small type fill twice as many pages as the poem in large type. No point is overlooked. Copious and accurate criticism and illustration enable the young reader to appreciate fully this classical work of Pope's early manhood. The young student who masters this excellent shilling's worth will be examination-proof as far as Pope's "Essay on Criticism" is concerned.

6. *A Lover's Breast-Knot.* By Katherine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson). (London: Elkin Mathews.)

By accident, we have kept our best wine till the last. Mrs. Hinkson has added to her already long series of independent volumes of prose

and verse a dainty little volume of verse which is worthy of her high reputation. Less than half a hundred pages are filled with half as many lyrics; and even this scanty space is divided into two portions by two dedications—evidently to a child that has been taken in its unconscious innocence to heaven, and to the father of the child. The first section (we have reversed the order of the dedications) may almost challenge comparison with Mrs. Browning's famous sequence of sonnets which were not "from the Portuguese" but from her own wifely heart; but the variety of lyrical metres used by the Irishwoman in her connubial love-songs allows a freer and lighter treatment of her theme than the stern and sweet monotony of the sonnet form allowed to her English sister. The maternal elegies which fill up the rest of this slender tome are full of a still more spiritual beauty. We once collected in this Magazine, in a short series of papers, "Flowers for a Child's Grave." If ever we take up the subject again, our first impulse will be to take down from our shelf of Poets "A Lover's Breast-Knot."

7. The American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia is doing admirable work. Their "Records" number now half a dozen large volumes, full of most valuable and interesting matter to be found nowhere else about the history of the Catholic Church and of Catholic men in the United States. Recently they have availed themselves of the liberality of Pope Leo XIII., in throwing open the Roman archives to historical students. F. Kittell, the Archivist of the Society, is at Rome; and in the September Part of Volume VII. of the "Records" we have the first fruits of his researches. More than a hundred ample pages are filled with very interesting letters, addressed to Dr. Cullen (afterwards our first Irish Cardinal), by Dr. Francis Patrick Kenrick, Dr. Michael O'Connor of Pittsburgh (afterwards S.J.), Dr. Edward Barron, and others. The more documents of this kind, about the Church in various countries, that are preserved in print, the better for the future historian of those churches.

8. *Short Lives of the Saints for Every Day in the Year.* By the Rev. Henry Gibson. (Art and Book Company: London and Leamington).

As February would be too late to announce this publication, we announce it now hurriedly at the last moment. It is the first of three volumes which will give a short sketch of a Saint for each day of the year. This is done here for January, February, March, and April. Some of the beatified servants of God, especially the English martyrs, are included. Two or three pages only are allowed for each life; and it would be very easy and useful to read each morning the pages allotted to it. No doubt, in April or before it, we shall announce the appearance of the second volume.



## FEBRUARY, 1897.

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### SAINTS IN THE GARDEN.

THE writer of this article made up her mind "once upon a time" to make a "*Saints' Garden*," to collect the plants and flowers with *Christian* names (so to speak), names given in the times when faith was warm, and Britain yet Catholic. The names have come in quicker than the plants, she must confess; but nowhere has she found greater help than in a battered book lent to her the other day, and, perhaps, known to but few of the readers of *THE IRISH MONTHLY*, "*The Circle of the Seasons, and Perpetual Key to the Calendar and Almanack*," a work published anonymously in 1828 by Hookham, of Old Bond Street, London, and "Dated from Our Botanical Gardens, August, 18th, 1827," by the compiler.

Each page contains the record of one day, divided into three parts; the first speaks of the saint (or saints), whose festival it may be, and includes a short life or quotation from a pious work; the second (to quote the author's own words), "contains the natural history of the day, and of the plants which (on an average) commence to bloom or fade at this date," or which are dedicated to the saint whose festival it is; and, in the third, "such descriptive poetry is given as relates to the above two subjects, in order to afford a pleasing recreation to those who are disposed for a little daily exercise of the sort"—poetry that one cannot help suspecting is sometimes of our author's own composition. The "familiar adage," for example, quoted on the first day of the year, the Feast of St. Faine—though our author does not forget to remind us that it is also the Feast of the Circumcision and a "Day of Obligation for

all Catholics"—has scarcely—to those accustomed to old "saws"—the genuine ring, however true it may be that the *lauristinus* is known as "The Shrub of St. Faine."

" Whether the weather be snow or rain,  
We are sure to see the flowers of St. Faine.  
Rain comes but seldom, and often snow,  
And yet this *viburnum* is sure to blow."

The last line would not come easily from the lips of the village folk who treasure and hand down these weather rhymes.

In 1827, according to our author, St. Faine might have had a gayer bouquet than a bunch of her "*Viburnum*"; for in "our Botanical Gardens," the red star anemone, the three-leaved antirrhinum, two sorts of marigolds, the daisy and the polyanthus, "owing to the present mild weather," were all in bloom, and to this list next day, the Feast of St. Macarius, he adds the red dead nettle, the Hellebore, and the *groundsel*, "St. Macarius's flower; and surely his ascetic habits must have inspired his votaries in the choice of the plant.

"This day," our author goes on, "in 1782, was very wild and windy, with showers, and the *redbreast* singing; 1783 was frosty, but the Hellebore already in bloom; 1784, thawing after great snow; 1796, thaw; 1797, clouds and showers."

The Persian iris or fleur-de-lis is in some parts known as "St. Genevieve's Lily" ("la Fleur de St. Genevieve") we are told on the Feast of that virgin Saint (the third of January), the writer adding that "Nivalis, or snowing day," is well applied to the Feast in his opinion, as the weather is "on an average, cold and snow often about this time lying on the ground."

The *Hazel* is dedicated to St. Titus (January 4th), and is still called, in many parts, his "bush," and this reminds our author of an "aspiration" taken from the *Florilegium Sanctorum*. "As the hardest nutshells have oftentimes the sweetest kernels; as the tenderest love is often the most difficult of approach; as the warmest friendship has often the crudest exterior; so is the sweetest unction of divine grace often enveloped in the severest covering of penance. Embrace therefore with thy fervent hands, O Virgin Hierophila, now, in thy noviciate, rather than trample with the feet of disdain the veil which separates the troubled air of a vain world from the kernel of conventual grace; nor liken thyself unto the foolish

maiden that crushed the shell in hasty impatience of its hardness, and destroyed therewith the interior repast."

But it would take too long to follow our author from day to day, and we must content ourselves with one or two of his most interesting entries.

The Portugal laurel is dedicated to the Scotch St. Kentigern (January 7th) for "*elle était dans son vert veuvage, comme le Laurier, un arbre dans le habit de penitence, une ombre à son petit fils Fehan, coute les orages de l'adversité.*"

As to St. Veronica, our author thinks that it is doubtful whether the speedwell (*veronica arvensis*) is named in her honour, but the ivy belongs to St. Paul, the first hermit, (January 15th) "on account of its long life, and attaching itself to old churches."

The wind flower (*anemone hortensis*) is "St. Anthony's flower," (January 17th), and the author adds the quaint note that "about this time of year, frogs, invited forth, perhaps, by a few days of transitory mild weather, are frequently found killed by the frost!" Poor frogs, the mild weather of "our Botanical Gardens" had much to answer for.

The Christmas Rose is the "Flower of St. Agnes" (Jan. 21) the Saint "so small, so frail, so fair," that the March and July numbers of *THE IRISH MONTHLY* last year brought so near, and made so doubly dear to many of its readers; and "even as the flower of St. Agnes is whiter than other blossoms, so was the purity of Agnes fairer than that of most virgins; and as the flower bloometh in the season of winter, so did this saintly virgin flourish in the winter of adversity, and brave the storms of persecution with few companions in excellency;" and our author gives for "descriptive" poetry Keats' beautiful lines.

"St. Agnes eve, ah! bitter chill it was,  
The owl for all his feathers was a-cold,  
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,  
And silent were the lambs in woolly fold.  
Numb were the vestal's fingers while she told  
Her Rosary of Beads; her frozen breath,  
Like holy incense from a censer old,  
Seem'd taking flight for Heaven without a death,  
Past the sweet Virgin's picture while her prayer she saith."

"The Flower of St. Agnes mixes agreeably with that of the star Anemone and the Viburnum in the winter's bow-pot," is noted for the reader's benefit.

St. Vincent's Day (22nd of January), is "Sunbeam Day," and there is an old Latin rhyme which is done into English thus:—

"Remember on St. Vincent's Day,  
If that the sun his beams display,  
Be sure to mark the transient beam,  
Which through the casement sheds its gleam,  
For 'tis a token bright and clear  
Of prosperous weather all the year."

And we are reminded that the Florilegium counsels us to "turn all habitude to profit, for even when we watch for the sunbeam on St. Vincent's Day and behold the innumerable notes that therein sport and seem in motion, we may reflect how like we are to these floating diminutives, sporting in the transient ray of divine light, nor enquiring whence we derive our motion, nor whether we shall fall when the light of our being is withdrawn."

The stalkless moss (Plascum Nutfourn) belongs to St. Timothy (January 24th), but wherefore our author has not been able to discover, but St. Timothy's Day is the vigil of the Conversion of St. Paul, and he seizes the occasion to quote a poem taken from the "Catholic Friend," No. 1, page 16:—

Winter's white shrowd doth cover all the ground,  
And Caccia's blows his bitter blast of woe,  
The ponds, and pools, and streams in ice are bound,  
And banished birds are shivering in the snow.  
Still round about the home they flitting go,  
And at the windows seek for scraps of food,  
Which charity, with hand profuse, doth throw,  
Right weeting that in need of it they stood,  
For charity is shown by working creatures good.

The sparrow pert, the chaffinch gay and clean,  
The redbreast welcome to the cottar's house,  
The lively blue tomtit, the oxeye green,  
The dingy dummuck, and the swart colemouse,  
The titmouse of the marsh, the nimble wren,  
The bullfinch, and the goldfinch with the king  
Of birds, the goldcrest, the thrush, now and then,  
The blackbird, wont to whistle in the spring,  
*Like Christians seek the Heavenly Flood St. Paul doth bring.*

St. Paul's Day is also "*prognostick day*," we are told on the Feast itself, for,

“ If St. Paul’s Day be fair and clear,  
 It doth betide a happy year ;  
 But if, by chance, it then should rain,  
 It will make dear all kinds of grain ;  
 And if the clouds make dark the sky,  
 Then neats and fowls this year shall die ;  
 If blustering winds do blow aloft,  
 Then wars shall trouble the realm full oft.”

The white colt’s foot or butterbur is St. Paula’s flower (January 26th).

The double daisy is, *perhaps*, St. Margaret of Hungary’s flower (January 28th), it is certainly called “ la belle Marguerite,” and sometimes, may be found in bloom on her day, and our author quotes Chaucer’s lines

“ Above al flowris in the mede,  
 Than love I most those flowris, white and rede,  
 Such that men callen daisies in our town.”

St. Francis de Sales, who made such pious use of the flower-world, is flowerless, at least in our author’s Calendar. “ His education was principally received from the Jesuits, which accounts for his habitual activity of mind, and his intense desire to do some act of public or private utility,” as is noted in the life of a few lines added to his date. “ Phrocyon, or the lesser dog-star, rises achronically this day in the east, and is marked by weather fiercely cold,” we are bid remember.

The common maidenhair (*asplenium Trichomanes*) originally dedicated to Our Lady, Our Lady’s Hair (*cheveux de notre Dame*), is also known as St. Martina’s hair. But a great deal happens on St. Martina’s Day (January 30th), for “ larks now congregate, the nut-hatch is heard, the shelled snail, or slug, commences his depredations. The missle-thrush begins his song ; the wren pipes her lay even among the flakes of snow ; the titmouse seeks insects ; linnets congregate ; rooks resort to their nest trees ; pullets lay ; young lambs are dropped. The house-sparrow chirps ; the bat appears ; spiders shoot out their webs ; skylarks and titlarks resort to watered meadows for food, and are, in part, supported by the gnats which are on the snow near the water ; the tops of tender turnips and ivy berries afford food for the graminivorous birds, such as the ring-dove and others, and

" While yet the wheaten blade,  
 Scarce shoots above the new-fallen shower of snow,  
 The skylark's note in short excursion warbles :  
 Yes ! ev'n amid the day-obscuring fall  
 I've marked him winnowing the feathery flakes."

The Bay (*laurus nobilis*) is the "Shrub of St. Bride" (February 1st), but why so named our author cannot find, "as it does not flower at this time." The snowdrop, however, often peeps out of the ground on Candlemas Eve, and is hence called "Our Lady of February" and "Purification Flower," the French, it is added, name it "*la perce-neige, la cloche blanche,*" and "*la galantine Bagueuardia d'hyver.*" The Italians call it "*Galanto ;*" and "even as the snowdrop is whiter and clearer than all other flowers, so is the spotless purity of Our Lady fairer than that of all other Virgins," is quoted from the *Florilegium* (*Asp. ii., 2*)—and our author ends with Mrs. Barbauld's lines :

" Already now the snowdrop dares appear,  
 The first pale blossom of the unripened year."

On Candlemas Day itself, the old metrical proverb is given :

" If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,  
 Winter will have another flight ;  
 If Candlemas Day be clouds and rain,  
 Winter's gone and will not come again."

Or, as in the writer's part of the world, it is quoted :

" If Candlemas Day be bright and clear  
 There'll be two winters in the year.  
 But if Candlemas Day be dull and grey  
 To winter you good-by may say."

The Latin proverb confines itself to the unfavourable part of the omen :

*Si sol splendescit Maria purificante,  
 Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante.*

" There is a beautiful hymn to the Blessed Virgin sang on this day in the convents of France," we are told, but unfortunately our author does not give it.

The Indian Bay (*laurus indica*) is the shrub of St. Margaret of England (February 3rd).

The common wild primrose is dedicated to St. Agatha, virgin and martyr (February 5th).

The Hyacinth belongs to St. Dorothy (February 6th), who made a convert of Theophilus, to whom, among other things, she sent presents of flowers. "From this," our author says, "we may infer that the holy martyr was skilled in botany, and probably, agreeably to her legend, made use of them as subjects for those moral and religious aspirations which the religious of early times so delighted in, and of which we have given examples." But her legend tells us that she sent him, by miracle, the brightest summer flowers in the midst of winter.

"The varying flower of Dorothea shows  
Three colours, emblems of her need and woes:  
The white her virgin chastity on earth,  
The blue her constancy and saintly worth,  
The red her martyrdom, whereby was given  
To wear th' angelic double crown in Heaven."

St. Eulalie (February 12th) claims the hepatica, "a Swiss flower of which there are three sorts."

On the 19th, St. Barbutus of Bittar's Day, we are not only advised to look after our health, but counselled that the Lenten Fast (commencing about this time) "acts as a salutary alterative, and will be found *serviceable to those who live well during the winter*;" and then we are given "an antient Rule of Health"

"Rise early and take exercise in plenty  
But always take it with a stomach empty.  
After your meals sit still, and rest awhile,  
And with your pipe a careless hour beguile,  
To rise at light or five, breakfast at nine,  
Lounge till eleven, and at five to dine,  
To drink and smoke till seven the time of tea,  
And then to dance or walk two hours away,  
'Till ten o'clock,—good hour to go to nest  
Till the next cock shall wake you from your rest."

"Smoking," our author adds, in a note, "is a wholesome custom, and should be recommended in the cottages of the poor, and in populous cities liable to contagion." But what would an ascetic like St. Macarius have said to such a Rule of Health?

On St. Mildred's Day (February 20th), we are advised to sow our second crop of peas, and are warned that it is "ridiculous" of Tusser, in his "500 points of husbandry," to recommend that they be sown *in the wane of the moon*, though an old proverb

prescribes "Candlemas Waddle," that is, the waning moon after the Feast of the Purification.

"Sow peas and beams in the wane of the moon ;  
Who soweth them sooner, he soweth too soon."

On February 22nd, we commemorate St. Peter's Chains at Antioch and St. Margaret of Cortona, penitent, and our author is in doubt whether the double daisies now blowing in the cottage gardens and called "Herb Margaret," are so called after her, or after St. Margaret of Hungary (January 28th), but, on the whole, he inclines to the penitent.

"There is a double flowret white and red,  
That lasses call 'Herb Margaret,'  
In honour of Cortona's penitent,  
Whose contrite soul with red remorse was rent,  
While on her penitence kind Heaven did throw  
The white of purity, surpassing snow ;  
So white and red in this fair flow'r entwine  
Which maids are wont to scatter at her shrine."

"Daisies," he repeats next day, (February 23rd), "when the weather is mild, are now getting common. Dryden, he tells us, thus alludes to this plant—

"And then the bard of flutes began to play  
To which a lady sang a virelay ;  
And still at every close she would repeat  
The burden of the song, "the daisy is so sweet."  
"The daisy is so sweet," when she begun,  
The troops of knights and ladies carried on  
The concert, and the voice so charmed my ear,  
And sooth'd my soul, 'twas Heaven to hear.

Has the reader had enough? One more quotation, and we have done, unless, indeed, the Editor will let the pen be taken up again in March.

"The snowdrop in purest white array,  
Rears her head on Candlemas Day ;  
While the crocus hastens to the shrine  
Of primrose love on St. Valentine ;  
Then comes the daffodil beside  
Our Lady's smock at our Lady's Tyde.  
About St. George, when blue is worn,  
The blue-bell doth the fields adorn ;  
Against the day of the Holy Cross,



The crowfoot gilds the flowery grass ;  
When St. Barnaby bright smiles night and day,  
Poor ragged Robin blooms in the hay.  
The Scarlet Lychnis, the Garden's pride,  
Flames at St. John the Baptist's Tide.  
From Visitation to St. Swithin's showers  
The lily white reigns queen of the flowers ;  
And poppies a sanguine mantle spread  
For the blood of the dragon St. Margaret shed,  
'Then enters the wanton rose, agen,  
That blushed for penitent Magdalen  
Till Lammas Day called August's wheel,  
When the long corn stinks of camomile,  
When Mary *left us here below*,  
The Virgin's Bower is full in blow ;  
And yet anon the tall sunflower blew  
And became a star for Bartholomew,  
The Passion flower long has blowed  
To betoken us signs of the Holy Rood.  
The Michaelmas Daisy, among tall weeds,  
Blooms for St. Michael's valorous deeds,  
And seems the last of flowers that stood  
Till the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude,  
Save mushrooms and the fungus race  
That grow till All-Hallow-Tide takes place.  
Soon the evergreen laurel alone is green,  
When Catherine crowns all learned men.  
Then ivy and holy berries are seen,  
And yule log and wassall come round again."

With this summary of the flowers of the year, we bid the author of "The Circle of the Seasons," for the present good-bye.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

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## A STUDY OF THACKERAY.

## II.

A MAN cannot hate and revile everything, unless he be another Swift. Thackeray is not; deep down in his nature there are springs of kindliness and warmth of heart. But, for a man to write as he does, unless it be because he is a complete misanthrope, some fact in the world's social life must have struck down upon his sensitiveness or warped his judgment. It is not difficult to see what this fact is in his case. The legacy of the French Revolution is inherited by him: his whole novels are one war against the aristocratic spirit. Jean Jacques Rousseau himself cannot vie with him in upholding simplicity, nor in detesting the distinctions of rank. If you will grant Thackeray his major premiss, he will proceed to develop things further with barefaced outrage of the logical canon. He will tell you that the existence of the Peerage is *per se* an injustice, and that, because it is an injustice, it deforms social life. Therefore it must also deform private life. Having poisoned the Commonwealth, it poisons the soul. To illustrate this conclusion, he writes novels, and fills them with revengeful portraits. The Peerage and all that it contains is an abomination; do you doubt it? Look here, and I will show you the individuals who compose it, and from them judge the institution that has produced them. No one is to escape. Let the King, George the Fourth, "the First Gentleman in Europe," head the portrait gallery. How distinctly we see him, and how fiercely Thackeray opens the vials of his scorn upon him! There he sits "florid of face, portly of person, covered with orders, and with a rich and curly head of hair". . . "Be it *our* reasonable boast to our generation that we saw George the Good, the Magnificent, the Great!"\* His virtues and achievements; he will catalogue them. "In the vigour of his youth and the prime force of his invention he invented maraschino punch, a shoebuckle, and a Chinese pavilion, the most hideous thing in the world." . . . If this be the head of the system, the rest may be guessed at, they will be worthy of such a leader. But we must have no guessing;

\* *Vanity Fair*. To be found in the original edition only.

he will take them in order, and fill folios with their villanies or excesses. It is a sufficient commentary upon them when we say that a criticism on, or an exposition of their characters, as drawn by Thackeray, would be an outrage to our readers. And Thackeray, unlike Dickens, exhibits their evils as those of a class; in his opinion it is more difficult for a poverty-stricken aristocrat \* to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than it is for a wealthy merchant of the people. Before he shows us a better type, (and note that this portrait is the faintest of all), he will lead him † through much folly and excess, before he is converted by an old puritan mother. If a Peer is all-powerful, he will use his power to the better compassing his villany. Take the Marquis of Steyne, the accomplished ruffian of society, the tyrant and despot in his home, before whose brutal candour his women folk shrink and shrivel up as though blasted; the pagan and the cynic, whose presence poisons the atmosphere in which he lives. Is there a scene in the whole of literature which more awakens within us the primordial instincts of exultant vengeance; than that in which we see him stretched a battered wreck, at the hands of the childlike giant and fool whom he had wronged? Again it is the vice of the aristocratic spirit. The gift of unlimited power is not for men; with it they cannot be other than villains: the habit of despotism in social life and government creates despots in the home; and to preserve despots in the home, and villains in society, it is only needed to preserve nobles in the state.

Having gone thus far, will he not pause? And may we not turn for rest and refreshment to the Country Gentleman? Away from the intrigues and gaming tables of the town shall we not find the English virtues of benevolence and justice in the County magnate, or Country Squire? What influences will Thackeray perceive in rural quiet, hereditary respect, traditions of the family, the pursuit of agriculture, and the dispensing of justice from the county bench? Upright and sensible men? Full of kindness and probity, protectors and firm administrators of the law, servants of the State? Thackeray delights in drawing the Squire; he has made a study of him, and he finds him quite as detestable as the noble. What the great noble is in the society which he rules, the Squire is in the contracted sphere of rusticity. Take Sir Pitt

\* Sir Francis Clavering.

† Lord Kew.

Crawley, for instance. A County Magnate, Justice of the Peace, with an income of four thousand a year, and two rotten boroughs, the second of which he has sold to the tune of one thousand five hundred pounds per annum. From this perhaps we may suppose that he has at least foresight, and the shrewdness of an economist. But he is not to be granted even that poor virtue. An economist certainly, who shears his tenants so close that he is not left one that is not bankrupt. A coach proprietor, mine proprietor, Government contractor, he is so niggard of outlay that "his mines are filled with water; and as for his coach-horses every mail proprietor in the Kingdom knew that he lost more horses than any man in the country." As to his wisdom in working contracts, the Government fling his damaged beef back on his hands. He is popular: preferring the society of horse dealers to that of gentlemen. "Fond of drink, of swearing, would cut his joke and drink his glass with a tenant and sell him up next day; or have his laugh with the poacher he was transporting with equal good humour." His education? the accent of a peasant, the mind of a stableman, the manners of a yokel. His table talk is addressed to the butler and three liveried servants who wait behind his chair and serve him on silver plate. "What *ship*, Horrocks, and when did you kill? . . . Who took any?" His vassals must help him to consume his inferior mutton, else let them beware next rent day! But beneath so rugged an exterior and boorish manners may we not find some virtues of family affection, of the home? He beats his wife—sometimes; and his daughters receive their education at the gardener's cottage. Insolent, sottish, coarse, stingy, shrewd, extravagant; such are his characteristics. Result: he is made high sheriff for his county, and is courted by ministers. His carriage is gilded, he drives four horses, and he is a pillar of the state.

This is not all. Again we are not to be permitted to rest. Attached to the institution the virtues of which we have been shown, are the parasites, or "hangers on." These do not belong to our high society by hereditary right, but somehow through years of painful and most patient endeavour they have managed to crawl through the hedge. Their highest ambition and happiness is to be received at court, to read their names on guest-lists, or to give or take dinner with some stupid Peer. The moral evil originated from above strikes downward and infects the whole grade of the social scale. It corrupts the great men whom it exalts, it corrupts

the little men whom it degrades. The grocer's wife, who holds the corner shop, despises the wife of the green-grocer down the street, and if their daughters go to the same school she forbids them to become intimate. In fine, as Thackeray would have you to see it, the main business of life on the social ladder is to lick the boots of the man above you and to kick the man below you in the face. This is not a pleasant picture of English life and character; and before accepting it as a final and complete judgment on the character of the country we may question whether the Nation, which, at the very period of which he writes, stood forth in desperate isolation against the military terrorism of Napoleon, and bore such sons as Nelson, Wordsworth, Southey, and Wellington, can justly be held to have been as rotten to the heart as Thackeray pictured it to be.

He does not intend at the outset to depreciate his countrymen, but instead of striving to paint them as they are, he sets himself to war against their institutions. The spirit of aristocracy is to Thackeray what a red rag is to a bull: with him it is the origin of more than half the evils of Humanity. One cannot count all the wretchedness and rascality for which he holds it responsible; and to force home this conviction of his he paints a series of portraits, each of which is to represent some phase or offshoot of the evil. He does not evolve characters, he collects types together, with infinite care as to combinations and contrasts, and sets them acting: he does not picture life with all its complexities of good and evil, but he degrades the novel into socialistic lampoon. A modern Diogenes, he searches up and down the world's highways, with a note book instead of a lantern: we approach and ask him whether he has yet found that one honest man? and, though the spirit is there, the old reply is transformed. "My dear good sir!" (Diogenes' manners have improved wonderfully) "I am *not* looking for him. I gave up that search long ago: the world's knaves, villains, and fools are infinitely more interesting. My only difficulty now is that, seeing they are so plentiful, I am at a loss which to choose for my purposes—*may* I have the pleasure of including *you* on my list?"

If you uphold a certain class to scorn, and then paint some strongly marked portraits as types of the class, giving this one vices and peculiarities of one sort, and that one of another, you have not long to wait before fingers are pointed, and the whispers go

round that the Marquis of X. in Diogenes' last novel is none other than Lord—, First Lord of the Powder Closet, and within a month, the public have impaled a victim on the lance of your satire. This degrading of the novel into a social or political lampoon is not a very noble use of the craft: though in bye-gone days, no doubt, many an estimable father of a family stood before the pillory, and hooted, and shot from his own particular basket of rotten eggs. It is not enough that Thackeray elaborately collects and arranges his characters in supremely clever combinations and calculated contrasts, so that we feel we are listening to clever actors inimitably "made up to their parts" and "playing strictly under the author's supervision;" but we must also have a *chorus* to point the moral of the action, and give counsel to the onlookers. This is an element almost peculiar to the English Novel, and very often it constitutes one of its chief weaknesses from the artistic side. In the pure novel the author should speak in his own person only to mark or explain the psychological growth or condition of the characters, or to discuss some problem of Ethics, as George Eliot does, bearing directly on the situation in which the characters are placed. But in the Novel of Satire, the author, and Thackeray especially, lays aside his pen, turns himself away from his creations, and proceeds to give you moral advice, or to thrust the knife with which he has been dissecting deep into your own flesh. Herein Art suffers. Satirical reflection quits the true literary form which it adopted—the creative, and in order to emphasize itself exhibits itself alone. Thackeray is forever thrusting himself between us and his creations, in his own proper person to attack vice; the active morality of the novel is supplemented by theoretical essays on love, on vanity, on hypocrisy, on meanness—on all the virtues and on all the vices. You are assisting at a magic lantern treat for grown up children: the lime light has shown you pictures, some not of the pleasantest description, others so funny and grotesque that you have laughed aloud. But it is time to turn up the gas. The lecturer is at the rostrum, and the serious business of the evening begins. . . . "You laughed at that old Major Pendennis just now, with his absurd clinging to the coat tails of the aristocracy—my dear, good sir! are you or I any better? Did I not notice your back the other evening when the Duchess of—condescended to give you two of her fingers? I knew she was a Duchess from the characteristic curve of your

vertebral column. And I, yes, I shall confess it, I was fit to choke with envy, as my dear friend Snookson pointed out to me when I drew his attention to the peculiar pose of your back. It is only a common weakness! don't be too hard on our dear good friend the Major, otherwise a singularly cool and shrewd man, and the best judge of wines in London. . . . And so also with that unfortunate legacy-hunter Mrs. Bute. Why did you so frantically applaud when circumstances drag from her the confession of her folly and her greed? Be charitable, my friends! If you or I were exposed to her temptations would we be one whit stronger in resisting them? Fortune has not yet sent us that rich elderly female relative, but when she does!—

“What a good fire there is in her room when she comes to pay you a visit, though your wife laces her stays without one! The house during her stay assumes a festive, neat, warm, jovial, snug appearance. You yourself, dear sir! forget to go to sleep after dinner, and find yourself all of a sudden (though you invariably lose) very fond of a rubber. What good dinners you have! game every day, malmsey madeira, and no end of fish from London. . . . Is it so, or is it not so? I appeal to the middle classes. Ah, gracious powers! I wish you would send *me* an old aunt—a maiden aunt—an aunt with a lozenge on her carriage, and a front of light coffee-coloured hair—how my children should work workbags for her, and my Julia and I would make her comfortable! Sweet—sweet vision! foolish—foolish dream!”

You are fairly caught. You cannot escape from such pitiless logic. When your maiden aunt with £15,000 safe in consols next visits you, you will have the inestimable satisfaction of valuing your many attentions at their true worth.

Amidst all this bitterness shall we not find refreshment somewhere and light upon something that the author shall reverence? Must not a mind and heart, wearied of scorn and hate, seek repose in something that he can praise and love? Circumstance fixes on these elements of evil, shall it not also lead us towards good? If there be a predominant vice in the history of this country to be combated, shall not the war so waged uphold a contrary virtue? It is so. In the war against despotism and pride we have seen him slay the resulting evils; it remains for us to witness the upraising of the banner of simplicity, purity, love. Thackeray exhibits these virtues in an old man, in weak women, and in a little child. And as the women are chiefly the victims of the selfish and the despots, it is in them chiefly that Thackeray centres all the virtues. They possess the two qualities which he reverences above

all others, tenderness and sweetness. But the mind of the artist has been warped; he has elected to use as his chief method the ironical tone; and he cannot divest himself of it at a moment's notice. Throughout the chief portion of his writings you can see the constant war between Thackeray's feelings and his methods, in his drawing of the women characters whom he loves. He creates foolish women: what matters it? they are blind, instinctive, unreasoning, absurd,—but they love; and he kneels before them. There is a curse upon him; even here he must comment, exhibit weakness, stupidity, and, greatest irony of all, humiliate them in his pictures of the objects of their affections. If any other writer gave us the character of Amelia Sedley, she would be intolerable: but she is one of Thackeray's favourites, and the heroism which he infuses into her through her blind and unreasoning belief in and worship of her worthless husband compels us to lay the book down in the end with feelings towards her of affection. It is well for us men, Thackeray would have us recognise, that these women “made for our comfort and delectation, gentlemen—with all the rest of the minor animals,” should, once they love, be so blind, and rejoice never so much as when they are forgiving us. “There is scarce a man that reads this, but has administered pleasure of that sort to his womankind, and has treated them to the luxury of forgiving him.” These words, absent from the second edition of *Pendennis*, are the bitterest that Thackeray has written, perhaps, alas, because they are so sadly true.

Yet, no matter what their general truth, I say again that art has lost before such a view of life. If there are no heroes for women to love, there are no heroines.

“As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated to a clown;  
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.”

Let us, in God's name, refuse this teaching as truth. Nevertheless, if there be no “highest” type in manhood for a woman to love—not Launcelot, nor another—her life here is blanched with darkness; her mission in the world to be summed up in the teaching of “the fat-faced curate, Edward Bull.” But shall we accept such a view as final and complete? So far as concerns us, men, we have seen it contradicted by Dickens in the person of Sydney Carton; we shall see it contradicted by Thackeray himself in the person of Henry Esmond. So much for the rescue of us men



from the stigma of unworthiness. But to neither of these authors has been given the power to emancipate womanhood from the tyranny of her affections. In a darkened room of a cottage by the banks of the rising Floss, we see the battle fought out in the soul of a passionate girl; and we thrill with an exultation that we have not felt before, when out of the depths of her anguished soul, rise the old beloved words that A Kempis wrote with much striving of spirit in a far off age, now once again to bring forth the fruits of self-conquest, and abandonment to the lesson of the cross.

Perhaps we have again, as in the case of Dickens, reached at once the source of Thackeray's weakness, and of his power. I glance at the pages of a late number of this Magazine; and in the words of another it seems to me that the answer stands revealed.\* "How came error to invade a heart and mind so perfect? It was through melancholy. I am not inventing this moral: it is clearly expressed in the play itself,

"O hateful Error, melancholy's child,  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not?"

Because Brutus in his melancholy took to solitary brooding. . . . therefore he saw all things through a distorted medium of prejudice and of suspicion." Whether Thackeray's nature was or was not in itself a sad one, we can at least believe that his faculty of attentive reflection was a source of sadness. You cannot search deeply into human motives and not feel sad. This earth, cursed for our sakes, has produced weeds other than the material ones. If we will not "lift our eyes towards the mountains, whence cometh help," how hopeless with melancholy must we grow at sight of the garbage by the wayside! 'Tis an unweeded garden, that grows to seed. Things rank and gross in sense possess it merely. And the brother beside us! this beauty of the world, this paragon of animals! What to us is this quintessence of dust? Man delights us not—no, nor woman neither! It is the soul-sickness of Hamlet that finds but two things to love; one, a sad memory, haunting him from the grave; the other a man rare in one quality—that he is not passion's slave. As for the rest, the world

\* See Father Kolbe's masterly analysis of the character of Brutus in his second paper on Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, in this Magazine, October, 1896, words quoted p. 507.

is a graveyard wherein shall one day lie buried all our best hopes and highest aspirations. Love ! It does not exist, save in the phantoms begot of fever—what are we men that we should be loved ? We are knaves all ! believe none of us ! And you delicate women, to whom, in a benighted age of monkish falsehoods and superstitions, so much nobility surrendered itself, when an idolatrous medieval church exalted you in worshipping one of your sex as the stainless Mother of the Eternal—what have we, pagan, enlightened, Protestant England, discovered you to be ? Well, we have heard of *your* paintings too well enough ; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You are mere masses of nerves, instincts, moods : your beauty and grace, of which poets have sung—why yes ! we know them too : you jig, you amble, and you lisp ! Your kind and gentle natures, on whose breasts we would lay our weary heads, what are they ? Amongst yourselves and in the fast seclusion of your boudoirs, how you nickname God's creatures, and point the finger at an erring sister ! Go to ! we will have no more of it ! You are discovered, unmasked—and it hath made us mad !

Do not let us deceive ourselves. If we read a book at all, as the good John Ruskin has taught us, let us so read it that we may obtain from it whatever is best, or whatever will help us to better our characters. Do not let us content ourselves merely with being amused—there is laughter down in hell. And if, having read Thackeray, we laugh because we see the blows rain thick on weak natures and delicate flesh, the laughter may well die on the lips and give us pause. Let us ask ourselves, is it well with us that we shall smile when he depreciates our whole human nature in the novel, as Hobbes has done in philosophy ? It is easy to rail at the ill ; it is hard to fight for the good. But some time, once and for all, we must determine which we shall do. If there are no ideals left us to fight for, we know our course : a philosopher is near at hand to supply us with full store of denial and of darkness out of the nethermost abyss. We may, if we choose, “clink the cannakin” to the ghoulish mirth of Iago, whose highest function of pure womanhood as he sees it is “to suckle fools and chronicle small beer ;” we may laugh with Thackeray at the stupidity of his favourite Amelia Sedley, whose highest virtue is blind worship of a coarse and selfish husband ; or we may smile at Helen Pendennis the model mother, with her country prudery, narrow education,

bitter jealousies, and harsh puritanism. These are his high types of womanhood ; yet he invites you to laugh at them. Or we may on the other hand let our souls thrill to the wild sob of Imogen, as she flings herself on her husband's breast in a supreme sacrifice of love and forgiveness for the man who has wronged her so deeply in his inmost thought. The choice is given to us which we shall do.

It would not be fair to emphasize this so much, did not Thackeray do so : he has left us no choice amongst his popular novels. Whatever we hold as most sacred in manhood or womanhood, with subtle touch or cynical laughter Thackeray too often refers to some ugly source. It is well that we should recognise this in the works of an author so often given to us to read when our minds are impressionable and delicate in moral structure, rather than resistant with the fibre of mature experience. Whatever his intentions were—and they may have been of the best—yet throughout the whole of his works where he himself stands revealed and takes on himself the office of lay preacher, the nature of the task which he set himself to do warped the nature of the true artist within him. His hand became “subdued to what it worked in,” the follies, weaknesses, and vices of our nature, and his mind became coarsened by the garbage on which it preyed. No man can pry and probe for evil or weakness of motive underlying the everyday commonplace decencies of life as Thackeray has done, and hold his intellect free from the taint that comes on all those who judge, where judgment is unlawful. Nothing can be truer than that saying of Oliver Wendell Holmes, that “thoughts of a certain character seem to stain the very fibre of the thinking organ and affect in some degree the hue of every thought that passes through the discoloured tissue.” And so, the calamity that befel this great writer may in a lesser degree befall those who, carried away by the supreme brilliance of his style, so terse and vivid, the scintillating flash of his wit, and the keen lash of his scorn, may in their turn become infected by the malignity of that psychical disease, of which, to speak in medical phrase, these powers of his are but the symptoms and the physical signs.

MONTAGU GRIFFIN, B.A., M.B.

*(To be continued).*

## GARNERED.

THE wheaten stalks together bend, together pipe,  
 Together sigh and sing :  
 My days grow ripe for mower's scythe, they say—grow ripe  
 My days for anything,  
 For reaper's hand, for sheaf and band, and miller's stone,  
 For seed for other spring ;  
 My birds are hatched, and some are dead, and some have flown,  
 And some have wearied wing.

My nests are cold and empty now, are damp with dew,  
 Are wet with dew and rain,  
 I sing and sigh the livelong day, my corn-flowers blue  
 Are crushed with heavy grain ;  
 My poppies died, the light winds sighed at morn, at eve  
 They sighed, and sang again,  
 The moon smiles down, the stars shine out, the night winds grieve,  
 And then comes rest from pain.

I bend and weave, I surge and heave, as heaves the tide,  
 I whisper far and near ;  
 The sun hath turned my gold to rust, the mildew tried  
 To kill my ripening ear ;  
 The spider spanned my slender stems in June days sweet,  
 In June days sweet and dear,  
 But once aware, I broke his snare, and at my feet  
 Fell captives dead with fear.

I wore a silken hose in March spun by the sun,  
 Wove by the rain and wind,  
 But now my shroud is in the loom, my days are done,  
 My friends are grown unkind.  
 My slender hyacinth flowers are dead      eir stained leaves lie  
 In graves where none may find ;  
 My head hangs low, my hour is come, and by and by  
 The mills my heart will grind.

The wasps came past and killed my bees, my honied bees  
 That toiled for such sweet store ;  
 A hawk flew by—a piteous cry!—and in the trees  
 A linnet's heart he tore.  
 The lambs moaned long, drawn from their dams, round field  
 and fold  
 Their mothers bleating sore,  
 Now bring the scythe and bind the sheaf, my joys are old—  
 I sing and sigh no more.

ALICE ESMONDE.

## THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT:

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

## CHAPTER IV.

## AN INTRUDER ON A "MEEHUL."

"We must have the place as nice as possible before Harry Moore and his grand wife come, mother; though I suppose we won't see much of them. But Philip Moore seems inclined to be very friendly."

"His brother Harry was agreeable too," said the Madam. I thought both nice lads, not like the father; he had a bad manner, I think."

"He would be agreeable if he thought it worth his while," said Ethna. "We were not grand enough for him."

"Well, my dear, of course we are in a different class; so 'twas quite natural he should think us not grand enough."

"I don't see why we should not be as good as they," said Ethna hotly. "We are the same blood. Because we are poorer, must they look down on us?"

"My dear, have sense," replied the Madam, "and do not talk of looking up and looking down. One person is as respectable as another in the position in which God has placed him. I think there is a great want of independence in longing to get beyond ourselves. It is nobler to try and make the place we are in beautiful than to seek to get into a beautiful place."

"Well, I suppose I am ambitious, and you are not, mother; and I want to climb up to where my grandfather stood; on the same level as the Moores of Moorescourt. I suppose it is not as easy for an eagle to be satisfied as a barn-door fowl."

"But, my dear, why not take after your maternal lines?" said the Madam smiling. "They did not roost upon the cliffs, but in very comfortable farm-yards."

"I have the wings," said the girl laughing, "and I long to spread them. And this is a lovely morning for taking flight," she

continued, going to the window. "Look, Norah Creina, how the sunshine and shadows are chasing each other down the mountains, and the big fish in the sea are roaring for a naughty child. Oh, there is Johnny Beg coming in the wicket with a great root of white heath, and I wished so for it. Come out, come out!"

For the next half hour she and Johnny Beg were deep in the mysteries of planting. Nora toddled about, poking her chubby fingers into the flower-beds.

"Oh, Eth, here's a lubly fower, I pulled it fos you. 'Mell it," and she held out an unfolding crocus she had pulled up from the roots.

"Will you leave the flowers alone, you little mischief?" said Ethna, "I will not bring you to the school-house by and by, if you touch another. Did I not tell you not to pull them?"

"I won't do it any more," said Nora with ready penitence. "I'd like to go to the school-house, Eth."

"Very well; try and be good, then, and let the poor flowers grow."

In the afternoon she and Nora went up the hilly road that led to the long thatched abode where knowledge was disseminated, and from whence a buzz of learning issued as they approached. There was silence when they entered, broken only by eager whispers. The master of the Academy advanced with the air of one acting before an audience, and, with many profound bows, welcomed the visitors.

"You are welcome, Miss Moore, very welcome to this humble seat of learning; and Miss Norah too, a young scion of the old stock. I trust the Madam is in the enjoyment of good health. An excellent lady—long may she reign."

"She is quite well, thank you, Mr. Lynch," answered Ethna. "I came to ask you to let off a few of my gardeners early to-morrow. My flowers are in a bad way."

"Certainly, Miss Moore, certainly; we are all your slaves. You honour us by requiring anything at our hands. It will be a treat for them, a great treat to serve you, and act the part of our first father, Adam. The culture of flowers is humanizing, my dear young lady, and you set us a fine example up here amongst the hills—a fine example."

"There is no place like our hills, Mr. Lynch," said Ethna  
ling.

"Very true, Miss. There is no place like our hills—no place. We breathe a salubrious atmosphere. We have peace and contentment; blessings well qualified to adorn an humble lot. The poet truly says, 'There is no place like home.' Home *is* home, be it ever so homely."

Norah slipped away and found out several acquaintances who were high in her favour, and who immediately resigned their pencils into her keeping with which she drew imaginary cats and dogs upon their slates; there were many whispers of "Miss Norah, oh! Look at this, the lovely thing I have for you; come here, Miss Norah, until I show you."

Ethna continued her conversation with Mr. Lynch, who was a rare specimen of the rural pedagogue, which the march of progress has now rendered almost extinct. He used the most ponderous English; his flowers of rhetoric made an abundant display, and his gestures were quite in keeping with his florid style of utterance. He was a good man, ruling his pupils with a rod of iron, and fostering their belief that there was not a man under the sun so learned or so powerful as "The Master."

The next day about three o'clock, Ethna's *meelul* assembled—half a dozen of the elder boys, who gladly answered the summons; for, after a few hours' pleasant labour, weeding, digging, clipping, there was a feast of bread, butter, tea, fruit, and perhaps a slice of home-made cake—the prospect of which had an exhilarating effect on the spirits of youth. Ethna was working away with a handkerchief tied over an old hat to keep it on. Norah was seated on the back of a small boy who was on all fours weeding, calling loudly on her pony to go on and "gee up," when the sudden appearance of a gentleman caused a dead silence. Ethna turned round and beheld Philip Moore leaning with folded arms on the sunk fence. Her first impulse was to pull the handkerchief off her hat.

"Do not pull it off," he said, "I have taken note of it: it looks picturesque. I have been crossing the hills, and came to see what the uproar here meant. A floral meeting, I see. Are you going to ask me in?"

"Yes, certainly; mother will be glad to see you. There is a stile in the corner."

"I despise stiles as yet," he said springing up beside her. "You will not shake hands with me, will you not? You are

carrying some of your landed property on them ? ”

“ I will get rid of it directly,” she said laughing. “ Come in to mother.” Ethna preceded him, and, having left him with the Madam, went to her room where she improved her toilet, and again joined them.

“ Are they making you comfortable at the Lodge ? ” asked the Madam.

“ Oh ! Well, yes. I came unexpectedly this morning : the housekeeper seemed flurried ; but I am sure I’ll be well taken care of when she recovers her peace of mind.”

“ You had better dine with us to-day,” said the Madam, who was instinctively hospitable, “ and Mrs. Carty will be better prepared to-morrow.”

“ Thank you, if it do not put you out,” said Moore.

“ Put us out—how could it ? ” said Ethna, quickly.

“ Then I will stay with pleasure ; it is so kind of you to take pity on a fellow thrown on his own resources.”

“ And having no resources of his own,” said Ethna, laughing.

“ Ah, by Jove, you’ve hit it off ; I do not pretend to be independent of my fellow-creatures ; I have the gregarious instinct. Well, this is pleasant,” he continued, as the Madam left the room, her brain intent on culinary thoughts. “ Your innocent mother fell into the trap prepared for her. I intended she should ask me to dinner ; she imagines I had nothing to eat over there, but I am too old a campaigner not to think of the *cuisine*, but it would be beastly slow all the evening at the Lodge ; first evenings are an abomination. Were you expecting I should turn up ? ”

“ No indeed, I was not thinking about it at all,” replied Ethna with frank untruthfulness.

“ You expect me to believe that, but I do not, strange to say ; you have been planning in your own head all you will show me : and how sometimes you will be agreeable, and sometimes indifferent, to take the conceit out of me, etcetera, and so on, as is the wont of wily women.”

“ Oh, we are behind the ways of the great world,” said Ethna, “ we are too unsophisticated in the country, to be so wily.”

“ Quite a mistake, that,” answered Moore. “ The country is not at all so green as is supposed. I do not fancy the little maids are so artless, or the mammas so unworldly as is poetically said ;



and commend me to it, as productive of self-conceit; county families exaggerate their importance, so many poor beggars look up to them with their mouths open."

"I don't believe it at all," said Ethna warmly, "there is a far better feeling than that between them."

"Which finds expression in occasionally well and occasionally ill directed shots, my fair coz."

"Some people deserve to be shot," said Ethna. "'Tis only the effect of a cause. The man that is shot is often a greater murderer than he who shoots him. I do not want to excuse crime, but I do not see why one crime entails hanging and another does not."

"If you will not admit nice distinctions, my Irish Corday, you will have the greater part of your fellow-creatures dangling in mid air," said Moore with an amused smile. "I would tremble for my neck."

"Oh, I am not cynical; I do not believe in such universal wickedness," answered the girl.

"Some people are found out, and some are not," said Moore; "that accounts for the difference you see in people. When I look at a strange face, I always say to myself, I wonder what is concealed beneath it—what is it *he* would not like me to know. What is hidden behind *her* smiles?"

"I think that is simply horrible," exclaimed the girl impetuously, "and it is false. I have done nothing in my life that I need conceal, and of course, I am not better than other people. But Mr. Moore, how did you leave the Taylors? I suppose you saw them often?"

"Yes, I used to turn up in the evening; but—'twas rather stupid after you went away."

"Is that a delicate way of administering flattery?" asked Ethna lightly, pleased nevertheless.

"I never flatter any one but a fool, and you do not come under that head, I should think. I usually try to bring myself on a level with my listeners; but don't ask me to climb too high, please. I expect you will listen to me often while I am among the hills, and I shall repay you in kind and be a most intelligent audience. Is it a bargain?"

"And the knowledge that you have no other place to go to will prevent us from exaggerating the honour of your visits," said Ethna.

While the young people chatted and strolled amongst the flower-beds, the Madam saw that the dinner was properly served ; and at five o'clock they were seated in the cosy dining room, where a splendid fire was burning in the large old-fashioned grate. The evening passed pleasantly away. Philip Moore had been an observant traveller, and his tales and descriptions of foreign lands excited Ethna's imagination into rebellion against her circumscribed existence ; those wings of which Plato speaks quivered in their bonds with the divine instinct, after illimitable liberty, and waked a restlessness in the strong, young heart that longed for action, emotion, fuller and more vivid days.

Looking as we do on the outside of other people's lives, what a different appearance we find presented to us—some pale and cold, some warm with radiant colour ; some seemingly barren ; some beautiful with fruit and flower. What lies behind ? What kind is the real life inside the appearances ? Will the fruit and flower turn to ashes, the corruptible luxuriance of a corruptible soil ? Is there no tender undergrowth, no green oasis in the barren lands that angels visit ? Is the dazzling colour no artificial emanation ? And into the pallid realm streams there no ray from the all-holy heavens that fills it with celestial brightness ? There is no one so happy or so miserable as an onlooker supposes. One man has every thing that, in a human sense, is thought to be productive of pleasant sensations, but he is not particularly happy, because his is a non-receptive temperament, and not easily pleased. Another has unfortunate surroundings, but is gifted with a nature that responds to every agreeable influence. And so happiness is rather evenly equalised than otherwise.

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## CHAPTER V.

### YOUTH AND AGE.

Every day of the thrilling spring brought forth new beauty in the mountains. The heath assumed a more perfect green ; the rush unfolded its white blossoms in the bog, where cheerful voices called to each other, as the barefooted peasant cut the turf ; the snipe and plovers uttered their peculiar cries ; and high above all, the skylark's ecstatic song fell down from among the soft tumbled clouds in a sweet rain of joyous music.

Never had life seemed so beautiful to Ethna, or Mona such a home of exquisite content ; she was up with the birds, and the day was short and the lingering evening too fleet to satisfy her intensified enjoyment of them. Philip Moore spent a good many of his idle hours at Mona. The Madam was always glad to see him. She had known him well when he was a boy, and it never occurred to her that there could be any danger in such intimacy ; he was Ethna's cousin, so familiar intercourse was natural. The young man enjoyed his privileges. He came whenever he liked ; he lay at the girl's feet on the soft sward, laughing at her exalted ideas ; mocking her enthusiasm, arguing, and looking into her eyes. Sometimes he was a cynic, as regarded the whole race of women ; sometimes he was eloquent on the ennobling influence of a good one, and drew the girl into interminable debates that amused and occasionally touched him with their noble simplicity. It is not unusual in such conversations for the young man to assume the character of a world-weary sinner, and open gloomy but indefinite views into his wasted past, to arouse the missionary ardour of his listener ; nor is it unusual for the girl to be more interested in the dark labyrinth of his passion-worn heart, than in the honest, open, well-behaved, young fellow, who has not, and does not pretend he has, anything in his life needing concealment. Philip Moore was rather inclined to don this rôle of satiated worldling, and it had its effects on Ethna. She saw much that was noble in him ; he had put his life before her as though it were now a shattered column broken from its purpose, prone upon the earth, the cohesive power wanting ; and it seemed to her a divine career for a woman to infuse her loving energy into this exhausted specimen of humanity, to aid in collecting the scattered fragments and build again the lofty edifice destined to reach heaven. Human nature is proverbially prone to vanity, but at no time is that particular form of self-conceit more strongly developed than when a person is in love. A woman will marry a man who, she knows, is passionate, dissipated, and irreligious, with the most perfect confidence that her influence will quietly destroy the rooted habits of twenty, thirty, forty years ; she finds usually that she exaggerated her power, and that the man who will not control himself for the love of God, will hardly do so for the love of his wife. Men are generally more particular about the character of their wives, but they have unflinching faith in their ability to mould

the plastic feminine nature into any desirable form, making it fit as they would a pair of gloves; and *they* also discover that this adaptability, this training of a full-grown shoot, is not easy to accomplish. Both parties also find influencing their respective partners, a far more irritating mission than they ever imagined.

One summer afternoon Ethna sat by the schoolmaster's fireside, listening to his old blind mother who was giving a minute account of her physical sensations—the water-brash she got on Tuesday, the impression on her chest, etc.

"You ought to get something from the doctor, Molly," said Ethna.

"I hate doctors," answered the old woman; "I never gave much heed to them; they kills more than they cures, asthore. Peggy Bawn never riz her head since she took the last bottle she got; stopped the cough on her, and she went out like the snuff of a candle. Many's the one they kills, an' no talk about it. Well I know.

"Good evening, Mr. Lynch," said Ethna, as the schoolmaster entered.

"Good evening to you, Miss Moore; I hope your respected parent enjoys good health."

"She is quite well, Mr. Lynch, thank you; she complains of you for not coming to see her."

"She is very good—very good to an humble individual of my grade in society; and truly I was about to do myself the honour of paying her my respects. I am venturing to tax the generosity of her nature, and your benevolence, Miss Ethna, by preferring a small request."

"You may be sure we will do anything we can for you, Mr. Lynch."

"I am aware of it—well aware of it, and you can do much for me; very much. My desire is this, Miss. There is a small strip of land running down between the schoolhouse and Paddy Ned's garden; 'tis of no use to any one at present, but would be valuable to me, and could serve me to give a few lessons in agriculture to the boys—lessons badly needed; a word from the Madam, or better still, from you, would see it transferred into my possession. You are all powerful with our respected landlord."

"Come down and speak to mamma, Mr. Lynch."

"I shall be happy to obey your commands, Miss Ethna. The

Madam's word is good, good indeed, but you will pardon my boldness, if I say that I think a word from you to Mr. Philip Moore would consummate the matter. 'Tis said he couldn't refuse you anything."

Ethna flushed at the insinuation.

"He is my cousin, you know," she said, taking the usual refuge behind relationship.

"I'm quite aware of it, my dear young lady, quite aware of it; but I rejoice that you are not related within the forbidden degree—ha, ha, ha! Pardon my joke!"

"Where is Mr. Vincent Talbot this time back?" asked the blind woman. "'Tis he has the civil word for the poor. He'd come in here and reach me the bit of tobaccy. The sound of his voice would rise one's heart."

"He was in Dublin for some time, Molly. He has passed his examinations, and will soon be home."

"The Lord pour his blessin's on him wherever he is, asthore, and bring him home safe. Sure people does be sayin' ye'll be man an' wife when the time comes."

"Oh, nonsense, Molly, there is not a word of truth in it. People are always marrying those that never think of it themselves."

"Excuse my mother, Miss Ethna; she belongs to the old times, and has no understanding."

"Ah! the old times," said the old woman, shaking her head sadly, "them was the times that was good an' pleasant, not like the times now; the life is gone out of the world. Sure there is no summer or nothin', everything cowld an' empty like. God be with the times when I was young."

"Ah! Molly, I fear it is ourselves that change, and not the world," said Ethna.

"Maybe it is, alanna; maybe it is. Sure I'm not what I was when I had my eyesight. The Lord give us all the light of heaven. I was a smart colleen in my day, asthore; it was no aisy thing to dance me down in a moneen jig; an' who'd bate me at bindin' or clovin'? Very few, then. Yarra, the girls now isn't worth their feedin'."

"How did you lose your sight, Molly?" asked Ethna.

"Whethin I don't know, avourneen. Sometimes I thinks it was too much I cried, God forgive me, an' good cause I had; but

that says nothin'. I went through my share of trouble, so I did. Sure 'tis a hard thing to be put out of house an' home. My mother had no houl't of the spot of land when my father died—the light of heaven to him—an' the master wanted to turn it to himself; we was in the way of his view, he said, and so we wor put out. I'm tould he left the gable end of the wall standin', because it looked purty with all the fine ivy growing over it. I'd like to go there again to get one look at it. But what am I sayin'g? Sure I couldn't see it—glory be to God an' His blessed Mother."

"Where did you go when you left the land, Molly?"

"There was five of us and my mother; she was very good to live—very good intirely—an' drew the face of the people. We set up a huxter's shop at Monaleena; 'twas a poor place them times; there was little talks of tay an' sugar then, and maybe you wouldn't sell a pound of dips in a week, only burning splinters of bogdeal and paddies; but the soap, and tobacco, and pipee was always wanted, an' many's the little thing. Then I got married to Patsy Lynch, the decentest boy in the parish, and very devout. No wonder, sure, an' he the clerk of the chapel. Often I used to tell him his head would get light from sayin' his prayers. Oh, dear, 'twas Father O'Malley had the wish for him, an' a sore loss he was to us the day he died, the bed of heaven to him! I had a good fortune—twinty good pounds and a fine feather bed; but sure you couldn't get a place anywhere for that much now, people has such fine notions."

"And were you happy then, Molly? Were you fond of your husband when you married him?"

"Fond of him, alanna! Ah! see was I. Many's the time I used to put a stone down on the track of his foot, so that I'd keep the mark of it. Wasn't I the foolish onsha? But I loved the ground he walked on, an' he was deservin' of it; an' pleasant an' likely he was, my poor man, but sure the misfortune was always afther us. We gave my fortin' an' as much more as we could scrape together to a neighbour, Rory Oge, for the goodwill of a spot of land an' house he had, he keeping a haggard an' a room for himself. He hadn't a chick or child, an' sure we thought it was a safe bargain, an' the agent didn't say agin it; but Rory, the misfortunate crathur, was givin to trappin' an' shootin' an' goin' in places he had no business. An' the landlord was a great

sporther too, an' in the lucky hour Rory was caught at his tricks, au' notice to quit was served on the whole of us. The priest an' everyone spoke for us, but 'twas all to no use. After givin' our money an' everythin', we had to walk, an' the cabin was thrown down. We felt it sore, an' for days an' days we settled up the rafters and slep' under them. I think I got the cowlid in my eyes there, an' many's the salt tears I shed. The childher, too, got sickly. Two of them died that Christmas ; but we struggled on. The little boy became assistant at the school, an' we wor able to send our little girl decently out of the country. The Lord was good to us."

ATTIE O'BRIEN.

*(To be continued).*

## A SONG.

I MADE a song for my weary heart  
 To sing in its hours of pain ;  
 But it only chafed the recent smart  
 And woke the old griefs again.

I made a song for the world to an air  
 That rippled with peaceful glee ;  
 But the world was heavy with earthly care  
 And could give no heed to me.

I made a song for a friend of mine,  
 Who took it and praised it well,  
 But forgot the song and our bottle of wine  
 Ere the shadows of evening fell.

I made a song for a child to sing,  
 And it learnt it and sang it long ;  
 And I found when it ceased from carolling  
 That its life had become my song.

J. W. A.

## THE BLACK MAN'S HOME.

### AN AUSTRALIAN REMINISCENCE.

"In lands where bright blossoms are scentless,  
And songless bright birds ;  
Where, with fire and fierce drought in her tresses,  
Insatiable summer oppresses  
Sere woodlands and sad wildernesses,  
And faint flocks and herds."

A. L. GORDON.

A long promised visit to the beautiful town of Tumut, New South Wales,—Swiss in its refreshing climate, its cool gurgling streams and its encircling hills—brought the writer for the first time within the environs of an aboriginal camp in Australia.

After a few hours' drive from Gundagai we found ourselves in the Tumut district. Having struck a dense forest, we were informed by the worthy pastor, who acted in the dual capacity of host and "whip" upon the occasion, that we were now approaching the home of the Brungle blacks.

Abandoning the public road, we drove straight towards the camp. On entering the wood a sight of strange originality was revealed. Over the shady sward, as far as eye could reach, at detached intervals were scattered the *gunnyahs* or black man's huts, while the dusky figures were seen in groups around their "homes," or lazily moving to and fro across the space.

Attached to each *gunnyah* was a fowl-house, with high roosts outside, the inhabitants of which, at our approach, raised their various cries of alarm. The frightened crowings and cacklings of fowl, mingled with the howlings of a few miserable dogs, formed strangely incongruous music for such simple, mild and primitive surroundings.

The camp of ninety souls contained over seventy Catholics. A few of the better instructed advanced to meet and bid us welcome. From the various *gunnyahs* men and women came out to scan with pleased curiosity the not unwelcome strangers.

In a distant corner we noticed a number grouped around a burning log; some smoking and seated on fallen timber, and others lying on the grass. This, we were informed, was a wake. Within



the *gunnyah* close by lay the body of a dead child, happily baptized by the camp catechist, who proved herself to be a girl thoroughly well instructed. We approached the party, who spoke in low tones and in all their demeanour manifested the deepest reverential awe for the sacred presence of the dead. There, under the shadows of the primeval bush, with sickly winter sunbeams flitting across his tangled locks and dusky features, the poor wild child of the forest displayed a sense of reverence, a propriety of behaviour, and a tenderness of sympathy for the dead, that, in the home of comfort or of luxury, his white brother might imitate with profit.

In the whole scene we observed many traces of primitive ingenuity. The little coffin was a piece of native workmanship. A tree was felled and shaped into boards with the aid of their few simple instruments; planed and smoothed probably by a piece of broken bottle glass. The ochre tincture of some wild herbs supplied for paint and staining; and the abundant flowers of the forest dells filled the coffin and covered the tiny body, which was buried in deep masses of roses. Smiling above the bed of rose-leaves, the features of the black child were seen, the head calmly resting on the pillow of flowers newly plucked from his native turf. No costly shroud, exhibiting the last poor efforts of human vanity, swathed round his dusky figure; but the blooms of the valley slopes drooped their dying heads upon his little breast. Instead of the mourning candle, the star-gleams from the blue vault quivered through the wattle wickers above the gentle sleeper.

To what appropriate cadences closed the final act of that simple life drama! No jarring sounds of civilization, but the simple music that steals out of nature's untutored heart broke upon his dying ear, or breathes farewell across his lifeless clay. Above the reverential whispers of his friends, through the silent forest rose the fitful sob of the winds, or the sighs of the swaying branches. Poor child, in a few short hours he rests beside his fellow tribesmen; the *warratah* will wave above him and the dirge-like *miserere* of the *Mopake* will chant his funeral requiem. Saddest melancholy is the weird music of the Austral forest; perchance it is the spirit voice of the dying race uttered in murmurs half in protest and half in sorrow.

Turning from this simple wake-scene, we were introduced to the king of the tribe. If there be a majesty that doth hedge in a king, certainly it hedges not the sable sovereign of the Brungle

blacks ; for royalty more stripped of all pomp and circumstance it would be difficult to imagine. No courtly retinue of bowing nobles, armed braves, or servitors thronged round the humble bearer of Brungle's sceptre. He was a plain squat man in a cast off suit of grey, and a straw hat ; that he was barefooted, goes without saying. His face was of serious caste and spoke strong common sense.

Taking one of the men aside, I enquired in what precisely consisted the authority and the functions of his majesty. At the expression "his majesty" a broad smile played across the man's honest countenance ; for in truth, though retaining the kingly title, the government is essentially patriarchal.

The whole functions of state, and exercise of legislative power, may be summed up in the fact that the king gives safe advice which his subjects wisely follow. The traditions of the tribe regulate the ordinary affairs of life ; in more complex questions he consults the elders. Under present circumstances his regulations are the embodiment of practical wisdom. The fortunes of the tribe are undergoing a process of social evolution. He recognises the inevitable and boldly faces it. His people have almost entirely abandoned the primitive life, and are accommodating themselves to white civilization. To hasten this consummation, and shorten the precarious transition period, the chief has prohibited the use of the native tongue, and English alone is spoken. The *corrobaree* or war-dance is a thing of the past ; the young men have abandoned the exercise of the *boomerang* and spear, for the more peaceful practice of the spade and shears. The king has arranged that after him no successor shall be elected, and the tribal form of life shall be for ever abolished ; so, like Don Cæsar, he is the last

"Of that grand race that ends its blaze in me,"

A surveyor was even then engaged in allotting to each family forty acres, while the neighbouring farmers were promising donations of sheep and cattle to give the black man a start in his new life of settled civilization.

Pity it is that this primitive tongue should die. It is simple nature's voice. The euphony of its sound is rich and liquid entirely free from all tones of harsh metallic *timbre*. Its semi-guttural strength but braces and gives body to the softer cadences of sadness that run through all its inflections. If its sense and

range are limited, the ideas embodied are oftentimes tenderest poetry. It is a vehicle of thought neither soiled by city smoke nor redolent of vulgar passion. The reflections of the broken sunbeam, the forest whisperings, or the muttering thunders of the tropic storm find in all its figures a mirror and an echo.

In the legends of the northern tribes are preserved the main facts of revelation, the history of Adam's fall, the deluge etc., with startling accuracy. The miraculous conception and birth of Our Lord, from a virgin mother, they retain in a shape almost literally correct. The history of the new testament is briefly embodied in this beautiful legend. They say that among the white men once came a great and powerful king, goodness itself. By his brothers he was cruelly persecuted. One day, flying for his life before their pursuit, he came to the river's bank, plunged in and sank beneath the wave. This to him was disappearance but not death; for one day he will rise above its surface with an army to chastise his foes, while for those who stood by him there are palaces awaiting in some far off land of light. This they hold to be the crime of the white, while they felicitate themselves on the fact that, when the angry face appears frowning above the water's surface, no fear need disturb the black man's breast.

The language being almost entirely onomatopoeic, the sound not only echoes but almost translates the sense. The system of naming places is admirable. The mountain peaks when the storm clouds burst oftenest and with loudest crash, are called *Tumbarumbra*; this, when pronounced by a native you need scarcely be told, means—the land of thunder and lightning. What is now a quarter of fashion and bright villas, once a sloping marsh forming a margin of Sydney's matchless harbour, is called *Woolloomooloo*, a word barbarously murdered by Europeans throwing the accent on the final syllable. When the stress is placed on the first, which should be pronounced long and soft like the "oo" in "school," then the whole word spoken slowly, you actually produce its meaning—the sound of the wind sighing through the reeds. The black man heard the low breeze stealing up from the neighbouring ocean and whispering through the reeds. He imitated the sound and fixed its echo for a name.

If an animal or bird frequent a spot, it is sure to be called from some characteristic of the animal or sound of the bird, as "Wagga Wagga." If the first vowel is pronounced as the "a" in "wall,"

you have the reduplicated "caw" of the crow, for Wagga Wagga mean—crow crow, or in our idiom—the land of many crows.

One more reform would complete the monarch's work, without it his noblest efforts will be vain; yet he will never succeed in inducing the wild bush children to live in houses. Live pent up within four walls! No, every spark of their inborn freedom blazes into rebellion at the base idea; and the consequences are evident and sad. Even where the rum bottle and strong tobacco are not working their joint mission of demoralization, the absence of proper shelter is sweeping away the poor aboriginal. His body, now softened by wearing European clothes, is no longer capable of resisting the effects of rude and primitive life, and the fell ravages of consumption are devouring him, while his naked body was inured by constant exposure, he little recked the rain-soaked earth or the drafty *gunnyah*. The case is now changed, and the poor king beholds, alas! the increasing grave-plots and waning numbers of his doomed children.

In going through the camp we were taken to see a poor fellow whose days were evidently numbered. The hectic flush of consumption was burning on his cheeks. He expressed a wish to become a Catholic. Friends previously visiting him impressed him with the advisability of being baptized before he died. For a long time he demurred, but the triumph of conviction was finally completed by one saying—"Charley, if you do not become a Catholic, you will not be with the tribe in heaven." This clenched it. Parted from the tribe in this life or the next! Never! I shall not forget the gush of childish glee with which he clapped his hands in delight when he discovered he did not lose his high sounding name—Charles Prince—in the baptismal process, and better still he acquired another. Over and over he rapturously repeated "I am now Charles Joseph Prince." How deep has the last infirmity of noble minds struck its roots into human nature when a black fellow, rolled in an opossum rug and dying in the backwoods, lays to his soul the flattering unction that his name at least smacks of nobility and worldly splendour!

While we were shown through the tribal cemetery, we enquired how did they remember the name of each tenant; this question brought out an ingenious device. They pointed to the fact that each grave had different flowers planted on it. It was true: no figured line or marble scroll of fame but the bright blooms of

their native forest rescued from oblivion and preserved the memories of their lowly dead.

Their loyalty to the priest is marvellous. During the shearing season two young blacks fell sick at a town twenty miles from the camp; they refused to have any other name put on the hospital books than—"Father O.'s blacks."

The pastor told some amusing incidents in connection with his camp ministrations. In the centre is a government school where the *picaninnis* or children are taught; this is placed at the priest's disposal when he comes to say mass. When he first faced his squatting congregation, he began with an instruction on man's creation. Thinking the catechetical method more suited to their rude understandings, he began with—"Who were our first parents?" intending, of course, to answer it himself; in this he was spared the trouble. Scarce had he finished the sentence when a dozen sable hands were waving in the air and a dozen full-grown men excitedly shouting—"Adam and Eve." But this did not end the scene. Each emulous of displaying his proficiency squabbled with his neighbour for supremacy, vociferating "I spoke first," and appealing to his bewildered Reverence who alone seemed conscious of the incongruous mixture of the sacred and grotesque. When, during the course of the sermon, he touched on the Redemption, the whole congregation rose to their feet, clapping their hands and crying—"Christ died for black man and white man alike."

The knowledge that white and black came by creation from a common Father and by generation from a common pair gives them the greatest comfort. That the soul of the black man is equally dear in the eyes of God and that a common heaven awaits all the children of Adam's race is a revelation to console; for the poor wild child of the Bush is extremely sensitive of his colour, his firmest conviction being that the first condition awaiting his glorified body is a transformation into the envied white.

I should like to have taken a few snap-shot sketches, and for a curio album what a wealth of material abounded on every side! But the aboriginal's well-known horror of the art precluded the idea. When he sees his other self on a negative plate, he weeps and becomes inconsolable; as he is under the firm conviction that you have taken away half his being. A camera lens and a rifle barrel are objects of almost equal dread.

Without entering into the question:—Can the race be preserved?—it may be fairly stated that as matters now stand the blackfellow is bound to disappear. He is being actually swept away before the onward march of white civilization.

As it requires no prophetic eye to see future Birminghams and Leeds with their tall chimneys, their busy marts and their thousand looms, springing from the plains where to-day the timid kangaroo seeks the shady thicket or the “wattle” waves in pride her golden tresses; assuredly it is not assuming the rôle of visionary or scarcely trespassing on the domain of fancy to see some future *savant* taking from the museum repository the antique implements of the extinct race, with their quaint devices and strange carvings; and convincing a half credulous generation that over this land covered with cities and fair dwellings, now throbbing from end to end with the pulse of busy life, once through primitive forest wilds, roamed a guileless dusky race, that went down before the merciless teeth of our iron civilization; that the whirr of the *boomerang* once sounded through silent woods over the streets now echoing the tramp of the city throngs; that the very area now occupied by sparkling fountains and terraced gardens—the home of elegance and the resort of fashion—was once the camping ground where the wild *corrobaree* held high revel, and where danced to fantastic measures the aboriginal child of the long vanished Austral forest.

MICHAEL PHELAN, S.J.

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## THOUGHTS ON READING.

**W**HAT answer shall we who read books give to this query: "You are the salt of the earth. But if the salt lose its savour, with what shall it be salted?"

Books are published incontinently nowadays. The number printed annually almost equals the number of fools in the time of Solomon. Presumably many of them are read and influence their readers for good or evil. For "books are not absolutely dead things," we are told, "but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them." This is conversely true of bad books. They, too, are living things; but the life they contain is diseased, and disease is confessedly more easily caught than health. The slime of the serpent's tail yet smears the tree of knowledge, his hissing may yet be heard in the pleasant rustling of its leaves, while the poison of his fangs is mixed with the odour of its blossoms and the savour of its fruits.

Whether the books read are the best or the worst does not altogether depend on the merit of the book, but on the skill of the advertiser. We are harassed by the monotonous regularity with which, at intervals of about six months, the greatest novel of the age and the greatest scientific or philosophic work of the age present themselves, like literary highwaymen, commanding us to throw up our hands and give them recognition and praise.

In some cases we are told, with apparent seriousness and with no intimation of humour, that no library could be without some new book, when the supply of dust in said library is not sufficient to cover decently the still-born or short-lived children of Minerva which have already succeeded in obtaining a resting place on its shelves. We are told we must read some recent novel, and the reason sometimes given is because everybody is reading it, has read it or will read it—that is, everybody who is anybody. Against an argument of this kind there seems very little defence. We must either read the book or humbly confess that we have reached that age of mature indifference when we are shamelessly content to betake ourselves to the rank of old-fashioned nobodies;

that we have lost step with the march of events and are deplorably unconcerned about the consequences.

Even granting, however, that we resort to such a drastic expedient, we have not secured for ourselves immunity from persecution. We must listen to discussion on the book's merits and the author's talent. We cannot take up our daily newspaper to read the latest news about the coming war in Europe without having a gushing analysis of it obtruded on us in some way or other.

Friends, who would never dream of asking us what we dined on, or when we went to confession last, will not hesitate to catechise us closely about the privacies of our intellectual life. We daily run the risk of being asked, even by ladies, whether we have read some latest novel, which we would read only in a moment of Eve-like curiosity and frailty, or during some temporary decline of the intellectual powers, and then carefully conceal the fact from acquaintances. We poor slaves of an intelligent age have a hard lot. The conventionalities of life forbid us to indulge in Titanic rage, when, with owl-like gravity, the novelist's paradoxical solutions of momentous social or religious problems are discussed and almost accepted by the sanest of our friends; and we must bear, with some approach to courtesy, rhapsodies over characters which are falsely conceived, or would be carefully shunned in real life.

To escape this even Hamlet's advice to Ophelia is valueless; nothing short of the remedy of St. Arsenius' flight to a hermitage in a lonely desert will bring any relief.

Now what shall we do about it? The popularity of the recent greatest book of the age is manufactured so cleverly that the vast majority of readers, whether they are intelligent or not, no matter how strong their conviction, or how clearly they perceive the inflated character of the reputation, might as confidently hope to escape the snares of the modern advertiser as a spring-time dweller in Boston hopes to escape the east wind. We cannot fly to the desert, either literally or metaphorically; nor are we called upon to do so. Our duty as Catholics is to leaven the social and intellectual life of those we live among with the eternal principles of right-thinking and right-living. Besides the advantage of intelligence and education possessed by them, we possess the incomparable advantage of having fixed, stable and certain principles to guide us.



Ruskin says that "the chief of all the curses of this unhappy age is the universal gabble of its fools, and off the flocks that follow them, rendering the quiet voices of the wise men inaudible." Knowing this, we shall easily keep ourselves in a judicious frame of mind in presence of the nine days' popularity of some recent piece of scientific or imaginative literature; we shall be able to extract merriment from the folly of the novelists, and yet to bring them severely to task before the tribunal of reason and faith, if, forgetting their proper function of amusing his Majesty, the Public, they put aside their caps and bells and undertake to instruct him with their glib philosophizing.

It requires some independence of public opinion to declare that the latest book of Professor Somebody of the great University of Somewhere on the Ascent of Man would never have been written if the Professor were not so dreadfully serious about it himself, and would never be noticed if the readers would muster for the reading their native sense of humour and refinement.

So, too, in purely literary matters an attempt is made to browbeat us into admiration and praise of what decency and religion declare to be offensive. Literature, it is true, is not so coarsely dogmatic and intolerant as science. There never was probably a being so absolutely sure of his every opinion—not even that exemplar of self-assurance, the medieval monk—as the average scientific philosopher of the nineteenth century. For the measure of liberty granted us by literature we are grateful, but the chorus of praise chanted over some recent novels tells us that we need have some independence of character to dissent from the great wise majority.

One of our humorous writers tells us in one of his stories of the habit that vulgar little boys have of showing with some pride, to a less fortunate companion, a sore toe or a sore foot. Do not many of our modern litterateurs manifest the same curious pride? Do they not look on themselves as superior beings if they are possessed of some moral or intellectual sore which their more eupeptic neighbours do not possess? Do they not straightway declare said sore a problem, and write a story in which, with minute and elaborate diagnosis, every symptom is exhibited to the public?

Now because this is done in clever, graceful, and even artistic English, with some veiled reserve, and some regard for the

sensibilities of the ubiquitous young woman, as one of these story-tellers phrases it, shall we be deceived? Shall we be blinded by the dazzle of style to the scarcely veiled indecency that gave spice to one of last year's shelved favorites? Does ridicule cast upon one of the most sacred of subjects and the most sacred of books, become more tolerable because the author, after making one of his characters soliloquize amiably and atheistically with all the ingenuity at his disposal, tells us in one curt sentence that these are not his opinions?

The oft quoted saying of Burke that "vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness" is an epigrammatic lie and nothing better. Sewer gas does not lose half its danger by losing all its odour. And if sewer gas should come to us hidden in the aroma of roses, spices, and citron groves, it becomes, because of its borrowed attractions, far more dangerous than if it had no odour at all. No cunning or refinement of style can make what is ethically ugly artistically beautiful.

On the other hand, sewer gas, though presented in all its repulsiveness, is disagreeable as a literary atmosphere. One of the books that social tyranny forced on us last year is nothing less than a study in moral pathology. The author seems recently to show a preference for the seven deadly sins. Last year avarice supplied him with a *motif*; this year a grosser sin—though by no means grossly dealt with—forms the groundwork of a tale unenlivened by a single noble character. And, although his superb skill as a writer and analyst, and, as a rule, the rectitude of his moral sense must be conceded, probably not one reader out of ten will grasp the full purport of the story, and the other nine will be injured by it. Treatises on disease are useful for medical practitioners, but the reading of them by the ordinary layman would result in producing an army of hypochondriacs.

Our attitude towards literature of this kind ought to be evident. If it is admired, if its offences against morality and religion, good taste and decency, are palliated, because these offences are committed with literary refinement, it becomes our duty to keep our judgment clear and right in its presence. Examine it in the light of faith and the native instincts of morality implanted in every soul. Distrust and challenge even the judgment of the majority. Remember that the chorus of *claqueurs* is composed of those whose judgment on the elementary principles of morality and

good taste is not better than yours. If we Catholics are not the salt of the earth, how will the earth be seasoned? But if the salt lose its savour, wherewith shall it be savoured?

TIMOTHY BROSNAHAN, S.J.

# HEAVENWARD.

## FROM THE HEART.

O YE whose leaving made us desolate,  
 Do ye remember? Do ye 'sometimes wait,  
 Hovering expectant about heaven's gate,  
 Listening for a call,  
 Or for a footfall,  
 With hope to welcome us the first to rest?  
 Ah, surely ere we share life with the blest,  
 We must wipe out the memory of the years  
 Of sorrow, yearning, loneliness and fears  
 Near you, in sight of you, with blissful tears.

## FROM THE SOUL.

Tears, what need for tears?  
 O Lord, we know, when kneeling at Thy feet,  
 By every tender thought and glad heart-beat,  
 That Thou alone canst give us joy complete;  
 That, when Thy face we see,  
 Vanished for aye will be  
 Earth and all its years.

JESSIE TULLOCH

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Among the Untrodden Ways.* By M. E. Francis (Mrs Francis Blundell) Author of "In a North <sup>U</sup> " "A Daughter of the Soil," "Frieze and Fustian, etc. (William Blackwood and Sons: London and Edinburgh).

We have already introduced this delightful book to our readers, but are fain to return to it. Mrs. Blundell dedicates it to the amiable and gifted lady who has won renown as the painter of "The Roll Call" and other great military pictures, and who is besides the sister of Alice Meynell and the wife of Sir William Butler.

"You may have forgotten, dear friend, a certain summer's afternoon which we passed together some years ago on the sunlit slope just outside the doors of your pretty Irish home. We discussed Art: yours, of which you had long had the mastery; mine, which I was then beginning to serve. You had thrown yourself back on the warm scented grass, and were gazing up dreamily at our wonderful changeful Irish sky, when of a sudden there came a sound of small eager feet and rapturous baby chatter, and all at once, between your eyes and the lambent blue overhead, was interposed the laughing face of your youngest born. I remember it well: the child's roguish face and golden curls transfigured in the sunshine, his white hat an aureole. Then you, sitting up, clasped him close and said: 'After all, this is best—this is Life.'

With the remembrance of that golden hour I now offer you this little book.

There is no great art in my sketches and studies, but I have tried to make them true to life; and in dedicating them to you I ensure something at least that is real—the tribute of a warm and admiring affection."

We venture by a fond conjecture to claim for our own beautiful Delgany the glory of the idyllic scene described here so exquisitely. We dispute the statement of "M. E. Francis" that she was only then beginning to devote herself to her Art. Her vocation was clear from the first. But she has certainly made wonderful progress. Many warm tributes to the merits of Mrs. Blundell's newest book have caught our eye in the press. According to *The Academy*—which, by the way, seems to us much more interesting in its new form—"she has put some of the best writing she has done into these stories. Her themes are handled with a rare felicity and restraint. All the characters are essential; every touch of description, every bit of admirable dialogue, is made to tell." *The Manchester Guardian*, in reviewing this "set of fresh and exquisite stories," says "her style has the freedom and ease of a just and perfect taste." *The British Weekly* thinks that "Mrs. Blundell's new book shows growing mastery not only of literary technique but also of Lancashire rustic life." Passing over *The Sootman* and *The Birmingham Gazette*, etc., we notice

on this side of the Channel *The New Ireland Review* speaks of Mrs. Blundell as a delineator of rural life and village types with much of the winning charm of Miss Austen and the authoresses of "Cranford." The reviewer adds: "How an Irish lady can so skilfully enter into English types is a mystery, but Mrs. Blundell writes with unerring insight." Indeed *The Sketch* suspects that she "owes her healthy, hearty outlook on humble folks' concerns to the fact that she is Irish."

2. *Flora, the Roman Martyr* (London: Burns and Oates). This is the third edition of a full-length historical novel relating to the third century of the Christian era. It is ten years since it was first published, and it has meanwhile been translated into Italian and French. A German translation is about to be published. The interest of the romance is very well sustained, although much space is given to Roman scenes and to their classical and christian associations. A great deal of information and edification may be gained by the attentive reader of these forty chapters, filling five hundred admirably printed pages. *Flora* cannot pretend to the high literary merit of the two classical models by two great Cardinals, which its name and its theme recall. At the very start the word "onset" is very oddly used in the new preface. But there is no need to pick out faults in a very meritorious work.

3. *Three Daughters of the United Kingdom*. By Mrs Innes Brown (London: Burns and Oates).

This large and handsome volume contains part of the history of three girls, English, Irish, and Scotch, who at the opening of the story are taking leave of the old Benedictine convent in northern France in which they had been educated. The compact they make resembles so closely the opening of Mrs. Plunkett-Kenney's tale "A State of Life" recently published by Moran and Co., of Aberdeen, that at first we almost suspected that this was only a full development of the same plot under a new name; but Beatrice, Madge, and Marie have quite different fortunes before them. Many young persons will study their careers, as here narrated, with much pleasure and profit.

4. *The Secret Directory. A Romance of Hidden History*. By Madeline Vinton Dahlgren (Philadelphia: Kilner and Co.)

Mrs. Dahlgren's romance is of a very different character from the two we have just brought under the notice of our readers. It professes to palpitate with actuality, as they say in France—dealing with hypnotism, the Royal Arch, secret societies, Mazzini, and other persons and things pertaining to revolutionary Europe. An air of realism is given to the narrative by introducing a verbatim copy of an unpublished letter of Mazzini, which is even photographed as one of the seven

illustrations. The same honour is conferred on a private and confidential letter of Admiral Charles Napier, which expresses his anxiety to assist Garibaldi. The difficulty is to determine in what proportions history and romance are combined in Mrs. Dahlgren's interesting work. It belongs to the same class as Father Bresciani's "Jew of Verona." Many prefer to take their history and their romance in separate draughts. Mrs. Dahlgren has performed her task very ably.

5. How many of our readers acted on our suggestion about supplying themselves with the first volume (all that is yet issued) of the Rev. Henry Gibson's "Short Lives of the Saints" (London and Leamington: Art and Book Company) and reading, day after day, the two or three pages allotted to each day, beginning with the first of January? Few physicians make use of their own prescriptions, as has happened in this case—with such satisfactory results that the advice is now earnestly repeated. You would do very well, dear reader, just before preparing overnight the points of your morning meditation, to read the brief story of the saint whom Father Gibson has linked with the coming day.

6. "*Gloomy Winter's New Year*." By M. M. (London and Leamington: Art and Book Company).

"M. M." is the writer of a pleasant little book, "Memories of my Pilgrimage to the Holy Land." Her present story is neatly written and is intended to point to a useful moral; but we do not like the mingling of melodrama and piety, and the plot will hardly satisfy a careful Convent librarian. The writer imagines that Quakers ring the ordinary grammatical changes upon the pronoun *thou*, but they use *thee* as nominative. For instance, the last line of Longfellow's "Elizabeth" runs thus:—

"But thee may make believe, and see what will come of it, Joseph."

7. *The Thanes of Kent*. By C. M. Home (London: Catholic Truth Society, 21 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.)

This handsomely produced half-crown volume is another historical novel by the author of "Claudius." All her subjects seem to be taken from ecclesiastical history. The present romance belongs to the last years of the sixth century and is concerned with England's conversion to Christianity. It has been written "in honour of St. Gregory the Great, Supreme Pontiff, who loved our nation, and of St. Augustine, Apostle of the English, whom he sent hither to preach the faith of Christ." It is dedicated to the latter "on the approaching thirteenth centenary of his coming to our land."

\* Some twenty lines earlier in this "Theologian's Tale" in the third part of "Tales of a Wayside Inn" occurs the passage which has given a name to Miss Beatrice Harraden's "Ships that pass in the Night."

8. *The Watches of the Passion*. By Father Gallwey, S.J. (Art and Book Company : London and Leamington).

This is the third edition of a work which is sure to become a sacred classic. It is profoundly scriptural and profoundly contemplative, and glows with love of Jesus and Him Crucified. The marvel is not that so large a work has reached a third edition in so short a time, but that this third edition in two large and well printed volumes, with maps and illustrations, can be given for six shillings, although the first edition at double that price was sold out rapidly at a loss of forty pounds. "One more such victory, and I shall be undone," said Pyrrhus, King of Epirus. Whoever may be responsible for such a costly work produced so cheaply may say, "A few more editions, and bankruptcy will stare me in the face."

9. The publishers of the preceding work have brought out several useful publications which hardly belong to literature: "The Catholic Prayerbook Almanack," "The Priest's Census Book," "The Priest's Register of Intentions," and "Catholic Diary for 1897." But there is one small book issued by the same Firm, the sale of which we hope to increase by many hundred copies by simply saying that it costs eight pence and that it is worthy of the literary and religious reputation of its author. "The Daily Life of a Religious, by Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D. (A. T. Drane)." It consists of ten admirably written chapters on the perfection of ordinary actions, the first thoughts of the day, the daily sacrifice, recollection, mental prayer, work, study and teaching, the spirit of active work, little faults and little virtues. It is a grace to have the opportunity of helping to spread so holy and so beautiful a little book as this is.

10. Father Magnier, C.S.S.R., has published at Rome, but in English, a "Life of St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori for the Young." The Redemptorist Father dates it "September 27th, 1896, bicentenary of the Holy Doctor's birth." It is admirably adapted for its purpose of interesting youthful hearts in the life and character of Saint Alphonsus. We wish that English and Irish addresses had been given on the title page, along with F. Cuggiani, 35 Piazza della Pace, Roma; but no doubt Irish booksellers will know how to procure it for their young customers.

11. *Socialism and Catholicism*. From the Italian of Count Edward Sodorini. By Richard Jenery Shee. (Longman and Co: London).

We hope to give an adequate appreciation of this work from the pen of a competent critic; but at present we must be content with mentioning that Cardinal Vaughan has contributed a preface in which he states that this book may be taken as the best and fullest commentary that has yet appeared on the Encyclical *Rerum novarum*.

12. *Carmina Sacra S. Alphensi* (Rome : Cuggiani.)

Father Francis Xavier Reuss, O.S.S.R., secretary to the present General of the Redemptorists, Father Mathias Raus, has paid to the Founder of his Order an exquisite tribute of filial devotion by turning the sacred songs of St. Alphonsus into classical Latin metres of the utmost skilfulness and variety. He has been rewarded with a Brief from the Holy Father, who, best of all, can appreciate such compositions. He tells the translator that his Blessed Founder, thus honoured, will look upon him with a more benign countenance, and will obtain for him in abundance the more precious gifts which he desires as the reward of his labour. "*Quorum munerum auspex accedat Apostolica benedictio quam tibi paterno animo impertimus.*" We are very glad that Father Reuss has placed side by side with his own translations the simple Italian originals of St. Alphonsus, which most readers will prefer to even the most skilful version. The book, which is beautifully brought out, recalls the almost forgotten art of Sidronius Hoschius and other modern Latinists.

13. A very dainty booklet is "*Little Gems of St. Anthony*," which the very numerous and fervent clients of the Saint owe to St. Joseph's Hospital for Sick Children, 14 Temple Street, Dublin, in which is established the Association of St. Anthony. This was the first special hospital for children in Ireland—the subject of so many interesting "*Notes in the Big House*" in the early volumes of *THE IRISH MONTHLY*, and at present interesting so many hearts, hands, and pockets in connection with the approaching Moy Mell which is to crown the series of brilliant bazaars organised of late years in Dublin for various benevolent Institutions. Divers collections of "*Gems*" from different Saints have been published, made up chiefly of their pithy sayings and extracts from their writings. St. Anthony's gems are pious prayers addressed to the Saint. They are set in a very pretty border round each page.

14. It is nearly twenty years since a book of eucharistic verses appeared under the title of "*Emmanuel*." As this Hebrew name means "*God with us*," a eucharistic signification has been attached to it; and accordingly this is the name of the official monthly organ of the Priests' Eucharistic League in the United States. The January Number contains a beautiful letter from Cardinal Perraud—who many years ago, when a young priest, visited Ireland and published a pleasant and sympathetic book about us. How has the translator of of this holy "*Christmas Letter*," who has done all the rest admirably, left such a phrase as "*Many a priestly life whose every instant is implicated into a multiplicity of the most unavoidable occupations?*"



15. *Journal of the Waterford and South-East of Ireland Archæological Society*. Vol. II., 1896. (Waterford: Printed for the Society, by Harvey and Co.)

This Society has completed its second annual volume and begun its third in a very satisfactory manner. An index is furnished to the second volume, indicating the pages at which information may be found about an immense number of persons and places. These eight closely packed pages of index are the most useful of the whole volume.

16. This paragraph is not a criticism but merely an invitation to our Catholic readers to rejoice that a Catholic lady is declared by high authorities (Coventry Patmore and George Meredith among them) to be first among the essayists of the day, when the essay is one of the finest exercises of literary art. Alice Meynell's three slender volumes, "The Rhythm of Life," "The Colour of Life," and "The Children," are the very perfection of style, subtle and noble thought expressed with refinement and restraint. Some of our readers may not know, and may be glad to be told, that Mrs. Meynell's sister is the lady addressed in the charming dedication quoted in the first of these "Notes on New Books."

17. *The Creed Explained; or, an Exposition of Catholic Doctrine according to the Creeds of Faith and the Constitutions and Definitions of the Church*. By the Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist, author of "Convent Life" and "History of the Passion." (London: R. Washbourne).

This is the second edition of the solid work of 450 pages which Father Devine published five years ago. A minute table of contents fills sixteen closely printed pages and almost makes us forgive the omission of an index at the end. Father Devine has compiled with great care and industry, and arranged very clearly and skilfully, full instruction upon all the points of doctrine contained explicitly or implicitly in the articles of the Apostle's Creed. We hope that a third edition will be required at even a shorter interval than the lustrum which has separated first and second. The binding and printing are of the satisfactory quality that we are used to in Mr. Washbourne's publications.

18. We have received from St. Andrew's Press, Union Street, Barnet, "Through the Darkest Night," and the nineteenth volume of "St. Andrew's Magazine." The latter is an excellent magazine published for a penny a month, much more brightly written and more instructive than many periodicals of much higher pretensions. This is explained by these words on the titlepage: "Edited by the Rev. George Bampfield, B.A., Oxon." There are many amusing little papers and many original controversial articles, such as the

series which has run through the entire of last year, disguised under the name of "Bandmaster Pratt." The only other serial papers are the story we have already named and the "Mantle of St. Paul," which is a very ingenious and interesting tribute to St. Ignatius of Loyola. "Through the Darkest Night" is a tale by S. D. B., author of "Kathleen's Motto," "Dulcie de San Doval," and other stories. It has been reprinted from the Magazine in a very tasteful form with a particularly neat binding. We hope it will not be indiscreet praise of the author to mention that she has had, we believe, the honour of collaborating in this department with one of the most gifted women of our century, the author of "The New Utopia," Mother Francis Raphael Drane. Though written with a purpose, the story is extremely interesting.

19. Messrs. Burns and Oates have sent us "The Book of the Holy Rosary" which the Rev. Henry Formby published twenty-five years ago. The present issue is not dated, and we are not told that this is a new edition. The nature of the book may be explained by the sub-title that Father Formby added on the title-page: "A popular doctrinal exposition of the Fifteen Mysteries mainly conveyed in select extracts from the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, with an explanation of their corresponding types in the Old Testament: a Preservative against Unbelief." The large and elegant pages of this edition are embellished with thirty-six full-page illustrations. It is a holy and beautiful book.

20. From the indefatigable press of Benziger Brothers have issued, in bindings that please us better than most of the American-bound books, new editions of "The Imitation of the Blessed Virgin" translated from the French by Mrs. Bennett Gladstone, "Explanation of the Salve Regina" by Saint Alphonsus Liguori, and "Explanation of the Our Father and the Hail Mary." This last has been adapted from the German by the Rev. Richard Brennan, and contains numerous examples, parables, and interesting anecdotes drawn from Holy Scripture, the Lives of the Saints, the Doctors of the Church, and other sources. It is a very useful edition to our spiritual books—so good that the German author or authors ought to have been mentioned, at least in an introductory note. But it is so well written and reads so naturally and pleasantly that we suspect Dr. Brennan has "adapted" his originals very freely; he has certainly adapted them very skilfully. It is a book to read and keep.

21. Lest it should not catch the eyes of all those for whose benefit it is intended, let me end by repeating the earnest recommendation given in the ninth of these paragraphs in favour of "The Daily Life of a Religious," by the late Mother Raphael Drane, O.S.D. I do not envy the conscience—or the purse—that would hesitate about adding to the convent library this wise and holy book at the cost only of "eightpence net."

## PRIEDIEU PAPERS.

## No. 8.—THE PERILS OF THE YOUNG SOUL.

THERE are phrases and passages of Holy Scripture which somehow come to be associated in certain minds with meanings not suggested by the literal context. The summons of the angel to St. Joseph after the exile in Egypt, "Arise and take the Child," ends with the reason: *defuncti sunt enim qui quaerebant animam pueri*—Matth. II., 20; "for they are dead who sought the life of the child." These last words have long borne for me a fanciful meaning, as if referring to the peculiar dangers which beset the human soul in the earlier stages of its career, and which either pass away or are greatly lessened with the mere lapse of time.

The personal career of each human being may be supposed to begin with the use of reason. The Christian child, to whose soul the merits of the Redemption have been applied in the saving waters of Baptism, is sinless and incapable of sin, till the mind's faculties have so far developed as to make the child able to choose between good and evil. This awful power, which is at once the source of its merit and its greatness and the occasion of its misery and sin, is not attained at any fixed date in the young life; but, as in the succession of day to night, the night disappears gradually, the dawn steals imperceptibly upon the darkness, and you cannot fix on any moment when night ceases and day begins, but suddenly you look around and find that it is no longer night but day—even so from the dawn of reason the light grows brighter and brighter in the young soul till at some undefinable period of childhood it reaches that degree of maturity which constitutes it a responsible creature of God.

Then the real dangers of life begin, and with them begins the real interest of the soul's story—that story which, if we could follow it through all its hidden vicissitudes, would be incomparably more interesting than the most fascinating fictions of romance. Its interest is chiefly pathetic. I remember being told by one who accompanied the very gifted Irishman, Isaac Butt, to a Christian Brothers' School in Liverpool, that, seeing all those children before him, his eyes filled with tears; and he confessed that he could never look on such a crowd of young faces without being saddened

with the thought of all the chances that the future might hold in store for many amongst them. And indeed it is far easier, I think, to pity than to envy the young. Poor creatures, God help them, with all the uncertainties of life before them !

People have sometimes discussed the useless question : which is the happiest time of life ?—and they are generally inclined to look for it in the direction of the cradle rather than in the direction of the grave. There may be more vivid moments of enjoyment for the youthful and inexperienced heart ; but these glimpses of happiness are fitful and uncertain, and there is perhaps a sadder reaction, more uneasiness, more restlessness, less solid contentment in hope than in what goes by the less cheerful name of resignation. Probably we approach nearer to happiness when we have learned not to expect too much from life, when we have found out God's will with regard to our calling in life and are striving faithfully to obey it, and when we have earned the right to be fairly at peace with our conscience and to look forward with humble confidence to the end. If the earliest years of conscious life be indeed the happiest for many, it is because they are generally the most innocent ; but better than that innocence of childish ignorance is the innocence of ripened virtue—when virtuous habits have become a second nature, when the chief perils of the soul's career are over, and “when they are dead who sought the life of the child.” *Defuncti sunt enim qui quaerebant animam pueri.*

I am using those words as if *animam pueri* were translated, as it might be elsewhere, not “the child's life,” but “the boy's soul.” I am using the phrase as a symbol of the perils of early life. *O juventus!*—cries out St. Augustine, and he knew too well the truth of what he said—*O juventus, flos aetatis, periculum mentis!* “O youth, flower of age, peril of the soul !”—almost anticipating the exclamation we uttered a moment ago : God help the young, with all the uncertainties of life, with all the terrible possibilities of life, before them, still to be encountered.

How shall we descend to particulars ? How shall anything be said appropriate to so many in different stages of life and in different circumstances and conditions ? The same sunshine hardens mud and melts ice ; and the same words affect differently minds differently disposed. But indeed, at the best, the words that are uttered aloud are for the most part necessarily wide of the mark, and require to be supplemented by other words more

pointed and more practical in the heart of each candid listener. For most of us the easiest and most useful view of this subject will be to look back over the years of life, since we began really to live, and then to thank God for all the means that His wisdom and mercy made use of to bear us, even as safely as we have been borne, through the perils and temptations of life to that stage of it that we have reached.

This act of gratitude will not be merely retrospective ; for it ought to have its practical lessons for many who are supposed at present to be exerting on many young souls around them the same holy influence which (please God) was in the past for each of us one of the most powerful safeguards that God employed against the dangers of our childhood and youth.

The chief of these safeguards is a happy virtuous home—I mean in the natural order, though here both grace and nature are combined. For I do not forget the words spoken by Cardinal Newman in the first year of his priesthood : “It is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste, and why is this but that it gives us Jesus as our food and Mary as our nursing Mother ?” These simple words might very profitably guide to the end the current of our thoughts. But I do not at present dare to dwell on the supernatural helps supplied to every child of the Catholic church ; and I therefore pass on with the remark, that all of us, young and old, priests and people, may well blush with shame and tremble with fear for not offering, in our lives and in our souls, more manifest and more cogent proofs of the reality of our faith and the divinity of our religion. For, alas ! how many Catholics practically forfeit the privileges that belong to them as members of the one true church ! A generous Protestant, the most prominent man of our time, writing recently about O’Connell and mentioning some private proposal of his that seemed to interfere with the strict observance of a certain Sunday long gone by, added good-naturedly : “But, after all, we have no right to judge in this matter of Sunday observance our Roman Catholic brethren whose week-days are often more Sunday-like than ours.” This is verified chiefly in the daily sacrifice of the mass ; but how many Catholics who could easily assist at mass never think of doing so—how many are there whose weekdays are just as weekdaylike, just as un-Sundaylike, as the most Protestant of Protestants could desire ! And so, too,

with regard to the influences to which the illustrious convert whom I quoted a moment ago attributes the preservation of the purity of the young Catholic heart, even the greatest of all, the grace of graces, the sacrament of sacraments, "the wheat of the elect and the wine that springeth forth virgins." Here, above all, theory differs from practice; and that marvel presses painfully upon us how, believing what we believe, we can still be what we are.

Next after the sacraments themselves may come that which has been called the divinest of things unsacramental,\* a mother's love, the loving care of a good mother. Please God, none of us have had parents—there *are* such—who made difficult or impossible the observance of that easiest of the Commandments, "Honour thy father and thy mother." Thank God, it was very different for us. But nevertheless, only mothers themselves can fully understand the ceaseless vigilance, the lifelong devotion, the unselfish virtues, the meek and cheerful martyrdom, that are involved in the proper discharge of a mother's duties to her children. "If he were only old enough to eat bread and butter," said a young mother of her first-born, "the worst of my troubles would be over." But her own mother shook her head and said: "Your troubles will not be over till the last breath leaves your body." Well, in that particular instance God simplified the matter by taking the young mother herself out of life before the enemy had even begun to "seek the life of the child." But what toils and cares and prayers and tears fill up the days and nights of those mothers who are left to be for the children that God has given to them the closest and brightest images and instruments of the fatherly providence of God!

They bade me call thee Father, Lord !  
Sweet was the freedom deemed ;  
And yet more like a mother's ways  
Thy quiet mercies seemed.†

And this in all ranks and conditions without exception, from the highest to the lowest. As an illustration, I need not go so far back as the old story about Queen Blanche saying to her son, Louis IX. of France: "God knows that I love you, but He knows too that I would rather see you stretched dead at my feet than

\* Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

† Faber.

know that you had committed a single mortal sin"—a saying and a feeling which had their part in making that royal boy St. Louis. A much homelier and more modern instance of maternal solioitude comes up before my mind—the case of a good humble Irish-woman, the wife of a soldier who never rose above the rank of sergeant. At a time when even this dignity was something to be aspired to from afar, they were living at some military station in England, and their quarters were at a considerable distance from the school which their little boy attended, but all the road that lay between could be seen from their door. The good woman described to me very simply some years afterwards how, every day after getting her child ready for school, not being able to go with him, she kept her eyes fixed on the little lad every step of the road to and from the school, to guard against his being spoken to by any one on his way. The boy thus watched over grew up to be a youth of great talent and piety, entered the order of St. Dominic, and inspired his brethren with high hopes of his future efficiency ; but God took the will for the deed, and the holy and gifted young man died before priesthood. In all that he was and might have been, how large a share should be assigned to the mother's devotion that in the midst of very dangerous surroundings brought him safe through the perils of youth and did not relax her care till "they were dead who sought the life of the child."

Yes, the great safeguard of youthful virtue is a happy and virtuous home—a home where the very atmosphere breathes a spirit of genial and amiable holiness—a home, the memory of which will for ever elevate and sanctify the ideal of Christian womanhood—a home to which from his temporary exile the young collegian returns with such keen delight that we have no more attractive expression for Heaven itself than to describe it as "going home."

In discussing the ingredients that go to make up a happy home, all the members of the family circle should be considered in their mutual relations, in the influence which they exercise upon one another. We think first of sister and mother, for they are always at home, and home can hardly be home without them. We dare not trust ourselves to refer again to the mother's share in making home home. An excellent American writer, Maurice Francis Egan, himself the father of a family, in one of his useful essays blames fathers for laying on the mother the responsibility

of forming the child's character. It is the father who is the head of the family, representative of Our Father who is in heaven. We to those fathers who through sloth or selfishness shirk the tremendous responsibilities of fatherhood and do not fill their proper part in the little world of home. Not merely such fathers as might be described by the German phrase, *strass-engel, hausteufel*, "street-angel, house-devil,"—to those who meet them abroad most agreeable, of quite angelic disposition and demeanour, but to those who live with them at home quite the contrary, angels of darkness; not merely unfatherly fathers like these, but even most excellent men, spending their lives most laboriously in earning for their families, having hardly a thought or wish outside their families, and yet dull, stern, ungenial, doing little to make their homes really happy. Far better less money, less prosperity, less respectability, with more of domestic comfort, more of healthy enjoyment, more of real happiness, more of a real home.

Passing over without a word other members of the household, let us think for a moment of those who might seem hardly to belong to home at all, not linked with us in blood, and lower, as they say, in the social scale. May God Almighty bless all those who tended us from infancy with a patient care and fidelity for which their wages were poor payment. These too had an important share in helping to bring us through the perils of childhood and in preserving the sanctity of a happy Christian home. Few things please one more in the illustrious Archbishop of Cambrai, Fénelon, than that letter to his nephew in which he sends a present and a kind message to the old woman who had been his nurse; and this not when he was a young priest or even a young prelate, but a year before he died more than sixty years old.

Thus far we have dwelt on the perils of the young soul. But every age has its special dangers. "Men are but children of a longer growth;" and many of these things are applicable to us all until the end. "While there is life, there is hope"; but also, while there is life, there is fear. "They are dead who sought the life of the child." The enemies of our souls never die, and they hate us with an undying hatred; but they can do us no harm if we love God with an undying love.

M. R.



MARCH, 1897.

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CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

I.

**A**MONG the many feats connected with the unveiling of anonyms, on which this Magazine prides itself, the most startling of all perhaps was the revelation which discovered bishops, lords justices, barons of the exchequer, stuff gowns, Queen's Counsel, and even presidents of ecclesiastical colleges, conspiring together to produce the dainty little quarto called "Dublin Acrostics." The dignitaries here specified do not indeed all appear in the plural number. We will not, however, enter at present into such particulars, but refer the reader for a full account of the authorship of "Dublin Acrostics" to an article bearing that title in our fifteenth volume (1887) at page 359. Some of these revelations will be repeated from time to time in the series we are now beginning, as few of our readers would be able to consult a back volume ten years old.

Of two of the most distinguished of these acrosticians the present writer has some claim to be considered the literary representative. The foremost among them was the late Judge O'Hagan; and (strange to say) his friend Dr. C. W. Russell, President of Maynooth College, contributed some of the most felicitous of the acrostics. Another very active member of the band, the late Mr. Robert Reeves, Q.C., wrote out for us a key

to the entire series, of which key, after a long delay, we now purpose to make full use. The best introduction will be the letter which accompanied Mr. Reeves' cahier.

3 Upper Ely Place,

8th April, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have written out for you in a book, which I beg your acceptance of, the answers to all the Dublin Acrostics (except the 2nd light of No. 61, but which I yet hope to discover). I have also given you the names of all the contributors, so you will see that most of the authors have made their mark, more or less, in their respective callings.

About twenty-three years ago, a very brilliant weekly was started in London, under the title of *The Owl*. It was carried on by Lord Wharncliffe, and some very good scholars, his friends. It had great success, but was given up after a year or so, as probably it had lost its interest with its originators. Each week the paper contained a double acrostic, a species of puzzle of considerable antiquity, but which had fallen into oblivion, but about this time again became fashionable; and the paper opened its columns for solvers.

This contest created much interest at the Four Courts; and amongst the competitors were the Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, then a young barrister, J. J. Kirby, whose refinement and wit made him very welcome in Dublin society, the late Mr. Thomas Harris, Q.C., Robert Reeves, etc.

The acrostic mania then extended to the Munster and Leinster Circuits, and Judge O'Hagan, then at the Bar, did not think it unworthy of his high literary character to join with his professional brothers in these literary trifles, originally written for circulation amongst friends. A number of these double acrostics thus accumulated, and it was thought that a little book of them might be published, with a hope of success. When this became known, the original promoters were assisted by some eminent men, such as Baron Fitzgerald, Dr. Russell of Maynooth, Dr. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Killaloe, Denis Florence McCarthy, besides a few ladies of literary culture, of whom Miss A. Browne, of Stouts Hill, Dursley, Gloucestershire, has written the most and best.

The first edition of the work was sold very rapidly, and a second edition was brought out which had a most successful sale. It may be said without vanity, that this little book was far the first of a number of works of the kind. Some of the acrostics are quite perfect little poems, while some of the lights are extremely witty.

A short time after the publication of the second edition it was ascertained that some of the best of the acrostics were being published in *Chambers' Journal* as charades, without even stating where they were taken from. Our Dublin publishers remonstrated, but informed Messrs. Chambers they might continue their practice, if they acknowledged the source—but they published no more.

"Jack and Gill" has been attributed to all the great Oxford and Cambridge professors! *The Athenæum*, some years ago, in criticising a book of verses of Society, said no collection was perfect without "Jack and Gill. I then wrote a line to state who was the author, which they did not insert," "No Irish need apply!" I hope you will make something out of this scrawl.

Yours truly,

R. REEVES.

Two days later Mr. Reeves wrote to me :—

“ I have a duplicate key ; so pray keep<sup>r</sup> the one I left for you. I am almost positive that M. B. is Michael Joseph Barry,\* most certainly not the other, of whom the former said :

This namesake of mine my anger provokes—  
He's feed for my law and fed for my jokes.

The initials were fixed by the editors, and not by the contributors—‘ C. W.,’ for instance, for Dr. Russell, etc. I wrote out the manuscript of most of the acrostics for the printers, and the impression is very strong on my mind that I am correct.”

The extraordinary conduct of *The Athenaeum* in refusing to publish the Irish authorship of a *jeu d'esprit* which it had praised enthusiastically is paralleled by *The Quarterly Review* of July 1895, which in an elaborate article on parody quotes Judge O'Hagan's famous acrostic and analyses it, yet vouchsafes no hint as to where it appeared or by whom it was written. For the benefit of the readers who may like to attempt the solution of the other acrostics that will be set before them and who are as yet unskilled in the art, we may give Slieve Gullion's glorified nursery rhyme. Is it right to consult for the unhappy man whose early education was so grossly neglected that he has never heard how

Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water ;  
But Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
And Jill went tumbling after.

Nay, there may actually be readers who know not the youth that once bore through the snow and ice of the Alps “ a banner with the strange device *Excelsior*.”

Though not o'er Alpine snow and ice  
But homely English ground,  
“ *Excelsior* ” was our device,  
And sad the fate we found.  
We did not climb from love of fame  
But followed duty's call ;  
United were we in our aim,  
Though parted in our fall.

\* One of the poets of *The Nation*, and a member of the Young Ireland party, who subsequently renounced his early opinions. The other Michael Barry, who was supposed to have got invitations and briefs intended for his witty namesake, was Professor of Law in the Queen's College, Cork.

No wonder the *Quarterly Review* speaks of "the exquisite conclusion" which translates pathetically the "tumbling after" of the nursery rhyme. How many could discover Jack and Jill under this disguise? Most people would need the subsidiary "lights" that are furnished for this purpose. And here occurs the only flaw in the piece, for "Jill" is spelled "Gill" in the first light; and indeed this could not be avoided. For the first light is supposed to be an ingeniously adumbrated word whose first letter is the initial of the first acrostic-word, and whose last letter is the initial of the second acrostic-word. Now no word can begin with J and end with J; but J and G give you "jig" which the poet calls here "the crown of Irish mirth." The second "light" begins and ends with the second letters of Jack and Gill; and accordingly "A poet or his place of birth" is Alfieri who was born at Asti. What word begins with c and ends with l? Coral does at any rate, and it is well described as "A pretty toy, a hidden snare," for there are coral reefs as well as necklaces of coral; and therefore "a hidden snare" is only separated by a comma from the last light, "keel"—

"Fatal to me and all I bear."

Before I leave a Dublin Acrostic to be solved by the ingenious reader himself, I will instruct the novice by another example. Mr. Reeves in his letter spoke of several similar volumes. One exactly like in form, printed by the same printer (R. Chapman) and published by the same publishers (Hodges and Figgis), was called "Heath and Gorse: one hundred and forty one Double Acrostics." It appeared in 1866, the same year as the first edition of "Dublin Acrostics," to which it was vastly inferior. The motto on the titlepage is not bad:

' United yet divided, twain at once,  
So sit two Kings of Brentford on one throne."

We cannot interpret the various initials, "W.R.L.," "L.H.S." etc. which are signed to these acrostics; but we know that the "O" of this collection is not the "O" of "Dublin Acrostics." One tell-tale signature caught our keen editorial eye—"M. la T." That little *la* reminded us of one who contributed to our fifth volume, just twenty golden years ago, three of the most graceful ones that have ever brightened even our fortunate pages. We

found on consulting the best authority, that our conjecture was correct. Here was her conundrum :

These to each other are akin, they say.  
It seems not so to me ; to you it may.

Most people will call for a little additional help to determine what these two kindred things are. The additional help is furnished by these lights :

1. Pray, turn it down, you see it smokes.
2. What Horace said of vulgar folks.
3. Oh, give me twenty yards of this,
4. And in this word I'll name my bliss.

Now, dear novice, these lights show that the two things that some consider to be akin are each spelled by four letters. Many school-boys will guess that the second light refers to the hackneyed line, "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*"; and some housewives will say that, when a *lamp* smokes, it must be turned down a little. Putting that and that together, the two initials and the two finals are *lo* and *pi*; and at that stage an expert solver will jump at the conclusion that "love" is akin to "pity." Perhaps ladies would understand the last two lights more quickly, as they know that the possession of twenty yards of *velvet* would throw them into an *ecstasy*. What we have called the two acrostic-words are sometimes called the "uprights": because the solution of Mrs. La Touche's double acrostic would be written thus :

L am I'  
O d I  
V elve T  
Ecstas Y

With these explanations volunteered for the sake of those who never have cracked a nut of this kind, we give without an answer the first two of the little classic-quarto to which we propose to furnish a key. We hold ourselves in readiness to receive, and in some way acknowledge (while introducing the next instalment) solutions by our ingenious readers to whom we may refer by their initials. It is well to add these further explanations from the original preface of "Dublin Acrostics."

The Double Acrostic is a riddle, the answer to which is to be found in two words of an equal number of letters. The first portion of the riddle points to the words themselves, which form the answer: the second portion (to which numbers are prefixed)

points to certain other words, the initial and final letters of which form respectively the two principal words. Hence the name of Double Acrostic. These words are termed "lights."

\*                      \*                      \*

The two principal words may either be, as in the above instance, distinct words, having, however, some essential or accidental connexion, or else two words forming together a compound word, as in the ordinary charade. Whenever, in the following Double Acrostics, the Roman numerals I., II., III. are found, the numeral III. refers to the *whole*.

\*                      \*                      \*

#### No. 1.

Search for my first the azure depths of heaven,  
 The wreaths of harebell and forget-me-not,  
 Or the dear eyes of one whose love is given  
 To smile upon thy home, and bless thy lot.  
 Search for my second in the hands of men,  
 Those rigid types of rule, and strongly bound,  
 Yet giving worlds of thought to tongue and pen,  
 In realms where boundless liberty is found.  
 But lo! my first and second joined in one—  
 Armstrong and Whitworth cannot reach its skill;  
 Though vast the weight of each inventor's gun,  
 Yet these reports shall live when theirs is still:  
 For speech may falter, oaths may pass away,  
 Divisions rend each human resolution,  
 Yet though our members perish day by day,  
 Each noble act outlives a dissolution.

1. Oh! give me but a bit, and I am yours,  
 Though far away from my own native moors.
2. A prison-house, I cannot tell you where,  
 'Tis not in middle earth, or heaven, or air.
3. Once was I known the famous home of mysteries,  
 Before Miss Braddon wrote her thrilling histories.
4. The northern hunter's horn, a cheerful sign!  
 But I will give him back no horn of mine.

B.

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#### No. 2.

##### I.

Double my first conveys what just will do.

##### II.

My second bears surprise from me to you.

##### III.

Only one voice hath ever sung me true.

1. In pit profound.
2. "Her swamps around."

## OURS.

SWEET as ours were Eden bowers ?  
 Long grass and floating flowers ;  
 Gold-green and silver-grey,  
 All blown one lovely way  
 When the sweet south wind's at play !

'Neath our hedge of rose  
 Mountain water flows ;  
 And see, the little water hen  
 With her timid brood of ten  
 Fluttering there in the shadow  
 Below the cowslip meadow !

Here's our forest walk,  
 Green dusk for lovers' talk ;  
 Fern and hemlock waving high—  
 Hist ! a swallow flitting by !

Sun-flowers in a row  
 Out where the west's aglow ;  
 Hollyhocks and lilies,  
 Hyacinths and daffodilies,  
 Pansy, pea, and rose enchanting  
 In our pleasaunce flaunting.

Bees go haunting there,  
 And overhead the lavender  
 Butterflies are in the air.

Peacock stiff with pride,  
 Jewelled like an Eastern bride ;  
 Glance of insolence  
 Looking for offence ;  
 Ebon-crested head,  
 Tail of splendour spread.

Sun-dial beside the rose  
 Marking how the sweet day goes,  
 Stealthy finger black  
 Following on Time's track.

Hoary orchard trees,  
Boughs like wreathéd lattices ;  
Little lamps of red and yellow  
Where the fruit is mellow.

Yonder's a bushy grove,  
Alive with songs of love :  
All the birds of the air  
Harbour there.

Blackbird and woodquest,  
Each knows his own nest  
In thorn and ivy bush,  
Bullfinch, tit, and thrush :  
Forth from every throat a song  
When the evening waxeth long.  
For now the rainfall's over,  
Every bird within the cover  
Poet is as well as lover.

Fairies trip and pass  
Over the lush empurpled grass ;  
Where the shade is deep and wide,  
Darting away to hide  
Under the canopies  
Of the limes and chestnut trees.

When the Summer's gone,  
Ice on field and lawn,  
Skies may gloom and glower,  
Still our roses flower.

And we've a happy chamber,  
Painted all in amber,  
Where the sun doth enter,  
Where the sun doth winter ;  
No one knoweth  
Where he goeth  
When the storm-wind bloweth,  
And the stream no longer floweth :  
Only we who live alway  
In his fostering ray.



## THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT:

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

## CHAPTER VI.

"LOVE TOOK UP THE GLASS OF TIME, AND TURNED IT IN HIS GLOWING HANDS."

"GARRULOUS old age," said Mr. Lynch, who had gone out to gather a few wallflowers, which he now presented with a profound bow to Ethna. "Garrulous old age, as the poet says. My mother is taking too great an advantage of your condescension, Miss Moore; but old people love a listener, one that will step back with them to the past."

"I like to listen," answered Ethna. "Her past was a troubled one."

"Ah, see was it," said the old woman, rocking herself softly in her little sughan chair. "See was it, allanuv."

"Yes, she suffered many wrongs," replied the schoolmaster. "Many wrongs, so did and so do many of our fellow-countrymen, all arising from the unsatisfactory nature of our land laws. They would want to be rectified, Miss Moore, the condition of the Irish peasant requires amelioration, one man ought to be made independent of another man, as much as may be. There are few people naturally just, very few."

"Is that your opinion of human nature, Mr. Lynch?"

"It is, Miss Ethna, I'm sorry to say it is the experience of fifty years. The strong man will take advantage of the weak, the weak will circumvent somebody weaker still. Self-interest induces injustice, and we are all swayed by self-interest. The only thing is to have wise laws that protect the rights of the individual and the land—the land is the bone of contention."

"I wonder why they fight so much about the land in Ireland," said Ethna. "You do not hear of it anywhere else."

"Because we have nothing else to live by, Miss Ethna, nothing else; no trade, no manufacture, all stamped out. There is

nothing but the soil; and the precarious hold we have of that disheartens us and weakens our best exertions. They talk of a change, 'tis badly needed; as people become enlightened, they become discontented with the unjust condition of things—very properly, I say, though I'm a man of peace."

"And I echo you, very properly," said Ethna. "With all my soul I would rebel against injustice; and it seems so easy to do the right."

"Ah, not so easy, my dear young lady. Not so easy, for the few that seek to accomplish a right end are impeded by the many; even their own party often obstruct them; were we indeed united Irishmen, we could carry the world before us. But we are not, it must be confessed; not, I contend, because we're Irish, but because we're human. Men only agree in disagreeing all over the world."

"It was a pity I was not born sooner," said Ethna, laughing, as she rose to leave. "I'd be hanged side by side with Emmet. I have a tendency to rebel against a great many things."

"You'll live to influence a worthy husband," answered Mr. Lynch, "and raise up noble sons and daughters who will confer honour on Erin. You will transmit your own and the Madam's virtues into approaching generations."

"Oh, I never could look so far forward. Good-by, Mr. Lynch. Good-by, Molly."

"God speed you, allanuv," said the old woman.

"Good evening, Miss Ethna, but you will allow me the honour of seeing you out of the lane. Yes, Miss Moore, you will be a good influence, an elevating influence, by-and-by, with the help of Providence. And we will want such. I predict that we are on the eve of troubled times."

"Father Daly says we are on the eve of a rebellion," said Ethna. "He is always warning the people against secret societies."

"So do I, Miss Ethna, as far as is possible in my humble capacity. I was discussing the state of the country with the reverend gentleman, and we arrived at the conclusion that there are too many strangers going through the country without any ostensible business. When times are bad, there is tendency to disaffection; 'tis dangerous to trust them, very dangerous; they may be Government spies for all we know."

"There is no fear you will join the ranks of the disaffected. Is there, Mr. Lynch?"

"I believe in moral force, Miss Moore. Moral force is our only force; but I can well understand the feelings of those who are driven to despair, and have no more to lose. There's that poor, blind woman, whose story you listened to with unaffected kindness—two evictions, without what an individual of moderate capacity would designate justifiable cause. Was not such treatment sufficient to raise animosity against a Government which permits such tyranny over honest poor people in the humbler walks of life? But I'm a man of a peaceful profession or calling, and I think no good comes from acts of insubordination."

"Fight for a robe of gold and you may get a sleeve of it," said Ethna. "I think there would never be anything done for the country only for agitation; though we may be beaten in one struggle, the very effort strengthens us for the next."

"Ah! there speaks the hot heart of youth, Miss Ethna, lion-hearted youth; but it often wastes its steam sailing empty vessels that go down for want of ballast. Pardon the liberty of one thirty years your senior, but these are not subjects with which to entertain youth and beauty. Ha! here comes two specimens of the canine breed, heralding the approach of their noble master. I'll give way to more suitable company. May I impress on your memory how serviceable that small portion of his brother's land would be to me? A word in season, Miss Ethna. God bless you. God speed your honour!"

"Hullo, Mr. Lynch! Are you going to out me?" called out Philip Moore, springing over a bank in the distance.

Mr. Lynch took off his hat with a flourish, stood in the first position, and made an elaborate obeisance.

"Far be it from me, captain, to intrude my company where it would be but a stumbling-block," he said, "and no one should come between the brave and fair. I had the honour of holding intercourse with you yesterday, and must not trespass on your condescension. I wish both your honours a good-morning," and, with another profound bow, Mr. Lynch turned up the lane again and entered his house.

"A rare specimen of the genus pedagogue," said Philip Moore, as they walked along. "He always gives me brevet rank; that servility of manner is a distinguishing characteristic of the Irish."

"I do not think the Irish more servile than anyone else," answered Ethna, warmly, "and, as for Mr. Lynch, I'd as soon accuse Sir Charles of servility. It is merely that he exaggerates his politeness; he is just as independent as yourself."

"But I am not independent at all; so your comparison is a failure. If I were, I should have gone home to my dinner instead of coming round this way to meet you. The servility is breaking out in me, you see."

Ethna felt her wrath dying away.

"I hate to hear people abusing their own country," she said—"it is horribly mean. 'Tis like as if a man fancied he got beyond his father and mother, and then began to despise them."

"But, my fiery patriot, a man cannot shut his eyes to the faults of his country."

"I don't want him to shut his eyes," said the girl; "I only want him not to use magnifying glasses. Every country has faults just as well as Ireland."

"Ah, you are not up to them, Ethna, my philanthropist. I wish you had a few of those lady-beggars over at the Lodge to deal with, who think you ought to give them a couple of shillings for doing nothing."

"Yes, I know that it is quite likely they would do as little as they could for it; but I also know that you, who abuse them, would do exactly the same. Do you not swear at exercises, drills, and every one of your military duties? If you got a thousand a year to-morrow for inspecting a grasshopper at the Lodge, would you refuse it? No; but if you heard another got two thousand for it, you would be indignant, and immediately apply for two thousand also."

"I wish I were tempted, my dear girl—I wish I were; it would give me strength to answer your arguments."

"Why you shut your eyes to your own faults, and open them on the same faults in those below you, I can't see," continued the girl. "There isn't one of you who wouldn't take money for doing nothing. I know a registrar, and he gets ten pounds a year for writing a few letters; yet he swears over those letters as if he did not get a halfpenny for writing them. If it were one of his own workmen he heard complaining for having to earn his one-and-fourpence a day, he would hold him up as an example of the lazy Irish. I know doctors who get paid for sanitary work they

never perform, and who honestly will tell you it is impossible they could perform it. Are they conscientious enough to throw it up? I should say not. And yet they will denounce the meanness of the lower orders for taking advantage of any chance that comes in their way."

"My fair enthusiast, consider what a close evening it is, and don't get yourself unnecessarily heated. Sit here on the bridge, will you? The ripple of the water will help to tranquillise you. There, is not that luxury? I'll intensify it by a smoke."

He sat on the low parapet, pushed back the hat off his dark, handsome face, and lighted a cigar. The girl bent over the bridge and looked down into the narrow, mountain stream that sang and gurgled beneath. He watched her face for a little; and she, conscious that he was watching it, and becoming gradually unconscious of all things beyond him, the stream and shadowed heavens within it, did not lift her eyes.

"Do not spoil your glove," he said, taking the hand next him, that idly picked the mortar. "What size do you take?" (He unbuttoned the glove and pulled it off). "What nice soft hands you have. A natural position, is it not, your slender little hand in mine?"

The girl made a faint effort to withdraw it. The colour deepened in her cheeks; her crimson lips parted and trembled. He watched her expressive face with mingled feelings of amusement, curiosity, and wakening interest. She looked very handsome; it was impossible to resist touching the chords of her transparent heart. She loved him. The knowledge gave him pleasant sensations, and inclined him for the moment to half-unconsciously assume all the appearance of true love.

"Will you not leave your hand to me, my Ethna?" he whispered, drawing her close to him. "What, no answer! Don't you love me, darling? Are you not my own? Do you not love me?"

The magical question was asked. The girl answered it by hiding her face on his breast, as is the wont of heroines at such critical moments, and the young man breathed into her ear words of unutterable sweetness.

A great silence seemed to have fallen upon the world, as if time stood still in this supreme moment of her life; and she heard the music of his voice, the rushing streamlet, the beating of her

own heart, and the joyous song of the skylark blend into divine harmony.

After a moment the girl woke from her blissful trance, and drew herself away. He held her hand, looking laughingly into her blushing face, quizzing her for its tell-tale expressiveness, and so they continued for about half-an-hour.

"'Tis late," said Ethna. "Mother will wonder what has become of me."

"And my dinner! A miracle, by Jove; I have forgotten my dinner. What a beguiler of time you must be, Ethna?"

"Will you come on to Mona, and I will get dinner for you?" said Ethna.

"I shall come to drink tea," he answered. "I will go to the turn with you."

With a lingering clasp of the hand they parted, and went their different ways.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### A LAND OF ENCHANTMENT.

Ethna walked home through an enchanted land; the earth beneath her feet was as radiant and immaterial as the deep blue heavens above her. He loved her; he had told her so; they were appointed by mysterious destiny to meet, to love, to cleave to each other out of the mighty multitude of human souls. How full and complete had existence become! What a haven of perfect rest she had got into, where all her aspirations were fulfilled, her dreams perfected, her nature ennobled and exalted! How puerile and mean her past life seemed; how ashamed she would be if he, her king, saw its unworthiness: her little vanities, jealousies, impatient tempers, indolent habits, and selfishness. By times she was love-exalted and self-abased, and went through all the strange intense delirium of emotion caused by love in one of her passionate and generous temperament.

Philip Moore lighted another cigar and proceeded homewards with a good appetite for his dinner. He was not particularly scrupulous, yet he was not quite pleased with the evening's performance.

"By Jove, who would think she would get so fond of me?" he said. "And of course I could not hold my tongue."

The fact was, Philip Moore liked and rather admired the frank freshness of Ethna's nature, but he was not in love with her, except, perhaps, in exceptionally sentimental half-hours; he had not the least inclination to put his head into the matrimonial yoke; he enjoyed life very much as he was at present circumstanced, and looked on wedlock as a sober finality for after years. It was not the first time he was principal actor in such tender little scenes as that acted on the bridge; they had lost their delightful novelty and force, and the impression made by them was effaced by any course of events that turned the current of his thoughts. To do him justice, he did not deliberately deceive his cousin, or do anything consciously to win her affections; he liked her society, as is the wont of man as regards a nice woman; he enjoyed it, yet kept himself disattached. Why the mischief would not she do the same?

Perhaps there was some truth in Philip Moore's conclusions that evening, that men would not be half so bad if women let them alone. It is hard to resist pressing the hand that trembles in yours, and is only too willing to be taken; it is hard to refrain from glancing tenderly into eyes that brighten at your coming, and do their share of the gazing. It is difficult to abstain from pouring tender ambiguities into the little ears that lend such pleased attention. "I wonder why it is," said a young fellow, one day, "that you can't talk to some girls for five minutes, but they will bring in something about love or marriage or flirting?" I think the most consistent man-hater must acknowledge that there is a disposition in the female nature to draw man on, perhaps in obedience to some occult natural law; she likes to attract. She is gratified when she succeeds. She finds the races where she is surrounded by young men, and the races where she only sees them surrounding others, very different in their pleasant effects, and it may be unjust sometimes to blame the luckless wight who is smiled upon if he become a little florid in his language, and say more and look more than he intended.

A man and his wife argued one day on the great question of first causes. She contended that she never gave him a second thought until one evening she observed him listening to some remarks of hers, with evident attention. He explained how he never

gave *her* a second thought until the evening before that memorable one, in which she told him he sang with great expression, and that she enjoyed his music; she said she made the remark out of politeness, and thought no more of it. However, the little impetus had been given that sent the balls rolling; he was attracted by the idea that she appreciated him and his music; she was attracted by his apparent relish for her conversation; unconsciously both were flattered, and put in a disposition to be pleased with each other. They sought each other instinctively; the attraction increased and culminated in marriage.

It is difficult to find the first cause of any human action. It is not easy to trace back those series of minute actions, which are called flirtation, to the precise spot which gave them birth. There are, of course, loves of spontaneous growth, that spring up suddenly into perfect flower before the object of them is conscious that even a germ exists; loves that no analyst can trace satisfactorily, and which must be laid aside in the great deeps of the unexplainable; loves that come without encouragement, and continue without hope; but flirtation, playing at love, is another, a gradual, and a more usual mode of action, and it is a question whether it is the man or the woman commences the game.

There is a disposition in each sex to accuse the other, for the consequences of such tender tournaments are not always pleasant, like every other self-indulgence, leading oftentimes to deceit, dishonour, and wounded affections. The woman is usually the greatest sufferer, for she is, by the make of her being, more inclined to take things seriously, and to look to marriage as a possible and satisfactory conclusion.

Nothing is stronger in our natures than a tendency to deceive each other, except the tendency to deceive ourselves, and no one is in greater danger of self-deception than one who loves. He misinterprets her looks and smiles. She magnifies his intentions, until the little courtesies of social life seem to have a hidden meaning. The person to whom we are indifferent may talk and walk with us without our giving an undue value to such accidental communion, but the person to whom we are not indifferent gives us encouragement by a momentary glance. What depth of feeling seems to be in those eyes caught resting on us, what meaning in the pressure of that hand! Other eyes may have watched us as kindly, other hands clasped ours as warmly, and



we did not exaggerate the look or clasp ; but when it comes to be a case of vital importance to us, our emotion impedes our judgment, and we fancy we detect a responsive emotion in the beloved one.

Ethna fell in love with her kinsman, won by that charm of manner it was his wont to assume when in the society of a pretty woman. He admired a pretty woman, he enjoyed her companionship, and he did not see any necessity for concealing that he was of an appreciative temperament. He would talk a good deal of abstract sentiment, and would give expression to those beliefs and unbeliefs that women rush to combat and overthrow. He meant nothing by this. In Ethna's case he did not act with any particular consciousness at all, until she began to blush when she saw him and betrayed a fatal shyness. She looked very attractive when the crimson stole gradually out on the soft, rounded cheek, and her large, dark eyes grew still darker, and he could not resist looking into their blue depths with an admiration that seemed to her expressive of dawning and deepening affection.

Possibly but for Ethna's conscious blushes Philip Moore would have gone away without making or extracting any declarations ; but the declarations had been made, and they were in the position of lovers. There may be drawbacks in such a position, the thought of possible consequences may disturb the even tenor of a man's or a woman's enjoyment of it. Still it is undeniably pleasant to be loved, and Philip Moore went over to Mona in the evening in excellent spirits to enjoy the goods the gods provided.

Ethna and he sat outside upon the rustic seat, watching the sun slowly sinking below the brightened earth, shooting upwards pointed bars of light into the glorified skies and changing the clouds into masses of radiant colour. The lake beneath lay bright and motionless ; the wild duck floating among the water lilies, and the dipper's head breaking occasionally the silver surface of the water. The stars of the summer night stole out in the pale skies ; the smoke from all the cottages in the low-lying lands softly curled in the clear atmosphere ; the low of cattle fell upon the ears ; the sound of distant voices and laughter ; the sweet air of the "Coolin" whistled by a mountain boy ; the roll of a cart on the stony road ; and far off the murmur of the deep-hearted ocean made a soft, thunderous accompaniment to the voices of nature.

They were both silenced by the tranquillising power of the beautiful, Philip supplementing it by a cigar. At length Ethna gave a little sigh of perfect content, and said :

"Don't you not love the country, Philip?"

"What country, my sweet?" answered the young man, after slowly puffing the smoke from his lips; "rural abodes, verdant glades, do you mean?"

"Well, this country, this place, for instance."

"This country, Ireland? By Jove, no. Sentiment does not carry me so far; I think Ireland is a beggarly place. Though indeed I am rather tolerant of it at present—I feel like a new man after the past few months. The tropics do use up a fellow."

"You have not much love of country in you," said Ethna, "I suppose because you have seen so much of other places; but I wish you liked poor Ireland more."

"I am a citizen of the world, my angel. It is all bosh, this patriotic emotion, got up for a purpose; never saw a man who wouldn't sell his cause for his own ends."

"I can't believe you are right," said the girl, shaking her head. "I am convinced there are true men in all ages, who help to leaven the mass; but, indeed, my political knowledge is very limited. The only history of our country I could read was '*The Story of Ireland*.' I cried over that, but I am not insensible as you are."

"Sensible you mean, *ma chère*. Don't mind politics; I prefer some softer theme from those red lips of yours."

He took the girl's hand in his, after quietly glancing over his shoulder to know if he could be observed, and so they continued—one lifted out of the actual into a wider sweeter world, the other rather enjoying his position in the real one—until Nora toddled out, making a bright spot of colour in her little red dress and white pinafore, and scrambled into Ethna's lap to say :

"Ganma wanted them; tea was ready, an' I made a butiful cake, Eth," she whispered, "suggy in it; I'll give you a bit."

"And what about me?" said Moore; "am I to get some?"

"I don't like you," answered Nora, with great candour. "You mustn't be holdin' Eth's hand."

"Oh! Nora, hush," Ethna, blushing crimson at having the permitted little action put into vulgar tongue; "I'll be vexed with you for saying such a thing."

"Don't let him, Eth ; I don't like him," repeated Nora, impelled by her childish jealousy, and she hid her face in the girl's dress.

Little Nora's prejudice was perhaps justifiable, for he very much interfered with the free intercourse that had existed between herself and Ethna. Though the latter was as fond of her as ever, she manifested her affection after more fitful fashion ; sometimes she would be in wild spirits, and they would have a splendid game of romps ; but at other times she could not get her to speak at all, and would be sent about her business ; whenever Philip Moore was present, she found her company altogether unnecessary, and it was usually suggested to her that "she ought to run about and play." All which unheard of treatment did not incline her young heart to be favourably impressed by her new acquaintance.

*(To be continued).*

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#### MARY OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

CAME the angel unto Mary, in the day-dawn of a spring-time,  
When the earth was flushed with greenness, and the Heavens  
were thrilled with song.

The palms above her house-top bent in worship their sereneness,  
For the gladness of the season, for the words awaited long.

The earth from her brown bosom drew her flowers in mute thanks-  
giving,

And a radiance more than earthly filled the air, and swept the sky.  
Like a snowflake downward falling, from God's white and holy portal,  
Came the angel unto Mary, speaking words that would not die.

In her pearl-white ears they lingered, in her heart she pondered o'er  
them,

While the rose, and then the lily, fought for vantage in her cheek ;  
Her bliss, her crown of motherhood, oh ! lovingly she wore them,  
And low spake Virgin Mary, who was ever mild and meek.

The angel smiled serenely, such humility she taught us :  
This pure and perfect maiden, in the shadow of a throne.  
Oh, low spake Virgin Mary, for 'twas Christ Himself she brought us.  
Blessed words, and Blessed Mother, ye have made the world your own.

MARY JOSEPHINE ENRIGHT.

## PRIEDIEU PAPERS.

## No. 9—THOUGHTS FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

“**I** ADMONISH you as my dearest children ; for if you have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet not many fathers ; for in Christ Jesus by the Gospel I have begotten you.” (1 Cor. iv. 15.) This was the proudly affectionate boast which St. Paul addressed to the Christians of Corinth in the first of his Epistles to that infant Church ; and to-day we may very well imagine our own St. Patrick, from his high place in heaven, addressing the same tender appeal to his beloved Church of Ireland, nay, to all his Irish children scattered over the whole world. St. Patrick's Day, the feast of St. Patrick, is our great annual act of thanksgiving for the national gift of faith ; and, while our gratitude must of course ascend finally to the throne of God Himself the giver of all good gifts, it is to be offered also in due measure to God's human instrument, his great servant, St. Patrick, through whom that supreme and fundamental grace, the treasure of the true Faith, first came to our land and to our race, to abide with them forever.

This is the ground on which St. Patrick claims from us to-day the full tribute of our filial allegiance. We may have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet only one father ; and it is he. We have indeed other saints to pray to : the great Apostle whose words we are putting on St. Patrick's lips, St. Paul, and with him and before him St. Peter, the two mighty pillars of the Christian Church ; St. Agnes and St. Aloysius, Patrons of purity ; Francis of Assisi, the Saint of Poverty, and Francis Xavier, the Saint of Zeal ; and, before all the saints except the Queen of Saints herself, we have the Saint whose feast is fixed for the day after to-morrow—St. Joseph, Patron of a hidden life and of a happy death. To these and to many others, according to our special wants and special circumstances, we may and must cherish a special devotion ; but we must never forget the altogether singular and peculiar ties that bind us to St. Patrick—to him who in Christ Jesus by the Gospel has begotten us.

No saint was ever more closely wound up with a people than

St. Patrick is wound up with Ireland ; there is no other nation on God's earth that possesses a patron-saint so thoroughly national as ours. St. Patrick is all our own, and we are his.

Let us compare him in this respect with the patrons of some of the countries nearest to us. St. Andrew is (or was) the Patron of Scotland ; but St. Andrew did not convert Scotland, never preached in Scotland—he was made her Patron merely because a certain Scottish monastery happened to possess a considerable portion of the Apostle's relics, and so a special devotion to St. Peter's brother sprang up there and extended among the Scottish people.

"St. George for merry England !" was England's warcry in Catholic times ; but St. George in the days of his earthly warfare never saw England, probably never heard of England, and he owes the honour, such as it is, of her clientship to the fact that the English Crusaders, finding the warrior-saint of Mesopotamia high in honour in the east, adopted him as the patron of their arms ; and so he came to be the patron-saint of England in general.

St. Louis was a holy king of France ; but he did not bring France to God, he did not mould her destiny, he did not turn the course of her history ; she would have been much the same if St. Louis had never existed.

Far different, much more direct and urgent, are St. Patrick's claims to the dignity of Patron of Ireland. This honour—and surely there is no greater honour of the kind in the church of God on earth or in the church of God in heaven—this honour St. Patrick owes not to accident or arbitrary choice or to any trivial or extrinsic connection with our dear land : he owes it to the blessed fact that he himself earned nobly the title—that Catholic Ireland is his work, his trophy, his triumph—that in Christ Jesus by the Gospel he has begotten us.

Yes, Ireland is the Church of St. Patrick ; his fame and hers are entwined inseparably together. Nay, the very name of Patrick has grown to be, like the typical shamrock, so peculiar to our Celtic race, that the rude scoffer makes it a synonym, an *alias*, for Irishman : certainly not intending by his sneer to pay the compliment which he certainly *does* pay to the affectionate fidelity with which St. Patrick's children have clung to the faith, to the love, to the very name of their Father.

This one plain historical fact, this permanent impression made by St. Patrick's apostolate upon the destiny of the Irish people—

this alone is enough for the glory of our national apostle. That was a very wise conclusion drawn by a little English girl whose mother had told her the story of St. Patrick\*: "O Mamma, what a great saint St. Patrick must have been to have made the Irish for ever such good Catholics!" And another has boldly put the question—

"What patron saint  
E'er did his work so well?"—

as if confident that the only answer must be, "None." And indeed that was the answer which Father Faber had already given in the hymn which he wedded to our national tune of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning:"—

There is not a saint in the bright courts of Heaven  
More faithful than he to the land of his choice;  
Oh! well may the nation to whom he was given  
In the feast of their sire and Apostle rejoice!

"By their fruits you shall know them" is Our Lord's own test; and if we knew nothing more of St. Patrick than the result of his mission, the mighty and enduring work which God allowed him to accomplish in His Church, this ought to be quite enough to inspire us with an immense love and reverence for his sanctity and a boundless confidence<sup>in</sup> his intercession.

Yes, this would be enough, even if he were one of those men whom we meet with in history—men who have exercised a vast influence in their day, and yet in the accounts that have reached us of their life and character there seems to be sometimes very little to justify their traditional fame. In all such cases it is wise to trust to the tradition and to accept the estimate formed of those men by the generation amongst whom their lot was cast. So, too, if the accounts of St. Patrick's life were meagre, uneventful, and unromantic, the mere general fact of his triumphant apostleship with its lasting effects would alone prove him to be a great and glorious saint.

But in his case we have no need to resort to any such special pleading. St. Patrick is personally the least disappointing of Saints. There is hardly any saint's life that surpasses his in the pathetic beauty of the legends that cling round his name, and in the personal impressiveness of his character as revealed in the

\* In "Sundays at Lovel Audley."

solid traditions and authentic documents that have come down to us.

Those legends of St. Patrick—and the word “legend” is by no means intended to exclude substantial truth and reality—have inspired the highest flights of poetry and of oratory. They have furnished the theme and even the title of perhaps the noblest effort of the austere and almost sacred Muse of Aubrey de Vere; and one of the sweetest echoes of that eloquent voice which has rendered the name of Burke for the second time illustrious lingers on in this touching apostrophe with which that holy, amiable, and greatly gifted Dominican thrilled the hearts of some thousands of Irish exiles in New York on a certain St. Patrick’s Day some twenty years ago. After speaking of what Ireland has gone through for the faith of St. Patrick and what she is at the end of it all, when the land is “covered once more with fair churches, convents, colleges, and monasteries, as of old”—he went on to ask, “Who shall say that the religion that could suffer and rise again is not from God? This glorious testimony to God and to His Christ is thine, O holy and venerable land of my birth and of my love! O glory of earth and heaven, to-day thy great Apostle looks down upon thee from his high seat of bliss, and his heart rejoices; to-day the angels of God rejoice over thee, for the light of sanctity which still beams upon thee; to-day thy troops of virgin and martyr saints speak thy praises in the high Courts of heaven. And I, O Mother, far away from thy green bosom, hail thee from afar, and I proclaim this day that there is no land so fair, no spot of earth to be compared to thee, no island rising out of the wave so beautiful as thou art; that neither the sun nor the moon nor the stars of heaven shine down upon anything so lovely as thou art, O Erin!”

Many and many a true Irish heart that could not express its feelings so well has felt the same enthusiastic love, especially when absence made the heart grow fonder. Shame on the Irishman that would not bless God for having let him be born an Irishman. But to-day we are thinking of our Irish birth as a spiritual blessing, and, please God, it is a grace for which we shall be thankful to almighty God for all eternity, that we were born, not in proud Albion or bonnie Scotland or fair France or sunny Spain or beauteous Italy, but in poor Ireland, dear Ireland, Catholic Ireland. For is there a safer corner of God’s Church than this

island-home of ours?—where fidelity to the Church of Christ, where devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, where loving allegiance to the Vicar of Christ (remember the vulgar cry of Orange bigotry) might almost be called the natural instincts of the heart breathed in the very air?—where religious observance, in villages and rural districts especially, is a sort of happy necessity; where public opinion and human respect, instead of being (as they are alas in many parts of the world) temptations to worldliness and sin, are on the contrary a check and restraint upon vice and an encouragement and support to religion and virtue. So it certainly has been in the past; and may St. Patrick's prayers help to secure that to the end it may be so.

I am not going even to allude to any of the picturesque vicissitudes of the long life of our Apostle, but I will only single out the lesson that is taught most emphatically in the authoritative summary of his life which the Church makes her priests read to-day in the Breviary. It is the merest commonplace and matter of course that a saint must be preeminently a man of prayer; but of none of the saints in the whole course of the year, especially of far-away saints like him, have we such striking proof that prayer was his life on earth, as it is his life in heaven. This indeed is only to say that he was, as he must needs be, a close copy of his Divine Master; and there are two memorable sayings about our Lord's heavenly life and His earthly life which are especially applicable to our great Patron Saint. We the children of St. Patrick may apply to him what St. Paul in his Epistle to the Hebrews (VII, 25) says of our Redeemer, *Semper vivens ad interpellandum pro nobis*: "always living to make intercession for us." His prayers can never fail us. As long as any of that race and nation to whom he was sent remains exposed to the temptations of this life, St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, will plead for them before the throne of God. His prayers for his people will never end till their time of trial is ended; but when did his prayers for us begin? Long before his Apostleship itself began; and it was the prayers of his youth that prepared him for the glorious and fruitful labours of his mature years. The Saint himself in his Confession tells us that during his six years of captivity after his sixteenth year, on Slemish mountain in County Antrim, he prayed many times in the day, and the love and faith and fear of God grew in him; and by day he said a hundred prayers and by night



almost as many ; and there upon the mountain before the dawn he was called to prayer by the snow and the rain, and he suffered nought therefrom, for the spirit was burning within him. Was not this a very literal and exact imitation of His Divine Master, of whom it is said *Erat pernoctans in oratione Dei* " He spent the whole night through in the prayer of God " (Luke VI, 12). Perhaps if St. Patrick had not prayed thus in his boyhood on those Ulster hills, the cry of the Irish would not have gone forth after him : " Come, O holy youth, and dwell amongst us " ; and he might never have been chosen by God to return to the land of his captivity in order to rescue her from her worse captivity, the slavery of paganism and sin, and to be her true liberator, her greatest benefactor, the foremost hero in the history of Ireland.

In one of the saddest years of that history, in the year 1798, Napoleon won a great battle in Egypt which is known as the Battle of the Pyramids because it was fought almost under the very shadow of those vast and mysterious monuments which date back some two thousand years before the Christian era. Before the battle he addressed some inspiring words to his troops to nerve them for the charge of the Mameluke cavalry. " Soldiers of France, from the summit of yonder Pyramids four thousand years look down upon you." Gazing up to St. Patrick to-day in his high place in heaven, may we not imagine him addressing to us a similar exhortation ? " My children of Erin, fourteen hundred years look down upon you "—all the sainted and saved of the Irish race during these fourteen centuries of toil and trial.

Christian Ireland is now more than fourteen hundred year old, St. Patrick is believed to have died in the year 493. In those fourteen centuries through what trials, through what privations, through what sufferings, have our forefathers, especially in the penal days, handed on to us in safety the priceless treasure of the Faith ! May we and those who are to come after us be worthy of those who have gone before us and who kept the lamp of truth burning brightly in darker and stormier times than ours ! May the Irish race, whether here at home in Ireland or scattered everywhere over the wide earth, prove themselves for ever in the future as in the past the faithful and devoted children of St. Patrick !

DARKNESS.

THERE is a strength in the darkness,  
A strength, a power, and a might  
Yet it saddens me when it cometh,  
For it bringeth the night.

And night is a time of sadness,  
A time of sorrow and tears—  
It brings to the heart that is weary  
The hopes of the vanished years.

But there is a strength in the darkness,  
'Tis greater even than Light;  
It can awe the mind that is strongest,  
The weaker mind affright.

There is a power in the darkness :  
It bringeth the unseen near ;  
A voice in its very silence—  
We need but listen to hear.

There is a might in the darkness :  
It giveth sleep when it will ;  
It soothes the eyes that are weary  
And says to the hands, " Be still ! "

And it tells of a night that is coming  
Where never, oh ! never more,  
Shall the hands grow weary from working,  
The feet from the journey sore ;

Where bitterness shall be buried  
In that merciful sea—the past—  
When all the problems we pondered  
Shall surely be solved at last.

MARGARET KINGSLEA.

## SAINTS IN THE GARDEN.

## PART II.

THREE children were pretending—I am afraid “pretending” is the word,—to learn their catechism in a bit of shrubbery at the back of a manse garden. The trees were bare, but Spring had breathed on the earth, and her bosom glowed with a wealth of golden daffodils—the daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty.”

It may be that, like the poet, the small mortals “could not but be gay in such a jocund company”; for, of a sudden, the eldest of the three threw down her book; let them play a game, a game “out of her own head,” a *daffodil* game—let them ask Queen Titania and her court in “yellow petticoat and green gown,” (and not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these!) to tea.

To tea, and on a Sabbath afternoon! the very audaciousness of the proposal gave it zest. So, quick! the fire was lighted, and the gorse, so artfully insinuated among the brown twigs, flamed; and the kettle, a last year’s horse-chestnut, with crooked pin for spout, was soon a-boil. Then, her majesty must have fresh butter, of course,—the youngest child was set to work, up and down, up and down, a beheaded “daff” with stalk for stick, (and imagination for cream), was no bad imitation of the old-fashioned churn they had seen Grizzie, the manse cook, use; but never butter of Grizzie’s make tasted like their make-believe.

Then the throne had to be prepared; and how soft its cushions of green velvet—moss—and seats for the maids of honour had to be placed by its side, all a-row; then the guests, uninvited (but time was getting on) appeared, and—the fun began!

Her majesty, her sceptre a lily-leaf, was gracious enough to accept a cup of tea,—a snail-shell on an ivy-leaf, offered on bended knee. Was her majesty’s tea “to her liking?” (that was what nurse always asked when any of their small friends came to tea). So much to her liking, that I do not care to say how often her cup was filled, her ladies waiting patiently for their turn the

while,—when there was a rustle, a step! Was it the minister? Hearts leaped to mouth, small hands trembled; and oh, the relief when the dearest eldest sister in the world, in green gown like the daffs, just as if she had stepped from fairy-land, came through the undergrowth.

The children did not fear a scolding; this sister (God rest her gentle soul, the “daffs” grow above her now), could not scold—but they did fear her reproach: “oh, children, children, did you forget that it is Sunday?”

But these were not the words that came. The sister stooped and picked up a maid of honour—a maid of honour whose yellow petticoat had refused to sit, and on whom grievous damage had been wrought.

“Oh, children, how could you treat the poor ‘daffs’ so?” And then, lifting her hand for silence, standing above them on the bank, she repeated lines that the hearers know now were Herriek’s and that sounded to small ears very like a hymn.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet the early rising sun  
Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay,  
Until the hast’ning day  
Has run

But to the even-song;  
And, having pray’d together, we  
Will go with you along.”

(*Prayed with the daffodils!* The eldest girl was puzzled, but the youngest nodded her head).

“We have short time to stay as you,  
We have as short a spring,  
As quick a growth to meet decay  
As you, or anything.  
We die  
As your hours do; and dry away  
Like to the summer’s rain,  
Or, as the pearls of morning dew,  
Ne’er to be found again.”

It is a “far cry” back to that spring day, but one of the oulprits remembers well the sobs that came from another of the three. “Oh, the ‘daffs,’ the poor ‘daffs,’ we did not mean to hurt

the 'daffs';" nor do I think she often sees the flower, without seeing too, in her mind's eye, the golden-haired sister (who had alas! so "short a time to stay") swaying backwards and forwards as she recited her ode, the crushed "maid of honour" in her hand. Love of the flower, to which love of the one Faith—unknown to her in those days—has given so many names, dates from that hour.

Lent-lilies, lenten lilies, fast-lilies, pasch-lilies; the compiler of "The Circle of the Calendar," from which we quoted last month has most of the pious old names at his finger-ends. *Fifty-five* of the species ("an elegant bulbous plant") should bloom, he tells us, between Lady-day and the Feast of the Holy Cross.

Daffodils, one might almost say, belong to that lover of Holy Poverty, St. Francis. In France they are "les pauvres filles," "les pauvres filles de St. Claire," or "les lis de St. Claire;" and the common early double species is dedicated to one of her sainted daughters, the St. Collette, St. Nicholas's namesake, who changed the habit of the Penitents of the Third Order, for her austerer rule.

The petticoated variety is known in Italy and the Peninsula as St. Catherine's lily, (the "Fiore di Santa Caterina,") and *she* was abbess of the Poor Clares at Bologna, and authoress, (as our compiler does not fail to remind us) of various pious works, including the well known treatise, "*On the Seven Spiritual Alms.*"

St. Catherine's feast falls on the 8th of March, her sister Saint's on the 6th; and which of us with daffodils in our gardens can hesitate to offer a nosegay in honour of St. Francis's daughters?

The "scented daffodil or jonquil" is dedicated to St. Felix.

The "peerless daffodil" is known in some parts as the Easter or the Pasch Lily, or "the butter and egg flower."

Of "*St. Bridget's daffodil*" some of the readers of the IRISH MONTHLY may be able to tell us something. (The writer was lately sent three of these precious bulbs, not yet in flower).

One way or another the compiler of the "Circle" has so much to tell us about his daffodils in March and April that these months are almost devoid of his usual homilies, and when he does give us one, on March 12th, St. Gregory's Day, it is neither in honour of the lilies nor their patron Saint, but of—the frogs "which are now croaking in pools, ponds, ditches and other shallow waters!" And as this croaking of these animals has long been well-known as a

sign of rain, he thinks it well to give the following aspirations "by which all may profit."

"Hymns should rather be Prayers of Praise than *dirges*, much less should they be chaunted only against calamity. For some sinners do greatly err who only pray, and give praise when they expect the storms of adversity, like frogs that croak before the rain, and against the coming of storms; while true servants of Our Lord sing His praise day and night, in the sunshine of prosperity like the grasshoppers, who fill the verdure with their music under a serene and propitious sky."

The Pilewort is St. Catherine of Sweden's flower, the "Star of St. Catherine," and her Feast occurs on March 22nd.

The *Marygold* is specially Our Lady's plant, and is given as such on March 25th, the Feast of the Annunciation. "It received the Latin name of '*Calendula*,'" our author says "because it is in flower on the Kalends of nearly every month, and for a similar reason in christian times, it has been called *Mary-gold*, being more or less in blow at the times of *all* the Festivals of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the word gold having reference to its golden rays, likened to the rays of light around the head of the Blessed Virgin."

At *Candlemas*, the "old last year's" plants will show a few flowers; flowers too appear about Ladytide; the full flowering takes place about the Feast of the Visitation, seedlings a flower on the Nativity of Our Lady, (September 8), as they continue to do on the Feasts of her Presentation (November 21st), and of her Immaculate Conception (December 8th), "thus blowing on *all* her Feasts, as say the old writers, and the facts are true."

Has any one tried to count the flowers that—even in Britain—belong to Our Lady, *Rosa Mystica*? We have her smock (Shakespeare's "Lady-smock of silver hue"); her slippers, an orchis, her gloves, a campanula, which we know also as Canterbury bells, St. Thomas's bells, and St. Paulinus's bells (that saint being the reputed inventor of bells); her mantle (*alchemilla vulgaris*); her bed-straw, *bead-straw*, the peasantry to this day, in Belgium, saying their *aves* on its whorls when taking their mid-day rest in the fields; the Marsh-Marigold, her Mary-buds; her tresses (*spiranthes spiralis*); her seal, "Our Lady's signet" (known also as Solomon's seal); her cushion, one of the saxifrages; her pin-cushion, a scabius; then there is the Rose-Mary and the Cost-Mary, and her lily, "Our Lady's lily," that never fails to blow

in honour of her Feast of the Visitation (July 2nd) ; and, speaking of her lily, our author is reminded of the translation of a "Hymn to the Blessed Virgin," written by Pero Lopez de Ayala, when in prison in England, and thinks it may give pleasure to her clients.

"Virgin star of brightest ray,  
Which this world of darkness guides,  
Light thy pilgrim on his way,  
For his soul in thee confides.

Thou art like the fragrant bough  
Of the beauteous Cassia tree ;  
Like the Orient myrrh art thou,  
Whose sweet breath is worthy thee  
Lady, when the sufferer mourns,  
'Tis to thee he bends his eye ;  
'Tis to thee the sinner turns,  
Virgin of the cloudless sky.

Thee has wisdom's son compared  
To the towering cedar trees :  
And thy church, which thou dost guard,  
To mount Siso's cypresses.  
Thou art like the palm-trees green  
Which the richest fruits have given,  
Thou the Lily, radiant queen,  
Blooming in the smiles of Heaven.

Brighted planet of the sea,  
Dazzling gate in Heaven's abode,  
Virgin in the agony,  
Mother, daughter, spouse of God.  
Though the curse that Eve had brought  
O'er her children threat'ning stood,  
All the evil she hath wrought,  
Lady ! thou hast turned to good."

The white clematis, known in many parts of England as "Travellers' joy," is called in others "The White Virgin's Bower," or the "Assumption flower," from having been used in Catholic times to decorate the Virgin's altar on that feast, when "besides the celebrated 'Ave Maris Stella,' different antient hymns were recited in the churches in her honour," and one is given "for the amusement of any poetic reader"—but should we be far wrong in thinking that the following sonnet is our author's own composition ?

"O Virgin Mother of our gracious Lord,  
 Thou at whose shrine all nations lowly bend,  
 Mother of mercies! who thine aid dost lend  
 To lips that hail thee with the heart's accord;  
 Solace of sinners, load-star ever nigh,  
 Whose saintly feet the serpent sin have crushed  
 How much I love when all rude winds are hushed,  
 And silvery moonbeams light the motley sky,  
 Beneath high heaven's blue vaulted conopy,  
 In hallowed stillness to invoke thy aid,  
 And feel my cares released, my sorrows fly,  
 For but to hail thee once, O spotless maid,  
 Seems a bright ray of hope in realms on high  
 Where pain dissolves in joys that never fade."

"Our Lady's fringes," the "*gentiana ciliata*," blows about the date of her Nativity, and so is dedicated to that joyful day, the 8th of September.

The Snowdrop is "the fair maid of February," "Our Lady of February," and was used to decorate the altar on the Feast of the Purification, and hence sometimes is also called "the flower of the Purification."

The goose-foot, (*polygona Persicaria*) is in some parts of the country "the Virgin's pinch." Then there is "Our Lady's Thistle," whose green leaves remain spotted to this day with our Lady's milk. The maiden hair is "Our Lady's hair." Lilies of the Valley are "ladders to Heaven," or "Virgin's Tears"; the Arum, "Lords and ladies," was long ago "Our Lord and our Lady," the country children figuring our Lord in His Mother's arms.

The Lungwort, or Jerusalem Sage, is still, in some parts of England, "our Lady's Milk-wort." "Our Lady's Vetch" is the *Astragalus Glycy-phyllos*, and with these two "ill words," as a Scotch child would say [hard words], we end our list of Our Blessed Lady's flowers.

One more quotation we should like to give, not from the "Circle of the 'alendar," but from a Christmas hymn written in Catholic times by a Scotch Monk.

"Rorate Cæli desuper."  
 Heaven, distil your balmy showers,  
 For now is risen the bright day-star  
 From the Rose-Mary, Flower of Flowers.

FRANCES MAITLAND.



This article was already in print when a letter was received from Mr. James Britten, F.L.S., of the Botanical Department of the British Museum, one of the highest authorities on all subjects connected with flowers. He writes: "The 'Circle of the Seasons,' though published anonymously, is perfectly well known to be the work of that extraordinary man, Thomas Ignatius Maria Forster, of whom you will find an account in Gillow's Biographical Dictionary of English Catholics. He really was a very interesting man, but he was a most unscrupulous fabricator of documents, and his books are full of quotations from works and authors that existed only in his own brain. For instance the pretty poem with which your article concludes is said by him to come from *Anthologia Australis et Borealis*; but there never was any such book. This is not all. His dedication of certain plants to certain saints is absolutely and entirely bogus; he invented them all himself. St. Faine had no more to do with that Viburnum (which is more familiar to us as Laurustinus) than the man in the moon—and so all the way through. One never knows where Forster will turn up next; but I confess I did not expect that *you* would fall a victim to his wiles."

Our contributor had already confided to her readers her suspicion that the anonymous author had himself invented many of his pious quotations. She mentions that the dedication of many of the flowers is certainly not Mr. Forster's fabrication. All those of the Blessed Virgin, with one exception, she had already on her list before the book fell into her hands.

We have consulted Mr. Gillow's interesting sketch of Forster, who lived from 1789 to 1856, and who became a Catholic when about half way through his course. The list of his writings, which are very varied and very curious in their subjects, contains forty-six items. One of these volumes, called, I think, "*Nugae Musarum*," is said to contain among other things the "*Anthologia Australis et Borealis*" of which Mr. Britten denies the existence. But Mr. Gillow does not say where he got that bibliography of Thomas Ignatius Maria Forster, or where all those books enumerated are to be seen. We hope that Mr. Britten will speedily carry out his purpose of making this interesting personage better known. *Ed. I. M.*]

## IVREA.

THE present writer—who is not the writer of the following paper but only of these few introductory words—claims the credit of having been the first to sing in English the praises of the Blessed Thaddeus whose connection with Ivrea procures for that Italian town the distinction of being now commemorated in an Irish Magazine. It happened thus. In 1847, the Bishop of Ivrea, in northern Italy, sent Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, forty pounds for the famine-stricken people of Ireland; and he also took the opportunity of enclosing documents about an Irish pilgrim who had died at Ivrea in 1492, and was revered there from that day till now as a saint and worker of miracles. These documents were given to the learned President of Maynooth, Dr. Laurence Renehan. Among them was a copy of an epitaph written in Gothic characters on parchment. About the year 1854, or 1855, Dr. Renehan gave this to one of the students of the diocese of Dromore, to be translated metrically, as it was written in Latin hexameters. The translation lay among the old President's papers, till they came, after his death, into the care of Dr. Daniel MacCarthy, afterwards Bishop of Kerry. In the first volume (1864) of *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, page 377, Dr. MacCarthy published in his account of Blessed Thaddeus MacCarthy, the following lines which the Editor of this Magazine claims as his own across an interval of more than twice twenty golden years.

'Neath marble tombs in this the Virgin's shrine '  
 The bones of many a saint in peace recline.  
 Thaddeus here. From Erin's shore he came,  
 A Bishop, of M'Carthy's royal name;  
 At whose behest were wondrous cures oft made,  
 Still Latium, Genoa, invoke his aid  
 Dying, he mourned that not on Irish soil,  
 Where sped his youth, should close his earthly toil;  
 Nor Cloyne, nor Kerry, but Ivrea owns  
 (For God so willed) the saintly Bishop's bones.  
 'Tis meet that they, in marble shrine encased,  
 Should be within the great cathedral placed.  
 Like Christ, whose tomb was for another made,  
 He in Eusebius' cenotaph is laid.

Soon sacred prodigies his power attest,  
 And all the earth proclaims him pious, blest.  
 O ye who hither come, our saint assail  
 With prayers and votive gifts; nor, traveller, fail  
 To greet with reverence the holy dead.  
 Since Christ was born a thousand years had fled,  
 Four hundred then and ninety-two beside  
 Had passed away, when St. Thaddeus died.

\* \* \*

A city, which tradition points out as the place where our national apostle, St. Patrick, was raised to episcopal rank, as a prelude to his evangelisation of Ireland, and which for over four hundred years has been the faithful guardian of the remains of that strangely persecuted Irish Bishop, now known to the Catholic world as the Blessed Thaddeus, whose beatification Ivrea celebrated last September in so memorable a manner—this city of Ivrea deserves fuller notice than has been accorded to it in the Irish press. But beyond this special interest for Irish readers, its history is in itself sufficiently curious.

It was known to Pliny, Ptolemy, and Cicero, as *Eporedia*, and in various public records down to the year 1200, as *Iporegia*, *Iporiensis*, *Civitas*, and *Eporeja*. This subalpine town, now named *Ivrea*, was originally a Roman Colony, founded during the sixth Consulship of Caius Marius, 654 years after the foundation of Rome, and about a hundred years before the birth of Christ. Lying as it does, upon the left bank of the river *Dora Balta*, the Romans founded it as an outpost to confine the aboriginal *Salassians* in the valleys to which they had driven them back.

From a colony *Ivrea* rose to be a municipality with its full staff of *decurions*, *ediles*, *questors*, and other Roman officials. On the break-up of the Roman Empire it shared the same fate as the rest of Italy, and passed through the hands of many masters until A.D. 572, when the Lombardians made it a ducal seat, which it continued to be until 773, when it became subject to Charlemagne who placed a Marquess to rule over it. Several of the Marquesses of *Ivrea* held kingly rank elsewhere. After the death of the Marquess *Arduin*, the city was for a time governed by its bishop: from whom it passed under the yoke of the Emperors of Germany. These held it till 1248, when they made it over to Thomas II., third son of Thomas I., Count of Savoy, whose successors acquired further rights over it in 1313.

Ivrea was not yet done with its changes of government. In 1543 it was occupied by the Spaniards, who built in it a castle for its defence. In 1554 came the French; but five years later it was restored to Duke Emmanuel Philibert. In 1641 it fell, for the second time, into the hands of the French, who, after abandoning it for a while, again got hold of it in 1704. In 1796 they captured it for the last time; and from May, 1800, Ivrea was the capital of a French department, till the fall of Napoleon in 1814. Since that time it has remained an appanage of the House of Savoy.

Ivrea was once a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, but through wars and pestilence its population has dwindled to ten thousand. It is healthy, and possesses attractive surroundings—castles and convents, vine-clad hills, valleys, and exquisite lakes.

Long established as an Episcopal See, Ivrea has its cathedral and other churches, two seminaries, besides flourishing schools and orphanages, with institutions for the poor and sick. The Cathedral was once a pagan temple and circular in form, as was generally the case with pagan temples dedicated to the sun. About A.D. 350 it was purged of paganism and consecrated to the service of the true God under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin assumed into heaven, whence it became known as St. Mary's Ivrea. In course of time much of the building was demolished and its form altered. Of the older portion nothing remains but the two campanili, some tombstones, and a fresco on a pillar of the choir. The church was enlarged in 1854.

In this Cathedral were deposited the remains of the now beatified Thaddeus MacCarthy, Bishop of Cork and Cloyne; and it also possesses the bodies of several other saints and martyrs. In the garden behind are portions of the ancient cloister, dating from the days when the members of the chapter lived together and formed one community, as was the rule till about A.D. 1240.

Near the Cathedral stands the fifteenth century Church of the Confraternity of St. Nicholas of Tolentino, the interior of which is richly ornamented. Behind its high altar of marble is the choir, containing thirty stalls of carved wood representing scenes in the life of St. Nicholas. It contains also a beautiful old painting of the Madonna and Child, with St. Nicholas the Bishop, and St. Nicholas of Tolentino at each side.

In another part of the city is a beautiful church-tower, known as St. Stephen's, which is all that remains of the Benedictine

Abbey of that name founded at Ivrea by the Bishop in 1041. This abbey flourished till the fifteenth century, but in the next century it was partially demolished, and in 1757 all except this tower was taken down. Some manuscripts that had belonged to this abbey are preserved in the Cathedral Archives.

This church-tower would appear from its materials to have been built out of the ruins of the old Roman amphitheatre of Ivrea. Amongst other Roman remains is the one-arch bridge across the Dora, which was almost totally destroyed by the French in 1706, during a siege which did immense damage to the churches and other buildings of the town. The bridge was restored by Victor Amadeus, King of Sicily, in 1716, and still further improved a century later by King Charles Felix, in 1830. There are also various urns of baked clay dating from the third century before Christ, and a beautiful marble Sarcophagus, erected in the time of Augustus to receive the remains of Caius Valerius Atticus who died at Ivrea.

Prominent amongst the mediaeval monuments, is the castle of the Four Towers, which was built in 1358, in the highest part of the city. In 1676, one of the towers containing eight hundred barrels of gunpowder, was struck by lightning and destroyed, a hundred and seventy persons perishing under the ruins. The castle of the Four Towers is now used as a prison.

The chief of the modern public monuments is one raised in memory of General Perrone de San Martino, a native of Ivrea, who lost his life on the battlefield of Novaro in 1849.

In the times when stage-coaches and railways were as yet undreamt of, Ivrea stood on what was then the highway between Italy and France; and to this circumstance it owed much of its former importance. It owed to it also the distinction of having been visited at dates widely apart by great military commanders like Hannibal, Charlemagne, and the First Napoleon. This fact also accounts for St. Patrick passing through Ivrea, as is said, in the year 431, and St. Malachy of Armagh, the friend of St. Bernard, in 1139. This moreover made it the scene of the lonely but glorious death of the Blessed Thaddeus in 1492, while making his way homeward on foot as a poor and unknown pilgrim.

Nothing now remains of the Hospice of the Twenty-one Pilgrims in which he died. It was erected in the year 1005 at the suggestion of St. Bernard of Mentone, and stood on the spot now

called the Cassinali di S. Antonio on the old Aosta road outside the city. It derives its name from the fact that members of the Solerio family endowed it with funds for the support of twenty-one passing pilgrims. It was destroyed during the Franco-Spanish war in 1544; but the church, then rebuilt, is still standing.

That Ivrea has not ceased to venerate the remains of the Blessed Thaddeus was proved by the sacred festivities of last September, in which the Bishops of Cork, of Cloyne, and of Ross took part in response to a pressing invitation, as the successors of their saintly countrymen. One of these prelates, Dr. Fitzgerald of Ross, has since been taken from us suddenly by death.

A foremost part in these solemnities was taken by Canon Saroglia, the learned and pious Vicar-General of the diocese, on whom chiefly had devolved the laborious researches which prepared the way for the beatification of Thaddeus, Bishop of Cork and Cloyne. From his writings, especially his Album of Ivrea, the present paper has with his kind permission been compiled. He is now engaged upon a large work devoted to the religious history of Ivrea, to be published under the title of "*Eporedia Sacra*."

JAMES COLEMAN.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart. A Magazine of the Literature of Catholic Devotion.* Edited by the American Central Direction. January-December 1896. Published by the Apostleship of Prayer, 27 and 29 West 16th Street, New York.

The only part of the titlepage that we have omitted is the statement that this is the eleventh volume of the New Series, the 31st volume of the entire, and therefore that the present year is the thirty first in the existence of this American *Messenger*. Ample as these particulars are, they do not overcrowd the large titlepage of this noble volume. Perhaps the Editors will yet imitate the present conductors of *The Dublin Review*, give up the confusing division into various series, and go back to the simple plan of numbering the volumes by the large number of years that have elapsed since the beginning of the undertaking. No doubt there is a brilliant contrast between the present appearance of the American *Messenger* and what it was thirty years ago. We believe it to be at the head of all the purely religious

periodicals of the world. Of the organs of the Apostleship of Prayer it is equal to all the other *Messengers* in the English language taken together, with two or three continental ones thrown into the bargain. The present volume begins with a very clearly arranged index, which, we are glad to see, names the authors, forswears anonymity, and even discourages initials. This excellent index enables you to make your way pleasantly through this vast storehouse of variously interesting and instructive matter, all of it, even the fiction, preserving the tone that becomes a periodical bearing so sacred a name. We could not desire better type and paper. The sumptuous volume is lavishly illustrated, the pictures rivalling in their execution the foremost of the secular American magazines, which in such matters leave us dull Europeans far behind.

2. *Ada Merton*. By Francis J. Finn, S.J. (St. Louis, Missouri : B. Herder).

We have heard, but we are not quite sure, that this story was written earlier than "Tom Playfair" and Father Finn's other well-known books. It is interesting and very feelingly written and of course with the very highest aim in view. The Author knows his own world best, but for our Catholic world over here there is no use in supposing angelic little daughters with atheist mothers, even though their atheism be only skin-deep like Mrs. Merton's. Carlyle said he knew a greater monster than an irreligious man—namely, an irreligious woman. If there are such monsters in circumstances such as surrounded Ada's mother, I should rather not listen to them, let them blaspheme ever so mildly, and I could not imagine them so amiable and so loving as Mrs. Merton. Of course all are converted, even the Methodist coloured man-servant. The Irish woman-servant is the best of them, but her Irish-English idiom is evidently a foreign tongue for an Irishman born outside his native country. Father Finn has no little skill in working out a plot in an interesting, natural way. We object to the very last word of the book : to Robin Ada would not be "his little sisser" but would seem a great big girl.

3. *Bishop Doyle : a Biographical and Historical Study*. By Michael MacDonagh. (London : T. Fisher Unwin).

This is the newest addition to the New Irish Library, of which it is the eleventh volume. Mr. MacDonagh tells us in his preface that fifty years ago John O'Hagan undertook to write the Life of Dr. Doyle for the Library of Ireland (to which he gives a name that belongs to a different series). It is a pity the idea was not then carried out; the tone would in some instances have differed from that adopted in these pages, and the great Catholic judge would have given

a somewhat different estimate of the great Catholic Bishop. Able and interesting as the present Sketch is, the trail of the Sham Squire is over it all. Mr. MacDonagh has followed too faithfully his one authority, Mr. William J. Fitzpatrick, whose passion for the mere gossip of history and biography made him drag in all sorts of facts and rumours of facts, even to the length of refuting with portentous gravity the idiotic statement (did any lunatic ever make it?) that J. K. L. had died a Protestant! But, though there are many expressions and even some statements to which we demur—though Mr. MacDonagh in his strenuous efforts to be impartial goes a little in the other direction and is almost crooked from straightness—this 'new volume of the New Irish Library is an excellent shilling's worth, and fixes the mind strongly on an interesting period of our history. We are surprised at the number of oversights in proof-reading. In the first few pages Dr. Doyle is *spirituelle*; of four Latin words two are misspelled; "council" is given for "counsel," Camæns for Camoens—and so on. Dr. Staunton dies in 1814 after admitting Father Doyle to the Carlow College Staff in 1817. In his next edition Mr. MacDonagh ought to remodel the grotesque sentence which fills half of his second page, especially as he repeats at page 18 the particulars that make it so cumbrous.

4. *Modern Irish Poets*. By W. J. Paul. (Belfast: W. Mullan and Son. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son).

This is the second volume of a curious collection of contemporary Irish poetry, the first volume of which appeared three years ago. There are biographical sketches of some forty Irish men and women who have written verse, with three or four samples each of their verse-making. Along with some whom the reader will hear of for the first time, and with some surprise that he hears of them now, we have such well-known writers as Edwin Hamilton, Lecky, Todhunter, Jane Barlow and Mr. Edward Dowden. Our own magazine is represented by its Editor, by Mr. Edward Harding and Mr. T. H. Wright; and we are so much pleased with Mr. Robert Blake and his "*Fairy Bridges of Bundoran*" that we advance a claim which will be proved next month. We cannot do the same for Miss Ellie Sweetman of this collection, whom some are sure to mistake for our too rare contributor, Miss Eleanor Sweetman, author of "*Footsteps of the Gods and other poems*." In the last pages, oddly enough, there are crowded together brief but very appreciative notes on Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland) Alice Esmonde, Mrs Clement Shorter (Dora Sigerson), and others; but no specimens of their poetry are given, evidently because space ran short. This mishap ought to have been prevented by the omission of some that have found a place, and especially by the exclusion of



Samuel Ferguson and Gerald Griffin who are only intruders here, and who are represented by the most familiar of their poems. Mr. Paul deserves our thanks for his perseverance in compiling such a work, and his courage in sending it out on the world. Some of his critical estimates would fall an easy prey to a cynical reviewer, and certainly he does not err on the side of excessive severity.

5. *Pastoral Theology*. By William Stang, D.D. (Brussels: Société Belge de Librairie).

The title-page of this fine octavo joins with the Belgian publishers M. H. Gill and Son of Dublin, Burns and Oates of London, and Benziger of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. It also informs us that Dr. Stang was formerly Rector of the Cathedral in Providence, Rhode Island, and is now Vice Rector, and Professor of Pastoral Theology, in the American College, Louvain. The present volume is a very beautiful treatise on the special department of ecclesiastical knowledge which is confided to his care as professor. The first book treats of preaching and catechising, the second of all the sacraments in order and all the sacramentals, and the third of pastoral direction. The circumstances of the United States \* and of Ireland are sufficiently similar to make Dr. Stang's observations almost always suitable for an Irish priest. We should be surprised if we heard of a priest from the country taking up this book from the counter of 50 Upper O'Connell Street and laying it down again, except for the purpose of extracting from his purse the six shillings which would make him its possessor.

6. *The Love of Nature in English Poetry*. By Patrick Morgan MacSweeney, B.A. (Dublin: Alexander Thom and Co).

Prize Essays are seldom literature. Mr. MacSweeney's Essay on the above subject, which won the Chancellor's Gold Medal for English Composition, 1896, in the Royal University of Ireland, is an exceedingly meritorious exception. In matter and form it is a model of its class. The style is sober, clear, and unaffected, and there is a great deal of solid thought and original research in the substance. It shows very wide reading. The part that regards the influence of the Celtic spirit is particularly interesting. The compact type of Her Majesty's Printing Office has condensed into these fifty pages of royal octavo more than the matter of many a pretentious volume. It is, as we have

\* The American accent is discernible occasionally. An amusing instance is where "the best models in English Literature" are "Shakespeare, Longfellow, Washington Irving, Dickens, Wiseman, Newman, Manning, Faber, and Brownson." Of all the poets since Shakespeare only the Author of *Evangeline*! Well, we might have worse. But Washington Irving has no right to be found in such terribly select company.

said, a piece of literature of great promise, and, as it stands, a highly meritorious performance.

7. *Cromwell in Ireland. A History of Cromwell's Irish Campaign.* By the Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1897).

This is a new edition, well printed and bound, although costing only three shillings and sixpence, of one of the most admirable monographs devoted to any period of Irish History. When it was first reprinted from our own pages with large additions as a separate volume, it received the highest praise for accuracy, research, and impartiality from such authorities as Dr. S. R. Gardiner and the Editor of *The Spectator*. The present edition begins with a short sketch of the Author. To the history itself, which occupies 360 pages, are appended 70 pages of small type, illustrating many of the more interesting places and persons mentioned in the previous chapters. A very perfect index of 50 pages completes a laborious and conscientious work which will long preserve the memory of its Author. We may add that of Father Murphy's last book, "Our Martyrs," which only issued from the press a few months ago, more than twelve hundred copies have already been sold.

8. *Pius the Seventh 1800-1823.* By Mary H. Allies. (London: Burns and Oates).

Though it is not stated, this work has appeared as a volume of the Quarterly Series begun and carried on for so many years by the quiet energy and devotedness of Father Coleridge, S.J. Miss Allies has narrated the history of the long and memorable Pontificate of the first Pope of this century, with a thoroughness of research and a dignity of style worthy of her illustrious father.

9. *Moran's Spring Annual 1897.* (Aberdeen: Moran and Co).

This sixpenny brochure contains six stories with illustrations. The stories are all by different authors; Mrs. Guthrie, Mafra Neville, Martin MacHugh, Welbourne Summers, Maria Nethercott, and J. J. Moran. In American fashion a short account is given of each of the authors, with portraits of two of the ladies. The third lady, of whom no portrait is given, interests us most, as she lived and died in Dublin. An important event in her life is not alluded to in this account of her, namely her conversion to the Catholic Faith which took place a few years ago. Miss Nethercott died last Christmas, after a long illness borne to the last with a joyful serenity which greatly edified and consoled her good and devoted Protestant relatives.

10. *Scripture Manuals for Catholic Schools.* Edited by the Rev. Sydney F Smith. (London: Burns and Oates).

We have given the general title of this series, but in reality this

first issue is part II of the Acts of the Apostles, chapters 13-28. The author of this admirable little commentary is the Rev. T. A. Burge, O.S.B., who annotates briefly and clearly every point in the sacred narrative. There are compact appendices describing St. Paul's three missionary journeys and his voyage to Rome, with an account of his five recorded discourses. An excellent map of St. Paul's journeys is prefixed. This very meritorious work has been undertaken with a view to the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations; but other intelligent Catholic readers who are beyond the examination age, will gladly make use of it. The series is to consist of five volumes—one on each of the three Synoptic Gospels, and two on the Acts of the Apostles.

11. *Cochem's Life of Christ*. Adapted by the Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O.S.F. (Benziger: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago).

This is a volume of more than three hundred pages, giving with some developments and pious meditations the scriptural narrative of our Lord's life and death. We should have wished indeed that a pious fancy should have been less indulged in such imaginary conversations as we find set down minutely at page 160. The illustrations, which are not numerous, are very good.

12. *Les Grandes Cathédrales du Monde Catholique*. Par L. Oloquet. (Sold by M. H. Gill and Son: Dublin).

This magnificent quarto contains 380 pages illustrated by 208 engravings, and yet its price is only six francs. The author is one of the most learned authorities on ecclesiastical architecture. The pictures of all the famous cathedrals are admirably executed. It is well worth buying and then getting suitably bound.

13. *The Invention of God's Love for Man*. By the Very Rev. T. Brady, P.P., (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.)

We are glad that the pious Pastor of Cootehill has at last been persuaded to place his name on the title-page of his book. He is the anonymous "Missionary Priest" who has for many years published the pious treatises entitled "How to escape Purgatory," "Shall we be saved," "Zeal for Souls," etc. They are all distinguished by great simplicity of style and a tender piety. The present little treatise is one of the most excellent of the series, and consists of thirteen chapters regarding the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The fine large type will be acceptable to the simple readers for whom Father Brady chiefly consults.

14. The Catholic Truth Society has sent us the second part of "Rome: a Lecture for use with the Magic Lantern." Even without the fifty-three slides which can be hired to illustrate it, the lecture

reads very pleasantly in the fine big type employed for the convenience of possible lecturers by gaslight and perhaps with spectacles. From the same Society we have also received an admirably printed and admirably bound "2nd revised edition" of Cobbett's "History of the Reformation," with notes and preface by Father Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B.—400 pages thus produced and the price only two shillings. Best of all, they promise us at once a new volume of Miss Frances Maitland's exquisite stories.

## WHEN THE MARCH WINDS BLOW.

THERE are many brooklets singing,  
 As they toss their foam-flakes free;  
 There are myriad grass-blades springing,  
 There are daisies on the lea;  
 And the glades are saffron yellow,  
 Where the daffodillies grow,  
 And the blackbird's voice is mellow  
 When the March winds blow.

Larks on outspread wings are waking  
 Lofty thoughts in many a breast,  
 And the throstle's glees are shaking  
 Bloom from cherry boughs new-drest.  
 There's a green mist on the hedges,  
 And the gleaming marsh flowers show  
 Through the rushes and the sedges  
 When the March winds blow.

Sparrows chatter, ravens wrangle  
 O'er each architectural plan,  
 And the swallow's tassels dangle  
 To the merry pipes of Pan;  
 And the cowslips without number  
 Fill the meads and hollows low,  
 And the violets wake from slumber  
 When the March winds blow.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

## THANKS.

THE few pages towards the end of last year's volume which were headed "Thanks, Promises, Requests" have borne meanwhile such abundant fruit that we feel constrained to devote a page or two to thanks, not minding for the present requests and promises.

In the whole life of our Divine Redeemer there is hardly any scene so touching as when He deigned to complain that only one of the ten lepers who were cured came back to give thanks. It is a sacred duty to thank every one whose heart resembles the Sacred Heart so far as to do us a kindness very kindly. Without pausing to discuss the difference between kindness and kindliness, it is plain that the same substantial act of kindness may (to use a big word with no very particular meaning in it) be marvellously differentiated by the manner, tone, time, and other circumstances that accompany it.

In his "Spiritual Conferences" Father Faber says many very beautiful things about Kindness, dividing his subject into kind thoughts, kind words, and kind deeds. Under which heading will come kind letters, of which the brilliant Oratorian says nothing special? The particular form of kindness that moves our gratitude most of all just now is kind letter-writing. Blessed are they who can write readily a kind letter. Some excellent persons deprive a gift of half its grace by the ungracious, or at least ungraceful, letter that introduces it. But on the other hand how much a renewed subscription is enhanced in value by being conveyed with words like these, especially when the writer is of social position, religion, circumstances, and traditions such as might seem to disentitle a periodical like ours to her slightest recognition, much more to such excessive kindness as the following.

\* \* \*

Here we had copied some amiable extracts from the letters of a titled lady and a policeman, of an Irish priest in England and an Irish priest at home; but on second thoughts it seems in better taste to cut them out and to represent them by that row of asterisks. However, the last of the four is so short and so reticent that it may safely be given. It only says:—"I enclose cheque for

my IRISH MONTHLY account. Hoping for pardon, I am yours faithfully," etc. Pardon for what? For having let his subscription run into arrears. And what sign of contrition has this good P.P. given, that nerves him with courage to hope for pardon? Merely a cheque which pays in advance till the year 1908. Now is not this a delightful specimen of the rhetorical figure *meiosis*, by which a thing is hyperbolically lessened, which tells some startling fact in a particularly quiet way that in reality emphasises it enormously?

Very many subscribers have always, and especially in these last days, shown great patience and great generosity; and even when from one cause or another arrears have accumulated, they have been discharged with a ready cordiality which inspires gratitude almost greater than the persevering kindness of the faithful friend who pays in advance year by year.

This paper is confined by its title to the expression of gratitude. But there are two kinds of gratitude, retrospective and prospective. The latter is said by an often quoted definition to be a keen sense of future favours. This meaning of "Thanks" enables us to add here some observations which, if they had stood alone, would have borne the title of "*Books that May Be*."

Our good, warm-hearted Goldsmith once complained that, whenever he wrote anything particularly fine, the world made a point of not knowing anything about it. A countryman of Goldsmith's is inclined, somewhat in the same spirit, to grumble goodhumouredly that many convents and other establishments that might be supposed to welcome such a publication have carefully ignored a certain collection of hymns to the Sacred Heart and other sacred songs by the present writer, set to music by four Catholic composers who are now all dead—Herr Schulthes, Mr. T. H. McDermott, Mr. John M. Glynn, and Mr. Hamilton Croft. The particular reason why this "*Lyra Cordis*"—for that is its name—is mentioned here apropos of "*Books that May Be*" is that it might still be one of them if a friend, hearing beforehand of its name and its probable contents, had not rashly sent a pound to pay for a score of copies before it had been sent to the press. *Books that May Be* very often fall into the more hopeless category of "*Books that might have been*;" and so it might have fared with the *Lyra Cordis* if that Portadown pound note had not made its publication a matter of common honesty, and thus earned a share in any good that may be done when children are taught to

sing (as innocent voices lately sang in a Convent School at Warrenpoint) "Omnia pro te Cor Jesu" and "A Message from the Sacred Heart."

Who knows if something similar may not befall some other 'Book that May Be?' One of these is "St. Joseph's Anthology;" but indeed it has advanced beyond the may-be stage of its existence—it is to be. I have for several years been gathering all the poems I could lay hands on, written in honour of the fosterfather of our Lord. Indeed many poets were expressly engaged for this theme, in these pages and elsewhere, with a view to the completion of "St. Joseph's Anthology." This very title was given to a series of papers on the subject in *The Messenger of St. Joseph*, a pious periodical (long dead) connected with Rockwell College in Tipperary; and the series was continued under the same name in the tenth volume of our own Magazine (1882).

Perhaps some readers will at the eleventh hour come into my vineyard with flowers that have been left ungleaned. And perhaps also they may emulate the eagerness of that fair denizen of the sturdy northern town honourably mentioned a moment ago. I cannot conjecture what the price will be—how far above or how far below a half-crown—but all subsidies, if any be forthcoming, will be treated with more than justice, in their own spirit of generosity.

"Saint Joseph's Anthology" will probably be followed pretty soon by another book in his honour, but this time in prose—Thoughts for St. Joseph's Day, Thoughts for St. Joseph's Month, Thoughts on St. Joseph's Patronage, Thoughts of Saints and holy men about Saint Joseph. This prose companion to "St. Joseph's Anthology" may perhaps be called—but the book is not yet far enough advanced to render this last a practical question.

We trust that the reception that will in due time be accorded to this instalment of "Books that May Be" will be so generous as to call very soon for another paper of "Thanks."

M. R.

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## THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

## I.

WHAT must we do to be happy? The thing is not hard. Much knowledge is not necessary for this, nor much talent, but only a real good will to do one's duty. Happiness, as far as it can exist here below, consists in peace, in the joy of a good conscience. Our conscience will be joyous and peaceful if it knows not remorse; it will not know remorse if we are careful not to offend God. To fly from sin is, therefore, the chief source of happiness on earth. If our conscience is pure, our life will be happy. There are none happier than saints, for there are none more innocent.

*Man's end on earth is to be happy. Jesus Christ has only come to give us the means of being happy. To place our happiness where we ought is the source of all good; to place it where we ought not is the source of all evil.—BOSSUET.*

## II.

"If I could do good around me," some one said, "I feel that 'I should be happy.'" Yes, to do good and to do it, not through ostentation or self-interest, but for the love of God, is an infallible secret for finding happiness. And it is so easy to do good around one's self. Here is some poor person whom you can help; an ignorant person whom you can instruct; some one in trouble whom you can cheer; an accident or a mistake that you can set right, a good advice that you can give, a service that you can render, and a thousand things of the sort which occur from morning till night. Remember those words of our Divine Redeemer: "Whoever shall give to drink to one of those little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, amen I say to you he shall not lose his reward."

*In the Christian sense, to know how to be happy is not to settle one's little life in such a way as to have the greatest possible enjoyment while not caring about anything. Such a faculty belongs to the selfish, and true virtue consists in being totally devoid of it. To be happy is to shake off unwholesome sadness and vain disquiet; it is to subdue the passions that tyrannise over us.—P. MARCHAL.*



### III.

What is it that secures happiness in a home? Before everything, religion: let all love well our good God, let all say their prayers morning and night, let all put their trust in Divine Providence. In the next place, union: let the members of the household be affectionate towards one another, forming only one heart and one soul, not saying or doing anything that can pain any one of them. Then again, the spirit of sacrifice: we must be ready to do without something in order to make another member of the family enjoy it, we must give up our own personal tastes to conform to the tastes of others. Finally, pliancy of character: not to be hard to deal with, touchy, sour, proud; not to be obstinately rooted in one's ideas, not to grow impatient about mere nothings, but to have a large mind and a generous heart. A family whose members possess these qualities is a paradise on earth.

Of hearts whom love doth fill,  
My God, what can the peace destroy?  
They seek in all Thy sovereign will  
Without self-love's alloy.  
In heaven, or in earth's exile still,  
Where is there bliss save in the tranquil joy  
Of hearts Thy love doth fill?

RACINE.

### IV.

Many men of literary taste, and many professional writers, have the practice of gathering the justest and most striking thoughts they meet with in the course of their reading; they thus form a repertory which grows richer day by day, and becomes in the end an invaluable treasure. Here is an excellent device which we ought to make use of in the spiritual life. We read the Gospel, the writings of the saints, certain ascetic works: let us faithfully note down the thoughts which make the most impression upon us, and even the personal reflections which these thoughts suggest to us. In a few years we shall possess a collection more precious than all our books of piety, and one which we shall read again and again with great profit, especially in moments of *ennui* and sadness. Each phrase of our little note-book will become like a ray of light to dissipate the darkness of our soul, or a drop of balm to calm our sorrows.

*If we but understood our happiness, we might almost say that we are happier than the saints in heaven. They live on their money, they can earn nothing more ; whilst as for us, we can increase our treasure at every moment.*—VEN. JOHN BAPTIST VIANNEY, CURE D'ARS.

## V.

In order to preserve peace of heart, we must accustom ourselves not to grow impatient or to complain in the midst of continual disturbance and contradictions of all sorts that we meet in certain situations. People make noise near you, they call you, they interrupt you ten or twenty times while you are engaged about something important ; it seems as if everybody made it a point to distract you. What can be more annoying than this ? Well, for the love of God, remain calm, and keep an unruffled demeanour. It is divine providence that permits all this ; receive with a good grace what it sends you, and you will yourself be astonished at soon finding yourself pretty happy in this racket which now is a torture to you. No doubt you will still very often have your feelings excited, and it will seem to you that your displeasure is just going to break out. But have courage, keep up a fair appearance, and this in itself is a great point. Force yourself to answer gently to those who interrupt you, to wait patiently for the end of a stupid conversation, and to have a smile and a kind word for everyone. And on His side our good God will smile upon your generous efforts.

*What sweet relaxation we should find in life if we knew, like the saints, how to repose in God ! They go to Him like children to their mother, and upon His bosom they rest, they pray, they weep. But we, earthly souls, we know only the earth, this poor earth, dark, dry, sad, like a dwelling that is under a curse.*—EUGENIE DE GUERIN.

## VI.

Here is another excellent precaution for always having peace and leaving others in peace : take everything in good part, the words spoken to us, the things done to us, all the proceedings of others that concern us. Unhappily we are rather, through the evil bent of our nature, disposed to judge wrongly the sayings and doings of our neighbour. We are quite too ready to believe that people have been wanting towards us, that they look down upon

us, that they have a spite against us. A look a little less pleasant than usual upon somebody's face is enough to make us set it down as indifference or coldness. Or else some one has lightly spoken a word that vexes; or an indiscreet friend reports some little thing said against us, to which we ought not to have given a second thought. Mountains are made out of all these nothings, and there you have a sincere friendship disturbed or even lost for a long time. Come then, let us keep the eye of our soul more simple and less keen-sighted for others' shortcomings; and we shall save ourselves from many miseries and many faults.

*Why should we be so eager for a banquet which will last only a few hours, and which for the most part will not give us much pleasure, so little eager to secure a place at the eternal banquet which will never end, and which will satisfy all our desires?—CAPTAIN MARCEAU.*

## VII.

Everything we read makes us better or worse, and, by a necessary consequence, increases or lessens our happiness. Be scrupulous in the choice of your books; often ask yourself what influence your reading exercises upon your conduct. If after having read such and such a work that pleases you—philosophy, history, fiction—or else such and such a review, or magazine, or newspaper in which you take delight—if you then find yourself more slothful about discharging your duties, more dry and cross towards your equals, harder towards your inferiors, with more disrelish for your state of life, more greedy for pleasures, enjoyments, honours, riches—do not hesitate about giving up such readings: they would poison your life and endanger your eternal happiness.

*It is with happiness as with watches: the simplest, the least complicated, are those that most seldom get out of order.—(H)AMFORD.*

## VIII.

Let us take heed of the habits, tastes, and even the little hobbies of those around us, in order not to cross them in anything, especially our superiors and our parents. There are a thousand minute details of manner and conduct, insignificant in themselves no doubt, but to which some, especially old people and nervous people, attach so much importance that a slight negligence

with regard to one of these little points puts them in bad humour for a whole day. There is question, for instance, of shutting a door, of making a little too much noise going up stairs, of being punctual to some appointment, of playing one game rather than another, of listening to a story that we have heard a hundred times before. A thoughtless or overbearing person will despise such petty matters as mere trifles, and, in despising them, will spoil all the comfort of some one perhaps to whom he owes gratitude and respect. A more pliant and more amiable Christian will for virtue's sake submit to what is required of him, and thus he will please God and make himself loved by his fellow creatures ; and he will himself enjoy that sweet satisfaction which charity secures for us when it is joined to humility.

*When from the sick-bed where I lie,  
Lord, on thy cross I see thee die,  
My pains have no more pain for me ;  
Thy sufferings, Lord, are all I see.  
This altar where I Thee adore  
Consoles me, and I weep no more ;  
Or if my heart still sigh and moan,  
'Tis for thy sorrows, Lord, alone.*

CHANTS RELIGIEUX.

### IX.

Many persons, when their thoughts go back to such or such an epoch of their lives, say to themselves : " Oh, I was happy then, and I am not happy to-day. Peace reigned in my heart, and now I am full of misery and disquiet." Let us not confine ourselves to such barren reflections as these ; let us seek out the cause of so sad a change. We are sure to find it in our infidelity to God's grace, in sin ; but, besides, we shall almost always notice that we have not fallen all at once into serious faults. No one becomes holy in a day, and on the other hand no one usually separates from God by a sudden rupture. This calamity comes to pass little by little. The spark becomes a slight flame, the slight flame becomes a fire, the fire swells into a conflagration. A somewhat dangerous reading, a prayer neglected, a fit of day dreaming that we have indulged in, a light, frivolous friendship that we have kept up : these are the little nothings that form the starting-point of such a ruinous course. Let us understand this important truth which experience every day confirms, and let us

make serious resolutions for the future,

*Without the Divine Eucharist there would be no happiness in this world, life would be insupportable. When we receive Holy Communion, we receive our happiness and our joy. Beside this beautiful sacrament, we are like one who is dying of thirst by the side of a river, though he has only to bend down his head and drink. Go then to Holy Communion, go to Jesus with love and confidence. Live on Him in order to live for Him. Oh, what a sweet life is this life of union with our good God! There are then no more pains, no more crosses. When pure souls have received their God, they feel a rapture in the depths of their hearts; and this union forms their strength and their happiness.*—THE CURE D'ARS.

## X.

There is no surer or easier means of maintaining an interior spirit, union with God, purity of conscience, and fervour—all of them, things which contribute greatly to make the soul happy—no surer or easier means than to make it a rule to raise one's heart towards Jesus and Mary every half hour. A glance towards heaven, an aspiration, an act of love, is enough. In making this act, in casting this glance, we are forced to enter into ourselves; and if anything troubles our peace of heart, or exposes us to fail in our duty we are immediately warned of it. Does not the sick man take, every half-hour or even every quarter of an hour, the medicine prescribed for him by the physician? Well, our poor soul is sick, and it needs at a fixed interval some moments of recollection, some short prayer to strengthen it again and to sustain it. Oh, what progress we should make in the ways of holiness and true happiness if we would adopt this practice!

*You have wished to join together in your conduct and for your enjoyment God and the world, and you have only succeeded in producing a medley or confusion which pleases neither, and which makes you unhappy. For God troubles and frightens you when you give yourself up to the world; and the world torments and worries you when you wish to place yourself in the presence of God*—ABBE BAUTAIN.

## XI.

“I could be very happy if a certain person would let me. Everything succeeds with me well enough; there is nothing that disquiets me for the future. But—(there always is a *but*)—but

my superior is so hard to please ! He finds nothing done properly. He wants one thing to-day, to-morrow the opposite. It is impossible to satisfy him. How then can one be happy ? ”

How indeed, my poor friend ? Here is the way. See God Himself in the person of your superior : God who to-day tries your patience because He wishes to crown it hereafter ; God who chastises you because He loves you ; God who makes you go through your purgatory in this world ; God who treats you as He treats his best friends in sending you humiliations and crosses. Is not your lot very happy ? And ought you not, like the Apostle, to rejoice in the midst of your tribulations ?

*If you see good Christians suffer much on earth, instead of being scandalized like persons of little faith, bless rather our good God for letting them now pay their small debts in small change, when he could justly exact hereafter large bank-bills, that run current only in the fires of Purgatory.*—MGR. DE SEGUR.

## XII.

Let us shut our eyes. Excellent advice when there is question of our daily relations with our kinsfolk and those around us. Someone passes near us without giving us the usual tokens of friendship : let us shut our eyes, to-morrow he will come back as affectionate as before. We are forgotten, or we get the worst part in any distribution of good things : let us shut our eyes, every one will be edified with our conduct and will make us compensation some other time.

People perhaps allow themselves to be guilty of some slight injustice towards us, or at least treat us with a want of delicacy : let us shut our eyes, it is quite enough that God has seen it all. If this rule were observed in families, we should not see so many brothers and sisters disunited for ever for reasons as frivolous as those that we have just enumerated.

*Never let temptations trouble you ; still more let them not discourage you. Even if they were still more violent and more horrible, it is God who permits them, and He permits them for our greater good. The greatest of temptations is to have none. It can almost be said that one is happy in having temptations : it is the time of the spiritual harvest when we store up for Heaven. In the harvest time people rise early, work hard, but never complain, because they are filling up their granaries*—THE VENERABLE CURE D'ARS.

## PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

The account of Ivrea in our present Number alludes to the manner in which Blessed Thaddeus Machar died there four hundred years ago. Since that article was given to the printers, there has come into our hands a little Italian picture, brightly coloured, which is entitled "B. Taddeo Machar, Vescovo Irlandese." It represents the Irish bishop with an aureole round his head and a pilgrim-staff in his hand, arriving at the door of the Hospice of Ivrea, while a little angel beside him carries his mitre and crozier. On the back of the picture is the following prayer, authorised for public use by Augustine, Bishop of Ivrea, in July, 1896.

"O Blessed Thaddeus, who, faithful to your vocation, after a life of persecutions and sufferings, at the last as a pilgrim-guest in this city, fled from earth to Heaven, leaving to us your mortal remains: we humbly beseech you that you would obtain for us from the eternal High Priest, Christ Jesus, the grace to be constant till death in the observance of the divine commandments and in the fulfilment of our duties, in order that our souls may one day be united to Jesus in Heaven, and that our bodies may rise with yours to glory everlasting in the final Resurrection. Amen."

To what different purposes did Southey and Longfellow turn the English hexameter, and with what different effect! *Evangeline* could never have been so innocent and idyllic in any other metre. Longfellow used the same metre with great success also in *The Courtship of Miles Standish* and in "Elizabeth," one of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. Here is another of his experiments in classic metre, which has the advantage of being complete in two lines:—

Let us be grateful to writers for what is left in the inkstand ;  
When to leave off is an art only attained by the few.

And here is another elegiac couplet:—

Wisely the Hebrews admit no Present Tense in their language ;  
While we are speaking the word, it is already the Past.

This last pentameter has been anticipated by Boileau :

Le moment où je parle est déjà loin de moi.

Let me show that I am an adept in the art of ending by confining

myself to one other sample of Longfellow's hexameters and pentameters :—

Great is the art of beginning, but greater the art is of ending ;  
Many a poem is marred by a superfluous verse.

\* \* \*

“ May God kindle in our hearts the fire of His love ! ” Some of us priests are hardly conscious of saying this beautiful prayer every day ; yet it is the last of the three blessings for the lessons of the Second Nocturn. *Ignem sui amoris accendat Deus in cordibus nostris.* For Jesus said : “ I have come to cast fire upon the earth, and what do I wish but that it be kindled ? ” Only hearts are capable of catching this fire. Hearts form the only fuel for this heavenly fire. Kindle it in mine, O God of my heart !

\* \* \*

Some persons lately were anxious to discover where St. Augustine's saying could be found, “ *Ama Deum et fac quod vis.* ” But how alight upon that little phrase in all the double columns of half a score of old folio volumes ? It was discovered at last in the eighth paragraph of the fourth chapter of St. Augustine's seventh treatise on the Epistles of St. John—in one of the best editions of the last century it occurs at page 257 of Tome 9. But the exact words are *Dilige, et quod vis fac.* “ Love, and do as thou pleasest. ” An energetic version of the scriptural text, “ Charity hath fulfilled the law. ”

\* \* \*

On the mortuary card of one who died on the 30th of September, 1895, these true words were written :

We loved her. She was good and pure,  
Unselfish, meek, and kind ;  
And now with God she'll help, be sure,  
The dear ones left behind.

How many holy, unselfish lives of that kind are going on all around us ! It is such lives that make God patient with His poor, sinful world—such lives, and those more fortunate lives which the first Sister of Mercy was fond of describing in these lines :

How glorious is their life's full plan,  
How sacred is their chaste abode !—  
Ne'er quitted but to solace man,  
Ne'er entered but to worship God.

Does this quatrain—which was not written by Mother Catherine Macaulay but by one of her first novices—do the last lines refer to the visit paid to the Blessed Sacrament by the Sisters after returning from the visitation of the sick ?



APRIL, 1897.

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FOR NANCE.

I.

“Y<sup>E</sup>’RE nothin’ but an culd sheela, an’ that’s what ye are !  
’Tis always ‘I can’t,’ an’ ‘I can’t’ wid ye.”

One foot of Bessie’s was planted on a flat stone, and, as she spoke, she stirred vigorously with the other the water in a pool which the out-going tide had failed to empty.

“Sure, what harm is it,” she went on, “to lave Nance at home for a while? We’d be no time goin’ to the back strand, an’ we’d get lots o’ cockles. There’s purty stones an’ shells there too, an’ we could gather some for Nance. Wisha, *do* come, Patsy !”

But Patsy only shook his head ; perhaps words were difficult to him at the moment, and he sighed as he looked at his little sister seated beside the pool, trying vainly with busy hands to seize the sturdy foot which stirred the water into miniature waves.

The scene was a wide, smooth strand on the southern Irish coast, with a background of sunlit rocks, and heights upon which were built a white village and some rather stately houses. On a slope bending towards the sea were the thatched cottages of some of the poor fisher-folk. The cliff there, opened and outstretched like two protecting arms, formed a little cove, where there was a roughly-built landing-place for fishing boats.

On the strand figures in twos and threes, or solitary, sauntered or sat, and children built castles of sand, or followed with bare feet the noisily receding waves, laughing and shouting merrily.

Bess and Patsy were tired of castle-building, and Nance seemed

content for the present to sit and dabble in the pool. Bess was a conspicuous figure in the group, with her gypsy-like face, to which excitement and exercise had lent rich, red tints. Her black hair grew thickly above her brow, and her black eyes, beneath long, silken lashes, glowed fiercely or softly as her mood was. The frock she wore had once been red, but was faded to what we now call "an art shade;" and an artist might have rejoiced to paint these children and their surroundings. The boy too was singularly handsome, his face fair and delicate in spite of the sun's brown touches, his hair a mass of golden curls, and his figure lithe and graceful. The child seated on the sand resembled him, but in her big, blue eyes there was no light of intelligence, and her lips hung vacantly apart. The ages of the children ranged from twelve to fifteen, Nance being the youngest, and Patsy a few months in advance of Bess; they were all poorly clad.

"Won't ye come, Patsy!" pleaded Bess again. "Sure ye can't be always stuck to Nance! Ye're not like a little boy at all, never playin' marbles or ball above in the village, an' many the day ye don't go to school on account of her."

Patsy's only response to this was to turn a pathetic glance in Nance's direction.

"Och! but ye think a dale of her, don't ye?" cried Bess with rising ire.

"An' why wouldn't I think of her, the poor little thing?" said Patsy. His voice was always gentle, but when he spoke of Nance there was a note of sadness in it. He put out his hand to the child, and she started to her feet. Grasping the hand in both her own, she held it tightly to her breast, bending her head over it and making believe to bite it. Then she stretched it out to arm's length and flung it away with a mischievous laugh, but only to seize it again. Still holding Patsy's hand, she leaned against his shoulder and looked over at Bess, laughing in the same mischievous way, as if she understood and enjoyed the other's discomfiture.

Bessie's eyes blazed; she drew her foot out of the pool and stamped it on the rock.

"I'll stay wid ye no longer," she cried passionately, "an', Patsy Connor, ye're nothin' but what I called ye, an ould sheela!"

She darted off as swiftly as a bird, her bare feet seeming scarcely to touch the sands and was soon out of sight.

Left to themselves, the brother and sister returned to their

play of castle-building. Patsy drew from the shelter of a rock, where he had placed it, a little cart which was a curiosity in its way. On a rusty pair of wheels, the discarded remains of a sand-cart which had served in much finer company, an old metal dish-cover was fastened upside down. This was rusty too, but there still remained a gleam, here and there, of the silver plating which once brilliantly covered it. There was a hole at one end, through which a string was tied, and when they had filled the cart with sand, Patsy took the string over his shoulder and drew to the heap which was the foundation of their castle.

This was a favourite and frequent pastime of theirs, but in the loading of the cart, Nance often hindered rather than helped. She would work busily for a while, and then operations would cease while she caught Patsy's hand, to hug or fling away. Sometimes she would break away from him and bound over the slippery rocks, where he would follow her in fear. But she scarcely ever fell, and when, having caught, he would lead her back to their castle, she usually wept piteously. Then the boy would wind his arms about her and speak softly and soothingly till she was comforted. It often happened, that a stranger, attracted by the pair, would stop to question them. Patsy answered all questions very modestly, but Nance would inspect the costume of the inquirer, stroking a sleeve perhaps, or plucking at ribbons or laces, till Patsy's brown hand would come protectingly between the dainty things and the destructive little fingers. At this, Nance would thrust his hand away, but only, as usual, to draw it to her again and hold it fondly—which was just what Patsy wanted. When the cart came under notice, and was the subject of comment, then, and only then, did Patsy become a very boy.

"I done it myself," he would cry proudly; and then he would empty the cart and turn it about to show how firmly it was fastened, and how freely the wheels could run.

"I have no other sister an' no brother, ma'am," he explained in answer to a question, "an' that's the *raison* I must be with Nance always."

The first shadows, betokening the decline of day, began to fall ere the children ceased their play. Patsy then emptied the cart, drew the string over his shoulder and took Nance by the hand. They walked slowly along the strand, halting many a time at some demand of hers, to which the boy responded with unwearying

patience. They turned into the little cove and mounted the jetty, the ascent from which would have been even slower, but that Patsy put his arm round Nance to urge her upward movement. The cottages which were built on both sides of this slope, had each a little garden rising at the back. Almost every garden showed ridges of potatoes in bloom, and in some, the potatoes had already been dug. These were a profitable produce for the poor occupants of the cottages, for the visitors who came to the place were ready purchasers, and paid good prices. Just then the fishing was slack, so that the sale of the potatoes was a matter of moment. Before one of the houses at the top of the road, Nance and Patsy stopped. The door was slightly ajar, but there was no sign of life about the place.

"Come on, Nance," cried Patsy, drawing her towards the door, but she held back stubbornly and began to cry.

"Do ye know what we're to get for our supper? Why then I'll tell you," went on Patsy, "sweet new piaties! Do you hear that? Mammie took a big basketful of 'em to sell to the visitors this mornin', an' she'll bring home butter, an' lots o' things, an' what a supper we'll have! Wisha! come on, Nance, till we dig the piaties an' light the fire, an' be ready to put 'em down the minute she comes in."

Nance's weeping ceased, and the two children stepped briskly into the house.

The fire was out; the boy had expected that, but what he had hoped against yet feared, what made the blood leave his cheeks and lips, and a feeling of sickness steal over him, was that from a bed in a corner of the room came a sound of snoring, and upon it his mother was flung, sleeping heavily, with flushed, swollen face, and wrapped still in the shawl she wore when starting on her errand. Too well he knew what it meant: too well he knew how the money had been spent, which should have served to provide for some of their many wants.

Nance began to whimper, and, sick at heart though he was, Patsy tried to cheer her.

"Wisha! don't be cryin', but come an' help me to make the fire. See, here's the kippins; they'll be blazin' this minute an' the turf 'll be red. I'll dig a few piaties an' we'll have 'em roasted before ye'd say trap-sticks."

When the fire was kindled, and the place made somewhat tidy,

Patsy took a spade from behind the door.

"Now, Nance," said he, "do you sit beside Mammie, an' don't stir till I dig the piaties, I won't be a minute."

Nance sat as she was bid, beside her mother, and looking at her. She missed something, poor child, for it was not always like this. The mother was industrious at times, and did most of the digging and planting in the garden, and, till she was seized by this thirst for drink, she kept the children and the house tidy, and she was always affectionate.

Nance looked steadily at her mother for a few seconds, then she caught her hand and pulled it impatiently.

"Mammie," she cried, "I want ye to be mindin' me."

There was no response.

"Mammie," she went on, "I want ye to be spakin' to me."

But the mother slept on heavily.

"Mammie, wake up, an' gi' me piaties, Nance is hungry, Nance is very hungry. Mammie, Mammie! Mammie!"

The child's voice rose to a shriek, which seemed to pierce the dull ears of the woman, for she lifted her heavy eyelids and looked into the eyes of her afflicted child, with eyes as devoid of reason. But the little one's cries had no meaning for her; the fumes of drink were still in her brain, and she imagined herself happy. With a low senseless laugh she closed her eyes and fell again into deep sleep.

Nance's cries brought Patsy quickly back to the house, he saw his mother's eyes and heard her laugh, and he turned with a shiver of repugnance and pain to the task of soothing Nance. When she was quiet, he washed the potatoes he had dug and put them among the hot turf to roast; and the children sat by the fire together, she holding one of his hands as usual, and he turning the potatoes from time to time with the other, and talking to her in a soft low voice.

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## II.

When Bess ran away from her companions as fast as her flying feet could carry her, she never paused till she reached a slip which opened into the road leading to the village. She was nearly breathless by the time, so she picked her steps slowly over the wet

stones of the slip. Her anger had died away, and almost the memory of the cause of it, but the desire to gather cockles at the back strand still strongly possessed her. When she reached the road, she found it almost deserted, though it was usually thronged, leading as it did to the railway station and bathing places. But she saw those for whom she was looking. Seated against the wall at a side of the road were two women, each with an empty basket before her. Bess hastened over and addressed them.

"Ye sowld all yere cockles, I'm thinkin'."

"We did then, thanks be to God," answered one of the women, "an' we could ha' sowld more if we had 'em. But here's my Peggy goin' to the back strand for 'em."

"Wisha, Peggy," cried Bess to the girl who was approaching, "will ye let me go with ye to gather the cockles?"

"Ah, then why not, ye craythur?" replied the girl, "come an' welcome, but sure ye haven't a basket or a ha'porth to bring 'em in."

"Here," cried one of the women, "take my ould apron; 'tis fine an' strong, an' ye can tie it up like a bag."

The two started at a brisk pace, and as they went, they did not seem to notice the beauty of the scene around them, though no doubt they were unconsciously touched by it. When they reached the back strand, they bent themselves busily to their task, with the result that they had each a heavy load to carry back. Peggy helped Bess to tie the cockles in the apron, and arranged the strings so that she could take the bundle on her shoulders.

"What made ye so keen for cockles to-day?" inquired Peggy as they trudged homeward.

"I was thinkin' I might sell 'em," replied Bess, "an' buy the tay an' sugar for me mother."

"Didn't ye begin to dig the piaties yet?"

"We didn't; me dadda says they're not fit for another while."

"'Tis a pity then, seein' the price that's gev for 'em. Patsy Connor's mother got tuppence ha'penny a pound for 'em to-day, an' she had a big basketful. But sure, 'tis little good it was to her an' she to come home stavvin'." \*

"Oh, God help us," cried Bess, "had she a sup taken?"

"She had then, an' no small sup either. 'Tis a shame for her,"

\* This is a Tipperary word for "stupid from drink."

went on Peggy indignantly, "an' them childer without a father. She have her little boy destroyed; not sendin' him to school, nor to learn a trade, but always mindin' that onshaugh of a girl."

"Me dadada says he'll take him to the fishin' when it'll begin again," said Bess.

"'Twill be the luck for the gossoon when it begins then," said Peggy. "The craythurs! I'm afeared they're widout a supper to-night."

The tide had been creeping back for some time, and now the advancing waves were foaming, and forming a white fringe round the circle of the bay. The sun was setting, and the sea, the sands, and the rocky headland which stretched far into the blue water, were bathed in a rosy light. Above, where the brilliant clouds had melted into the deep azure of the sky, a streak of a moon was glimmering, and some of those who were pacing the sands, took in the scene with delighted eyes and grateful hearts.

Bess little knew as she came thoughtfully along, what a picturesque figure hers was in her faded dress. Her slight form was bending a little, and her bare, brown feet stepped rather wearily. But the weariness gave a softened expression to her dark face, and a wistfulness to her eyes which were wonderfully appealing. Two pair of eyes gazed admiringly at her, and as she drew near them, two ladies stopped, and one said—

"Have you been gathering cockles, my little girl?"

"I have, ma'am," replied Bess, adding eagerly "might ye be wantin' some?"

"I think so," replied the lady smiling, "but I do not know how to manage; I cannot take them, you know."

"If ye tell me where ye're stoppin', I'll lave 'em there for ye, ma'am."

"That will just do," said the lady. She gave the necessary directions, dropping a silver coin into the little girl's hand as she did so.

"That was rather a rash transaction," said her friend as they turned away. "Do you really expect you will get the cockles?"

"I really do, and anyway, the sight of the child just then and there was worth the money."

"Oh! that may be, if you simply wanted to pay for the picture; but I am afraid you have only put temptation in the girl's way."

"I do not think so," replied the other. "I have found as a rule, that people, even some who are supposed to be but 'indifferent honest,' rise to the height of the trust placed in them. As for these simple-fisher folk, I have never found them dishonest at all. Indeed, their guilelessness has sometimes made me think of Our Lord having chosen fishermen for His Apostles."\*

The lady was right so far as Bess was concerned. She had not an idea of being dishonest.

"Ah! then, but ye're in luck, me girl," cried Peggy, as with feet that no longer lagged they hastened towards the town.

"A whole shillin'!" said Bess in awed amazement. "What a dale I can buy for that!"

When she had left the cookles at the house as directed, she tied those that remained in a tidy bundle which she slung on her arm, and hastened to the important task of making her purchases. The shop she went to was lit up by that time, and Bess looked with pride at the two small packets of tea, two larger packets of sugar, and two loaves lying on the counter beside her. The shop-woman took her shilling and handed her change! actually change! Bess exclaimed.

"Yes!" exclaimed the woman. "Threepence for tea, threepence for sugar, and fourpence for bread. Change, twopence."

"Then" said Bess, "I'll have two red herrings as well."

She sighed with satisfaction as she tucked up her skirt and gathered her treasures securely into it, and bidding the shop-woman "goodnight," she stepped into the street. She gave one

[\* This thought was suggested at the same time by a fishing village on the south coast of Ireland, and a fishing village on the northern coast. At least we suspect that the scene of our story is laid in a famous watering-place of Waterford; and, while correcting this proof sheet, we read in *The Derry Journal* of February, 19th, 1897, the following passage in the answer given by the Rev. John McEldowney, C.C., to the affectionate leave-taking of the good people of Malin, in County Donegal, when their Soggarth Aroon was transferred to another part of the diocese of Derry:—"We sometimes ask ourselves why it was Our Lord showed such predilection for the fishermen of Galilee, shared their perils and privations, and chose from amongst them His chief Apostles. An intimate acquaintance with the fishermen of Glengad and adjoining seaboard supplies the answer. Within their bosoms beat the warmest and kindest, the most loving and loyal hearts. They inherit as a birthright, and possess in an exceptional degree, simplicity and sincerity, faith and fortitude, piety and patience, marvellous endurance, and unstinted self-sacrifice—just the virtues that fitted their fellows of another age and different clime 'to be made the fishers of men.'"—Ed. *I. M.*]



keen glance ahead to see how she could best keep clear of hindrances, and then she started at a run for home. She had to leave the village and go about a quarter of a mile to reach the slope leading to the cove, where her father's cottage stood. She went in breathlessly to her mother who enquired anxiously what had kept her out so long. Bess detailed her experience of the afternoon, and proudly produced her packets.

"Them's for ourselves," said she, putting half of her store on the table, "an' the rest I'm takin' over to poor Nance an' Patsy. They're widout supper, I'm afeared."

"What nonsence!" exclaimed the mother. "We want 'em worse ourselves. Haven't they the praties? an' didn't I see Mrs. Connor carryin' a basketful to sell to the visitors this mornin'?"

"So ye did, mother, but I'm tould she came back reelin'."

"Oh! praises be to God!" cried the mother. "Why then if that's the way, them childer have little supper, an' ye'd better go across to them." But hurry back for yer own."

"Never fear, mother," said Bess. "Or maybe I'd stop an' ate a bit wid the two of them. And lest any objection should be made to that, she quickly disappeared.

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### III.

Bess had only to cross the road to reach Mrs. Connor's cabin; who lived there, because her late husband had been a fisherman. Pausing at the door a moment, Bess peeped through the key hole. Seeing the fire light, and hearing the murmur of voices, she softly lifted the latch and went in.

"God save ye," said Bess.

"God save ye kindly," replied Patsy, looking round.

Shadowy and dim the place looked by the firelight; shrinking and sad the children. Nance was leaning quietly against Patsy's knee, and they held between them a little statue of the Sacred Heart, purchased by the mother no doubt at the time of some mission or retreat. It seemed to have been copied from a good model, for there was strength with sweetness in the face, and dignity in the figure. In her worst moods, Nance could be attracted and softened by the statue, while Patsy, in his gentle

voice, would tell her, pointing to the bleeding Heart, all he had heard the priest say about the great love of Jesus for little children ; and when shown the pierced hands and feet, Nance's big eyes would often fill to overflowing with tears. But Patsy always held it firmly too, lest, impelled by some perverse impulse, she might dash it to the ground.

Bess stepped lightly to the hearth, and, kneeling, touched the feet of the statute with her lips.

"Put it away now, Patsy," said she, "till I show ye what I have in my skirt."

Nance might not have yielded so readily but for what was in the skirt, the bulk of which looked promising. Patsy put the statue carefully on a shelf, and sat down to see Bess unburden herself. First she drew out the loaf of white bread. Nance laughed at that. Then came the packet of sugar, the end of which she opened cautiously, to show the glistening contents. That packet was not put down till Nance's fingers had invaded it, and taken a big pinch. Then the tea, and then, oh ! then the herring ! Even Patsy's eyes gleamed when he beheld all these luxuries.

There was no time to be lost ; a tin kettle of water was placed on the fire, which Bess fanned into flames with the serviceable skirt. When the water boiled, the tea was thrown in, and the kettle left aside, while the herring was laid on the red embers to roast. Then Patsy brought to the fireside two tin pints with a little milk in each, and an old knife, with which he cut the bread and divided the herring. Then Bess became mistress of ceremonies. She filled the two pints with tea, and put in such a lot of sugar ! Nance got the softest bit of bread, and the biggest bit of herring, and she took such deep draughts of tea out of Patsy's pint as threatened to leave him without any. But Bess, looking at him with pleading eyes, would replenish his from her own. Then she told again her adventures of the afternoon ; and warmed by food and fire, they sat in the fitful light, happy children, in spite of the breathing burden which lay on the bed near. But when Bess was gone, Patsy looked at his mother with a kind of fear and repulsion, even though love was tugging at his heart-strings too. But the light on the hearth died out, and the hush of night fell on the little cabin where the children and the mother lay sleeping, forgetful alike of the sin and the sorrow.

## IV.

It was a fair summer's morning, too bright to be promising for fishermen, yet some of them were going out, for the morrow would be a fast day, and there were more visitors than usual in the little seaside village. It had not changed much in five years. The waters of the broad bay swept over the sands, grandly as of old. The headland, jutting into the sea, seemed to defy the waves that leaped and foamed up its rugged sides. Sea-birds were sailing through the air or floating on the water with unusual freedom, for the hour was early, and the shore almost deserted. Down at the cove the houses wore clean, whitewashed faces, and in the trim gardens the potatoes were beginning to blossom. Standing at the door of one of the cottages was a girl, whom, in spite of the lapse of five years, it was not hard to recognise; she did not belie her childhood's promise of beauty. Bess was looking out to the sea, and shading her eyes with a firm, brown hand. But the attitude was merely a habit, for when the hand fell to her side, the clear eyes showed that they could look at the sun without flinching. It was still a lovely face, and every line and curve of her figure showed strength and grace. Her dress was of woollen material, dark and coarse, but a bit of red ribbon at her throat, seemed to give the glow one remembered to her dusky cheek.

"Lookin' for the boats, Bess?" cried a voice from the opposite side.

She turned towards the speaker; her face softened, a smile unbent her firm lips, showing her white teeth, and a tender light came into her eyes, which she made no effort to overshadow.

"Aye! I was, Patsy," she said. "They'll be down this minute; an' I see ye're ready to start."

Patsy carried an oar on his shoulder, and, as he stepped into the road, Bess joined him. They walked down to the little slip where the fishing boats would put out, and where they could see the men pulling them down from the boat-house, which was built on a height to be safe from stormy tides.

Patsy had grown tall too, and his fair face still wore some of the boy's spiritual look, and the thoughtful earnest expression had deepened. But he seemed to have imbibed the sunshine of the morning, for his manner was almost gay.

"How did ye get away so quietly from Nance?" asked Bess.

"She was fast asleep," he answered. "Me mother needn't stir out of the house to-day, so she'll be all right."

"There's no fear at all of her," said Bess. "We'll all have an eye to her."

At the end of the slip Patsy put down the oar, saying as he looked smilingly up at Bess: "It isn't so long ago, since ye'd be mountin' it on two stones an' darin' us to jump over it after ye! or ye'd be down on the sands there, challengin' us to run a race."

"I'd do it this minute," she cried defiantly.

"Ye would! an' I wonder what the nuns would say, after all their trouble wi' ye; sure I may thank them too, only they taught ye, ye couldn't knit *this* for me." He touched his cap of Bessie's favourite red, which sat becomingly on his golden curls "I didn't thank ye much at the time, Bess, but sure ye knew."

"Bother!" and Bess tossed her head saucily. "Come," she cried. "Before they're down, I'll race ye to the rock yonder for the biggest mackerel ye'll bring home, against the scarf ye see me knittin' last night."

"Done!" said Patsy.

They jumped to the sands, where, as when they were children, they each put out the right foot, crying: "one, two, three and away!" then sped swiftly to a rock, distant a few yards, which they reached together. Bessie's hand touched it first and Patsy's came on hers, closing tightly over it. With hands still clasped they turned to meet the boats.

"Ye did that on purpose, Patsy," said Bess pouting a little. "Ye could aisy have touched the rock before me."

But Patsy only smiled, as he looked into her eyes. The look and the smile were rare as they were tender, and Bessie's heart thrilled with a joy which almost resembled pain.

She helped to push out the boat in which her father and Patsy were, and stood waving her hand till it turned into a creek and was out of sight, but as she mounted to the cottage she sang in a sweet, touching voice, untrained though it was—

"Though waves divide us and friends be chiding,  
In faith abiding, I'll still be true:  
And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean  
With deep devotion, that's what I'll do "

And the boat was not so far away but that Patsy heard her.

## V.

The tide was nigh the full, and the setting sun was illuminating sea and sky. Bess, lifting her eyes from the scarf she was knitting, looked at it all now and then, but more frequently at a tiny speck far out on the glittering water. She tried to calculate how far the water would have crept over the jetty before that boat came in. She was sitting on a rock with Nance, near the slip, but not too near the sea. Nance, grown stouter, but otherwise little changed, was engaged in her one unvarying occupation of stringing beads. Quite by accident she had taken to this employment some three years before, and it seemed a source of peace to her, as it certainly was of comfort to all concerned in her.

She had been playing on the shore one day, with Patsy's sand-cart, when a little girl joined her and seemed fain to help in filling the cart. But Nance's eyes became dazzled by a necklace of beads the child wore, and nothing would do for her, but the possession of it. There would have been a scene, but the girl's mother, who was near, came forward and unclasped the necklace from her neck and fastened it round Nance's. Nance was delighted, but it had to be taken off, and given into her hands, and all that day she would not let the pretty thing out of her grasp. But the next day, as she played with it, the string broke and the beads rolled over the cabin floor. There were loud cries of distress from Nance till the mother gathered them up, and with needle and thread, began to string them together again. Nance watched her quietly for a while and then cried impatiently, "Me! me! me!" and held out her hand for the needle and beads. Very awkward were the child's first efforts, but she sat contentedly, threading, or trying to thread the beads; and never since did she seem to tire of her self-imposed task. The supply of beads was kept up by Patsy and Bess, and even some of the neighbours spent some of their hardly-earned pennies on them; and visitors too who noticed and pitied the girl, would send or bring her boxes of them.

Bess was knitting busily, singing softly the while,

"So you were spared, I'd bless the morrow  
In want and sorrow, that left me you."

The boat was coming nearer, nearer; she could distinguish forms in it now. But Nance was getting restless, and to keep her quiet Bess said:

"See, Nance, whether you'll have all ye're beads strung, or I'll have this length of a scarf knitted first."

Nance laughed, and soon forgot everything but her beads, and Bess sat still too, with head bent over her work, but her eye on Nance.

She had got to the end of her strip, when a shout of "Here's the boat!" from some boys who had come on the scene, made her start. Nance started too, and her beads rolled over the rocks; but she did not heed them, for there, in a boat quite near, was Patsy! She leaped from rock to rock, as sure-footed as a goat, till she stood above the water with outstretched hands, crying "Patsy! Patsy!" In the boat, Patsy sat very still, smiling, and trying to to hold her with his eyes, while Bess came cautiously behind her. She was very near, in another second would have grasped her dress, when one of the boys exclaimed, "I'll hould her for ye," and he laid a rough hand on her arm. In an instant Nance had wrenched herself free, and with a frightened cry of "Patsy!" jumped off the rock. Down into the tumbling waves she fell, and almost as soon, Patsy was out of the boat and swimming towards her. He soon reached and caught her, but the tide was coming in strongly, and he apparently could not make his way back to the boat. The two figures sank and rose, and seemed swayed backward and forward, till they were grasped and drawn in by some men in another boat which had come near.

With white, scared face, Bess hastened to the jetty. The boat came in, and Nance was sitting in it crying, but Patsy lay at the bottom quite still; and so he lay in spite of all their efforts to rouse him. A priest and a doctor were quickly brought, who did all they could for him, but he never stirred.

An inquest was held later, and then he was brought and laid on his poor bed; in his mother's cabin. The still, pallid face was beautiful, in spite of a dark mark on the forehead which showed where he had struck against a rock. The golden hair, crisp and dry by that time, shone like an aureole above his brow. The mother hung over him, wailing and lamenting. "Ah! if he would but come back to her, never again would she cause him grief and trouble." Bess sat the night through with passionate grief-stricken eyes fixed on him, and Nance, by his side, hugged his hand as of old, or threw it impetuously away. At length, as if wondering at his silence, she looked steadily at him, then she

aughed as if she thought he was playing with her. But the silence was so long and so deep that she grew frightened, and called his name loudly and frequently. For almost the first time in her life she called him in vain, and Bess wrung her hands dumbly, as the poor creature became nearly frantic in her effort to make her brother hear. She was soothed at last by Bess, and when the dawn came in at which *she* shuddered, Nance was sleeping soundly. There was no sleep for Bess. She sat with her fixed gaze, and her thoughts, whirling as it were, in a painful circle.

"Patsy! an' that's all there is of Patsy. 'Tis him an' 'tis not him. O my God! what a pain there is in my heart; an' I was happy a while ago! Never was a girl so happy! But Patsy is gone from me, gone to the God that made him so kind an' so pitiful; but the pain in my heart will never, never lave me."

To the end she kept near him, and before the coffin lid was put on, she slipped the unfinished scarf under his head, and her lips were the last that touched his brow.

The night after the funeral Bess spent, only God knows how, with Patsy's mother and Nance. In the morning, when she had given them breakfast, and helped to make the place tidy, she got a needle and thread and beads for Nance.

"Now, Nance, ye'll stay here an' string them beads till I come back, won't ye?"

"Yes," said Nance. "An' when 'll we go to meet Patsy?"

"In good time, plaze God, alanna!"

Then Bess went to her mother's cabin, where she was forced to drink some tea and eat a little bread. When she turned to get her shawl again and a big basket, her mother asked testily,

"Where are ye off to now?"

"I'm goin' for cockles, mother; there's great sale for 'em these times."

"But ye needn't do it, me girl, yer father is earnin' enough to support ye."

"I must go, mother. *They* 'll want all I can earn for 'em over there; an', if I stayed within the walls of a house to-day, I'd stifle."

It seemed to Bess that the only place where she could breathe, was the lonely back strand, with its dreary expanse of sand and seaweed, and the long, monotonous line of sand hills. She felt

mutely what Burns has expressed in one of his songs, when he bids the merry mavis "give over for pity," and says of the sweet dew-wet violets and primroses—

"They pain my sad bosom, see sweetly they blow."

And the mother, seeing her mood, urged her no more.

Bess could have kept to the road, but she went down to the sands instead. She tried not to see or to think as she passed down the jetty, and she walked rapidly on till she came to the rock where Patsy and she had paused two mornings ago. There she stood still, her eyes on the spot where their hands had met. For a moment he seemed to stand beside her in all his young, manly beauty, and her heart thrilled once more at the remembrance of his tender gaze. But only for a moment; and then she looked wildly round at sea and shore. Never again, oh! never again would she look at them with happy eyes! The full sense of her loss and loneliness came upon her. She quivered from head to foot, and sinking on the sand, she placed her forehead against the stone, made sacred to her by the touch of Patsey's hand, and her whole frame shook with sobs. It was some time before a rush of tears brought relief, but then she grew calmer. She arose and wiped her tear-stained face with her apron, took her basket on her arm, and drew her shawl closely around her. As she turned to leave the spot, she lifted her clouded eyes heavenward, murmuring, "'Tis for Nance I'm goin', Patsy asthore! and 'twill always be for Nance."

JESSIE TULLOCH.

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## A PRAYER.

*Written during a severe illness.*

ONLY a little longer let me stay,  
 For much remains undone.  
 Of victories, planned at break of day,  
 Few, few are won.  
 And now life's ardent noon fades fast away.

Only a little longer. Night draws near  
 When none may labour more.  
 Deep in my soul the hush I hear  
 Of evening's hour,  
 And weary welcome the approaching power.

I do not fear to see the shadows grow,  
 To feel the darkness spread ;  
 To share their rest, who rest below,  
 The sacred dead,  
 Or to explore the mysteries they know.

Beyond the night, the eternal soul awakes  
 To other, brighter day.  
 Death is but sleep, that gently takes  
 Life's load away,  
 And fits our powers renewed new parts to play.

I know the force within can never cease,  
 That He from whom it came,  
 From earthly fetters can release  
 The imprisoned flame,  
 And, after trial, give his perfect peace—

That like white bird, whose tireless wings descend  
 From far beyond the sky,  
 Skim the dull earth, then backward bend  
 Their flight on high,  
 The soul to life stoops from eternity.

Yet would I leave, ere comes the final hour,  
 A worthier work behind—  
 Impress with print of keener power  
 The human mind—  
 A little longer labour for mankind.

ROBERT BLAKE.

## CAMBRIDGE TRAINING COLLEGE AND THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL.

**T**HE question of education is one that has interested me ever since I was emancipated from the schoolroom, and began to test by actual experience how the theories there imparted to me worked out in real life. It was when studying the latest developments in the methods of instruction that I came across some interesting facts as to the revival of Catholicity at Cambridge, which may be novel to the readers of *THE IRISH MONTHLY* as they were to me.

Only of late years have people come to see that knowing anything thoroughly, does not necessarily include the power to teach it efficiently. True, in every school this had long been discovered by practical demonstration. It was found that some masters and mistresses, possessed of a natural knack of teaching, achieved better results with a comparatively small stock of knowledge than others with a great store of learning. Though this was admitted on all sides, no one studied the reason. The body of teachers simply accepted the fact without analysing it, or inquiring into the means whereby one of their number succeeded where another failed.

The advance in this matter, as in so many which involve profound thought, came from Germany. Pestalozzi may be looked on as the father of systematised modern education. Froebel, again, by the introduction of "Kindergarten" entirely reformed the mode of training young children, who now-a-days, where the system is rightly practised—an important condition—learn as much, while amusing themselves, as they formerly did in double the time and with many tears. France, Sweden and Norway, Holland, and indeed, European countries generally, adopted the new methods before England, but the last-named is now trying to make up for lost time. She has found that the superior skill of other nations, as draughtsmen, their superior deftness with their fingers, the neatness of touch and love of order insensibly acquired in early life in a Kindergarten, resulted with maturity in a skill that threatened English commercial supremacy. This was a practical result of training that many had scoffed at as "faddy" or "foreign," a result that could be appreciated by the man in the street.

Naturally it was in the education of the people, the great working class, that a need for reform was first felt, but it did not take long to spread to those socially their superiors, who recognise the advantage of new methods over old. They soon esteemed it a hardship that, while the children of the artizan could be taught only by a trained man or woman who had learned something of pedagogy, and knew the best and quickest systems of imparting knowledge, the children of the fairly well-to-do were handed over to any incompetent person who chose to set up a school, and could persuade parents to send their little ones to it. This was more especially the case with girls, since the necessity for men earning their living at all times encouraged a more practical, a sounder and more thorough form of instruction, so far as boys were considered. I must not be taken as saying that in the past school-mistresses, as a class, were not excellent and well-meaning women, but the tendency of female training hitherto, as most grown up people can testify from experience, was to fit girls to live in any other world than that in which they actually found themselves.

The most ardent advocate of reform cannot contend that modern methods are absolutely perfect, or modern developments in any way final. Those interested only claim that they are paving the way to a better state of things, are bringing modern education into line with modern needs, that they are more elastic, more open to conviction, than their predecessors, and that, at any rate, they have done away with the terrible system of learning pages of dry facts by heart. The teaching profession is eminently conservative, and even in England, where such importance is attached, and rightly attached, to up-to-date and sound education, it is only by degrees that new methods are being adopted.

Early in the current year, through the kindness of Miss E. P. Hughes, Principal of the Training College for Teachers, I was invited down to Cambridge to see for myself the workings of the admirable institution over which she presides. As I whirled through the snow-clad country in the Midland Express from St. Pancras, my notion of what was before me was vague. Of Miss Hughes's educational ideals I had heard much, and knew her to be in the forefront of the great educational movement that has done so much to develop and improve the women of England; but as to her methods I could only speculate.

Meantime, as the white fields and powdered hedgerows sped

past, the bare trees silhouetted in dark brown against the dazzling background, every branch, every twig distinct as if drawn in Indian ink, it was easy to imagine oneself in Canada, far away from the *Sturm und Drang* of London life. A sense of relaxation came over me, of freedom from toil, of carelessness as to past, present, or future, that in itself was novel and refreshing, so that an hour and a half passed like a dream; and almost before I knew, I was in a shaky hansom rattling towards my destination.

The Training College proved to be a large building of red brick, with bay windows, and having made my way through the snow to the entrance, I asked for Miss Hughes. Miss Hughes at the moment was conducting a class, so when I had been shown to the pleasant little room assigned to me, where a bright fire soon thawed my frozen fingers, and enabled me to remove my hat, I was led through spacious corridors, hung with delightful engravings and photographs from paintings by the Old Masters—Miss Hughes's taste evidently favouring the early Italian Schools—to a darkened apartment which I afterwards learned was the gymnasium. At first I could see nothing beyond the little space lighted by the open door, and as it closed, stood stock-still till I heard a pleasant voice of welcome, and was given a chair, with the whispered information that one of the most interesting courses of instruction for teachers was in progress. Soon my eyes got accustomed to the gloom, and I saw that I was in a long building, evidently of iron lined with pitch pine, gymnastic apparatus being stowed away in the corners, and ropes hung up to the ceilings. Desks and chairs were drawn into the centre of the room, and at them were seated some twenty girls and young women. In front of this group was a magic lantern, and on the end wall hung a sheet. There were two fireplaces, and by one Miss Hughes was seated to criticise her pupils. Each girl came forward when called, and from a heap of lantern slides selected any three preferred. Amongst those picked out were views of Pompeii, the well-known "Wine Shop" and "Bakery" amongst them; of Venice, showing St. Mark's, The Rialto, and The Doge's Palace; of the Pyramids and the Sphinx; views in Devonshire, &c.

Provided with their subject, the students in turn mounted the low platform, and as the pictures were thrown on the screen by the good offices of two students told off to attend to the lantern, addressed an imaginary class of children, pointing out all that

was noteworthy in each. St. Mark's was described, the blaze of colour on its front, the celebrated lions, its interior, when built and by whom, with a fulness of detail that I cannot reproduce here. Then came the Doge's Palace, its history, its paintings, how one end was built in a different style from the rest to admit of more light on the painted ceiling, and so on. Then the Pyramids had their turn. The student premised her remarks by saying she imagined herself addressing a mathematical class, and consequently confined herself chiefly to the mathematical peculiarities of these singular structures. She pointed out that they are built on exact mathematical principles, that the angle formed by the passage leading to the three chambers in The Great Pyramid is a right angle, and finally something, that to me, at least, was quite new, namely that each side of the Great Pyramid was the arc of a circle, the whole showing profound mathematical knowledge on the part of its constructors. It was as interesting as travelling, and decidedly less expensive.

Meantime Miss Hughes listened, and at the conclusion of each little address gently criticised the speaker's method or her manner. If, for instance, the student dealt with a side of her subject not likely to be suitable to pupils of the age or kind she had supposed to constitute her audience, this was pointed out to her. If, again, she spoke indistinctly or too fast, or at too great length, or too briefly, or with her back to her hearers, or held herself ungracefully, or made errors in her statements, these defects were mentioned, and she was encouraged to improve in such respects. "Certainly," thought I, "the new methods make far greater demands on the teacher than the old, but then how infinitely better they are for the pupil! What child would fail to be interested in a geography lesson by magic lantern?" When I remembered the lists of names I had had to get by heart in my time—towns, the rivers they stood on, their population and what they were famous for, terrible, dry lists that I forgot within a week, and that gave me no more idea of the places, no more living information about them, than a directory—I could not help thinking it would be very pleasant to go to school over again and study in modern fashion.

This ended, Miss Hughes brought me to hear the new students being broken in to this method, which, as may be imagined, presents terrors to the inexperienced. The late comers were

assembled in a large, lightsome lecture-hall, having a large portrait of Miss Hughes over the mantle-piece, and pale green walls, hung with photographs, including one of Miss Clough of Newnham and Mrs. Sidgwick, as well as copies of fine Italian paintings. These walls were prepared as blackboards to a certain height all round the room, so that no matter where the student might stand, she could illustrate a proposition, if necessary, on the nearest wall with a bit of chalk. At the top of the apartment was a low dais, and a chair, to which the girls were called in turn. Each selected the topic on which she was to be questioned, choosing, naturally, something she knew, or thought she knew. One named the making of cocoa-nut biscuits, another Marseilles, where she had lived, a third a town in Ireland; and very intelligent questions were asked by fellow students, with a view to getting all possible information on the subject. If she could not answer some particularly difficult query, she was expected to say, "I don't know, but will find out." When the girls have gained calmness and confidence, and have grown accustomed to the sound of their own voices, they pass on to the more difficult demonstration held in the gymnasium.

The exercise concluded, it was announced that the following week (the day was Saturday) one of the University Professors would lecture on a journey from London to Liverpool, showing lantern views of scenery by the way, and explaining geologically the reasons for the difference between one landscape and another. This sounded delightful, and I could but regret that I was not amongst those privileged to attend.

It would take too long to tell of all the routine of work that I followed. Of course the students are not children, but young women of at least eighteen years of age, a few of thirty and over, who must have graduated in some University, taken a certificate in the Higher Local Examinations, or otherwise proved their fitness for entering on an advanced and special course. Amongst the subjects taught students who are intended for the teaching profession is the Theory of Education, which forms the basis of a course of lectures given by the Lecturer appointed by the University, and is also studied with the Staff of the College.

School Hygiene comes next; it is an important branch of training, and when one considers how very little is known of it by the ordinary custodians of youth of both sexes, one cannot but

rejoice that it is allotted an important place on the programme. Teachers cannot too soon realize that good will does not take the place of exact knowledge. It has always rankled in my mind that a severe attack of Anæmia afflicting a near relative of my own, an attack that nearly cost her her life, and rendered her permanently delicate, was actually set down by her mistress to her having nibbled the ends of her pencils ! Anyone who knew something of hygiene, any mother, would have been aware that Anæmia is one of the commonest maladies amongst growing girls, easily cured at the beginning by good food, plenty of milk, iron, and cod-liver oil, with a little judicious idleness, and that nibbling pencils, or eating them entire, could no more cause it than it could cause the plague, though a morbid appetite is a not unfrequent symptom of Anæmia. The excessive pallor, faintness, consumptive appearance, noises in the head, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, &c., which accompany it, would show anyone with the most elementary knowledge of the subject exactly what was wrong, and how it should be set right. People who do not know these things, and do not care to learn them, should not, in my view, undertake the care of young girls, whose whole future life may be marred by ignorance or mistaken delicacy on the part of those placed over them.

Psychology, Logic and Ethics are so necessary to the understanding and moulding of character that they need no comment. The Art of Teaching is conveyed in Lectures given by the Principal and others. The students attend a course of lectures on this subject given by the Lecturer appointed by the University, and this instruction is supplemented by further instruction within the College. Elocution and Voice-production so useful to the teacher, Class Singing, Class Drawing and Calisthenics, besides practical work in no less than fourteen schools in or near Cambridge, complete a course that omits nothing likely to be of use to the future mistress of a High School.

To my mind, however, the most useful thing about the College is perhaps its tone. The girls impress one as being so alert, so wide-awake, so receptive, and this mental attitude very different from the crusty conservatism of the old time "School Marm," is due chiefly to Miss Hughes. Miss Hughes preaches enthusiasm and elasticity ; she likes her girls to have an intelligent interest in the world around them, and desires them to discuss great questions

with freedom, and a real desire for knowledge. The housing of the poor, Factory Legislation, the mental, moral, and social condition of the working classes, the latest scientific discoveries, the book of the moment and its tendencies, are all open to them. The Principal, indeed, encourages them to air their views freely, whether these happen to be right or wrong, for, as she truly says, unless you know what is in a girl's mind, you cannot correct false views. If you do not accustom her to think for herself, she will in after life take her colour from those she is thrown amongst, and if her associations are evil, to evil she will gravitate, while her goodness will depend on good surroundings rather than on principle and sound views. Now, as none can assure a girl, and especially a girl who intends to work for her living, that she shall remain all her life wrapped in moral cotton-wool and shut up in a bandbox, it is well that she should not enter on the world a bread-and-butter Miss, but develop her mind and all that is best in her by considering what she is taught and its bearing on life rather than simply accepting every theory without enquiry.

During my stay I had some deeply interesting conversations with Miss Hughes, and if I do not reproduce them verbatim, what I say here may be taken as representing her position with fair accuracy. I learned that the very foundation of her system of training teachers is the theory that the educationalist's first duty is to train boys and girls to be good and noble men and women, fitted to do their duty in the modern world—in a word, to be good citizens with all that the phrase includes. This, she contends, was too much lost sight of in the past, especially in so far as girls were concerned. Teachers aimed at petty immediate result, small school disciplines, rather than at building up character, to be tested under conditions widely different from life in an Academy for young ladies. It has frequently been remarked that it is by no means the children who are best at school who turn out best in life. On the contrary the ebullient spirits, the love of action, the restlessness, the love for what is interesting that often lead to punishment for fidgetting, or talking, or want of discipline, frequently betoken far more valuable mental and moral qualities than are displayed by the tame "good girl" who secures the prize for good conduct. The motto of the Training College deserves to be written up in letters of gold in every class room :

" We work not for school but for life ;  
We toil not for time but for Eternity."



The aims of a model Training College Miss Hughes declares to be fourfold. First, it must act as a sieve to keep out hopeless failures; second, it has to be a factory of good teachers; third, it must develop the right teacher spirit; and lastly it must give professional knowledge, for skill is essential as well as the right spirit, and can only be gained by practice.

Miss Hughes is a woman of profoundly religious spirit. She maintains that training without religion is not worth getting or giving. A question of mine as to whether there were any religious tests imposed on her pupils led her to speak on a subject that will be of primary interest to the readers of *THE IRISH MONTHLY*. She knew and had asked nothing as to my faith at the time, but having told me that the Training College was open to all, and that attendance at prayers was not compulsory, while desirable, she added, "we have also in connection with the College a Hostel for Roman Catholics—opened in September, 1894—where they can have their own religious teaching while following the usual course of secular studies." This caught my attention at once; I remembered having read something about this Hostel, though, with the indifference that Catholics not unfrequently show to their vital secular interests, I had let it slip my memory. Now, however, that it was again brought under my notice at close quarters, I expressed my desire to see it, and Miss Hughes told me she had already invited the Lady Superintendent, Miss Donelan, to meet me at dinner that evening. This was welcome news, so I went on to ask Miss Hughes what Catholic girls entered the Hostel for training. She replied that they were mostly Irish, as the Examinations of the Royal University of Ireland from First Arts upwards and the Intermediate Examinations were recognised as qualifying a student who had passed them for admission. I asked if she approved of the Intermediate, and she answered no, as her experience had shown that its tendency was to induce students and teachers to aim at results rather than at solid learning, and still less at culture, without which learning becomes unattractive and in a sense valueless. The fact of a girl or young man knowing a vast number of solid facts does not necessarily prove that he or she is "educated" in the true sense of the word, if these are undigested and the person's mind, manners, and judgment are unformed. In a poor country like Ireland, she remarked, that money results were additionally valuable and had an important bearing on the success

of a school, so that naturally an effort was made on all sides to pass as many pupils as possible. This she considers an evil.

Miss Hughes is a Welshwoman by birth, and, as a Celt, sympathises heartily with Ireland. Twenty-five years ago, she stated, Wales and Ireland were educationally on a level. The social and political conditions of the two countries were also in many ways identical. Both were Celtic to start with, both had a dominant state church that was not the church of the people, both showed an enormous amount of waste and undeveloped talent. To-day she finds that in educational matters Wales has shot ahead of Ireland. This she attributes to the fact that the revival of national feeling which took place in both countries was in Ireland absorbed in politics, while in Wales it took the direction of developing and encouraging Welsh education. This latter, she said, received far too little encouragement from the Welsh gentry and aristocracy. It was only when the Prince of Wales came to open the University of Wales that many of the nobility put in an appearance, so it has been a thoroughly democratic movement. Miss Hughes was amongst the first daughters of the Principality to aid in the cause of the higher education. She was created a member of the University Court of the University of Wales by Lord Rosebery for three years, and has now been re-appointed by the Duke of Devonshire for five more. She is also a member of the Welsh Central Board for Secondary Education, and has been for many years Governor of and Member of the Council of Aberystwyth College. She may therefore claim to speak with ample knowledge of her subject.

We spoke of convent education in Ireland, where some religious bodies have already secured teachers trained by Miss Hughes. "To keep girls good Catholics," said Miss Hughes, "nuns must be in touch with the outside world and the progress of modern education. The church that leads in education will necessarily lead in other matters. During the Middle Ages the Catholic Church was the great educational factor, and it depends on herself whether she will hold the same place to-day. It is necessarily more difficult for nuns to keep in touch with a constantly changing world than it is for seculars, but then they have earnestness, religious enthusiasm; and devotion to duty to inspire them, and these are priceless."

One of the reasons Miss Hughes gives for being anxious,

although herself a non-Catholic, that Catholics should take a foremost place in educational matters is, that the world is now divided educationally into two camps, those who believe in religious education, and those who do not. Because the Catholics have always been on the side of religious education, she as a firm believer in religious education, wants them to be on the topmost wave of educational progress, for then she knows that education will be safe.

Many other things Miss Hughes was good enough to tell me, for she recognised in me a sister Celt and one moreover keenly interested in the cause of Celtic education. I once heard Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc., a most patriotic Irishwoman, say that the Irishman needed a better education and more of it than the Englishman, for, in going through life, the Englishman when he did not know a thing was silent, while the more impulsive Irishman talked and talked nonsense. I myself heard a man begin a criticism on a lecture on art by admitting he knew nothing about art, and could not tell a good picture from a bad. Under similar circumstances no earthly power would get an Englishman to talk, for he would feel that in the slang phrase he would only "give himself away." We should never be too proud to learn from our enemies.

To dinner, as promised, came Miss Donelan, and I had the pleasure of sitting next to her. She proved to be a very charming and cultivated Irish lady, with the bright manner and the kind heart to be found amongst our countrywomen more frequently than elsewhere. On the subject of the Hostel and the good it could do in the cause of sound Catholic education, she was enthusiastic. Her great aim is the foundation of an independent Catholic Training College for Secondary Teachers, for while in England the teachers in Catholic primary schools must be certificated, children of the upper classes have no such security. This Catholic College she hopes to see established whenever it may be thought best for Catholic interests, and, if judged well, under the direction of a religious order; while she realises that it is a priceless boon to be given an apprenticeship for the work in Miss Hughes's College, so that when the time is ripe Catholics will be able at smaller cost and without risk of failure through inexperience to lay the foundations of an independent College.

Of course support is needed, and for this support Miss Donelan hopes, especially as the small guarantee sum of less than a hundred

pounds a year would insure success. I asked about the Catholic students at present in residence, and found that most of them were Irish. This led us to speak of the dear old land, and I enquired what special advantages such a course of training offered to Irish girl students, who through the excellent work done by the religious teaching orders at home had passed University and other examinations. Miss Donelan replied that such a course of professional training as is given offers wider experience and the advantage of a wholesome friction with other Catholic students not of our nationality, "giving and stealing good," and thus adding to native grace and quickness of wit a more cosmopolitan finish, besides taking back to Irish homes and Convents the most advanced teaching methods of the day.

This interested me, for I have always held that teachers should travel so as to know what is done in other lands. Moreover, I believe that such experience is most necessary for people who live on an island, like the Irish and English, as they are naturally cut off by their situation, and likely to judge everything by home conditions, which is unconsciously narrowing. Miss Hughes had told me that in pursuit of new methods and ideas she had visited France, Germany, Austria, and Hungary, the United States, Norway and Sweden, trying to take from each the best she saw. As an Irishwoman, I think it is particularly needful for our teachers to be brought in contact with people who have a different set of faults to our own. We, as a nation, are wanting in exactitude, neatness, punctuality, and a number of other disagreeable, but useful and progressive virtues which we stand a better chance of acquiring away from home and living amongst those to whom order is literally "Heaven's first law." Even if we had in Ireland, as I hope one day to see, a flourishing Training College for secondary teachers, I should always advise students to see as much of other countries as possible before settling down to teach.

Amongst the Catholic students under the immediate care of Miss Donelan is a young lady from Australia, who is preparing for educational work in a convent there by studying the newest methods of teaching in England. A former pupil now holds an appointment in connection with the Intermediate Examinations in Ireland. An application has recently been received for a certificated student to go as Mistress of a Catholic High School in Valparaiso. Indeed it seems possible to place a large number of

highly qualified candidates if they were forthcoming, and, in these hard times when women complain of the difficulty of getting work, that is surely hopeful. Nuns, I understood from Miss Donelan, are eligible as students, and that too while wearing the distinctive dress of their order. The only restriction placed on them is, that unlike the secular Catholic students, they cannot be allowed to teach in any but Catholic schools at Cambridge, as in the others, Protestant parents, while not objecting to lay teachers, would object to teachers whose very dress proclaimed them to be not only of a different faith, but members of a Religious Order. With this exception, which cannot be looked on as unfair, nuns have all the advantages offered to seculars by Miss Hughes. The Cambridge Catholic Schools suffice for the purpose of obtaining the certificate.

Next day I was invited to make the acquaintance of the Hostel which stands quite near the College. To the outside world it is known as No. 9 Queen Anne Terrace, Cambridge, a pretty and tasteful bay-windowed house, affording accommodation for ten students.

The Hostel I soon found, though to me perhaps the most interesting, was not the only evidence of Catholic activity at the University centre. I went to Mass on Sunday in the fine church built by the generosity of the late Mrs. Lyne-Stephens, the widow of a wealthy banker, a Frenchwoman who in her younger days had taken London by storm as a dancer.

The Rector of this Church, and the best known Catholic priest in Cambridge, is the popular Canon Scott, D.D., V.G., of the diocese of Northampton, who attends to the religious needs of the students under Miss Donelan's care. From him they receive that thorough grounding in Catholic doctrine so necessary in an age when the uninstructed, or but partially instructed, Catholic constantly meets with problems he or she is unable to solve, and may readily be defeated in argument for want of the requisite weapons. Canon Scott does not rest satisfied with imparting instruction. He endeavours in every way to make religion the guiding principle of the lives of those destined to "instruct others unto salvation," and stiff examination papers on various points of Church teaching and discipline form part of the course. Daily Mass is celebrated at an early hour to enable the students to be present before their work begins. In company with Miss Donelan

I visited the Canon, and was delighted with his genuine interest in and sympathy for Ireland, traits not always conspicuous in English Catholics, who sometimes feel themselves humiliated by the poverty and ignorance of the poor folks who populate the "Irish Quarter" of every large English town, and form the bulk of every Catholic congregation. The condition galls the English Catholic, who is, before all things, "respectable," and knowing nothing of Irish people other than the unfavourable specimens he sees, he often seems willing to credit anything alleged against them.

These poor peasants driven from their native land by bad social conditions, mostly having no handicraft and working as unskilled labourers, herded together in big cities with the dregs of the population, too often are exposed to lose their native virtues while adding foreign vices to their own improvidence and recklessness. For such Canon Scott has tender compassion. He knows how they feel, how great are their temptations, and pities while reproving them.

Still another interesting feature of Catholic Cambridge is the Society of Undergraduates formed years ago by Canon Scott, under the patronage of Blessed John Fisher. This society meets once a fortnight, when papers on various subjects are read and discussed.

Within the last half year have been founded Edmund House and Bennet House. Edmund House, a Hostel affiliated to the University, is intended for the use of ecclesiastical students. It is a spacious building of red brick, simple yet not uncomfortable, and containing a small chapel, plain and unadorned, offering the young men the advantage of daily mass, with the addition of a special service and lecture by Dom Cuthbert Butler, O.S.B. The Rev. E. Nolan, Chaplain to the Catholic Undergraduates, lives in the house. In Bennet House reside Benedictine Monks who come to Cambridge for purposes of study and research. They are admitted to the different Colleges of the University as advanced students ranking as graduates.

This recent and singular development of Catholicity at a University centre like Cambridge is startling. It cannot fail to have an important bearing on the future of Catholicity both in England and Ireland. Youths and girls alike are now for the first time enabled to avail themselves of all the advantages of modern

learning, of attending the University lectures, of standing in the van of educational progress, while safeguarded on every side from dangers to faith and morals. Of the advantages of the culture an ancient University with its manifold traditions alone can bestow, it is needless here to speak. Everyone recognises its charm. While, like all human institutions, it cannot claim to be faultless, while the captious critic may declare it tends to produce a certain type, to create a certain family likeness in those imbued with it which does not foster originality, for the average intelligent man or woman, not a born genius, it is admirable, supplying as nothing else can a high standard of attainment, and, in a commercial age, setting a value on things great and good of themselves and elevating to the mind, but incapable of estimation in pounds, shillings, and pence.

C. O'CONOR ECCLES.

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### THE TWO MARYS.

**T**HEY stand beneath the Cross : the one so good  
That angels bow her innocence before ;  
The other sorely stained and smirched o'er,  
Sin-blasted, wrecked, her fair sweet womanhood.  
Yet both, in love, embrace the blood-stained wood  
Whereon He hangs, the Lord whom both adore ;  
Their mingled tears as in one torrent pour,  
Magdalen's hand clasps Mary's 'neath the rood.  
How may this be ? How stand they side by side ?  
O world, behold, and marvel at the sight !  
Aye, mark betwixt their souls the difference wide  
As cold opposing heat, and darkness night.  
Yet doth the Cross alone the twain divide ?  
Nay, blessed Cross ! it doth the twain unite.

M. B.

## CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

## A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

## II.

SINCE the first article of this series was sent to the printer for our March Number, one of the most distinguished contributors to "Dublin Acrostics" died on the 3rd of February, 1897. The reader will be surprised to learn that I refer thus to the late Baron Fitzgerald. It was not his high legal fame, but his connection with the little book which I am interpreting and commentating, that has preserved the tribute paid to him by one whom a competent writer in *The Irish Times* calls "another great Irish jurist of at least equal repute." Two days after the death of Baron Fitzgerald, the Lord Chief Baron, Christopher Palles, opened the day's proceedings in the Court of Exchequer with the following words:—

"We cannot resume the business of the court without adverting to the distinguished man who, full of years and honours, passed away from us on Wednesday. The best traditions of the Irish Court of Exchequer are inseparably linked with the name of Francis Alexander Fitzgerald. He was appointed a baron of this court upwards of thirty-seven years since, and he continued to fill his high office for nearly a quarter of a century. It is not for me to enlarge on the conspicuous ability which he brought to the discharge of his duties, to the vast store of legal knowledge which he had made his own, to his unrivalled powers of reasoning, or to the lustre which his administration and interpretation of the law shed not only on this court, but on the entire Irish judiciary. These matters belong to the history of our law—I may say to the history of the country. They were known, too, and appreciated by each one who practised before him—they were recognised and admired by each of his colleagues on the bench. But I cannot avoid alluding to his kindness of disposition, which extended at once to the youngest practitioner at the bar, and to the most senior of his colleagues on the bench. There is no one who owes more than I do to this marked trait in his character. Appointed as I was to a position in this court, nominally above that held by Baron Fitzgerald, I



had the incalculable advantage of his unrivalled experience and assistance, of which he permitted me constantly and freely to avail myself. My intimate association with him early led me to the opinion which I have ever since retained, that he was a model type of the judicial character."

Both Baron Fitzgerald and his brother William, Bishop of Killaloe, contributed to "Dublin Acrostics." It may be mentioned here that a third brother, Edward, was received by the Rev. John Callan S. J. (whom many remember with reverence) into the Catholic Church a few years before his death and died a fervent Catholic.

Mr. Reeves has told us that, when they were collecting the best of their acrostics into a little volume, the Editors generally distinguished each acrostic by the initial of its author's surname. But in the case of the Baron and the Bishop their initial had already been assigned to an earlier contributor, the present Lord Justice Fitzgibbon. Bishop Fitzgerald is represented by E. (perhaps "Episcopus,") and the ex-Baron—who however did not retire from the Bench till long afterwards, in 1882—appears as I.H. Why? It would be hard or impossible to conjecture the reason, but I heard it from Judge O'Hagan and Mr. Robert Reeves: namely, that Baron Fitzgerald joined, as we have said, the little band of acrosticians at a late stage of their proceedings and that his first attempts were at once so successful that they dubbed him the Infant Hercules; and the initials of this whimsical title form his signature in "Dublin Acrostics."

Next month we shall give the solutions of Nos. 1 and 2 which we proposed last month. At present we may propose to our ingenious readers No. 3, of which the signature is "F," denoting another eminent judge, still living, whom we mentioned a moment ago.

No. 3.

I.

I slow and laborious,  
Triumphant and glorious,  
The same, ever-varying, trundle along,  
Now through a multitude,  
Now through a solitude,  
Theme of a Pæan, a Dirge, and a Song,

## II.

I fond and capricious,  
 Oft ugly and vicious,  
 Am loved by the worldling, the maiden, the sage :  
 Though praised by affection  
 As nearly perfection,  
 I stamp in a passion, or bark in a rage.

## III.

Mock warriors furious,  
 And tales of the curious  
 By coming to me are endowed with renown,  
 Both small dissipation,  
 And less information  
 Are brought upon me for the use of the town.

1. A fish out of water, of slander a name.
2. My fate is a cloud on a hero's fair fame.
3. The Rifleman's miss, but the Engineer's aim.

F.

The next that follows is Judge O'Hagan's famous "Jack and Jill" which we have before quoted and expounded. Our remaining sample this month may be one of the productions of the Infant Hercules. To find it we have to go on as far as No. 93 of the collection; for, like Dr. Russell of Maynooth, Baron Fitzgerald appears only in the additions made in the second edition. As No. 94 is also his and short, we give it.

## No. 93.

My first precedes a fall, yet who denies  
 A pardon to it is nor good nor wise.  
 It often makes my second, when in fume  
 The cleanly housewife sees her sullied room.  
 Combined my first and second form that style  
 Which Blanches love, and Warringtons revile.

1. In ladies' hands the tenderest ties I sever.
2. A lady once, the victor's prize for ever.
3. A lady once, and high, then low.
4. A sly half glance which I can ne'er forego.

I. H

## No. 94.

Divided, we still must be one,  
 And an article just in your sight,  
 Our union, division begun  
 Between man and his earliest delight.

1. Father of many a harmless jest.
2. Seek me when Phoebus sinks to rest.

I. H.

## THE GATE OF THE YEAR.

**H**ERE are my violets,  
 My daisy-drifts for you !  
 My birds singing triolets,  
 Songs old and new.  
 Mellow flutings from the lanes,  
 And rustlings in the wood ;  
 With rosy feet across the plains  
 I've stirred the solitude.

I've swept the shadows from the moon  
 And burnished every star ;  
 I've garlanded the trees with buds  
 From Flora's dainty car.  
 The laughing waters run to me  
 Adown the mountain side—  
 I flash from hill and valley-land  
 The glances of a bride.

The dawn comes up to meet me  
 With a youngling wind that blows  
 A pink flush to her golden heart,  
 A Dijon glory rose.  
 Among the firstlings of the year  
 I pick my sunny way ;  
 I kiss the daisies open-eyed,  
 And set the boughs a-way.

With asphodels for waiting-maids,  
 For lance, a lily spear,  
 I am forerunner of delight,  
 The darling of the year.  
 I breathe upon the hearts of men,  
 And lo ! they know not why,  
 A gladness springs from earth for them,  
 A glory from the sky.

I die in summer's leafy lap,  
 My head upon her knee,  
 'Mid breaths of rose and clematis,  
 And honey of the bee.  
 Yet here are my violets,  
 My daisy-drifts for you !  
 My birds singing triolets,  
 Songs old and new.

## THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT:

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

## CHAPTER VIII.

DOUBT.

THAT evening passed away like many that succeeded it during the soft summer time. Philip Moore came and went, but did not speak to the Madam, as Ethna had expected. Neither did he say anything very definite to her about their marriage. The girl's passionate heart became torn by conflicting feelings. Was he in earnest? she asked herself. Was he only amusing himself? Why did she let things go so far? If he were sincere, would he not speak at once to her mother, and put an end to this horrible secrecy? She would not permit it to go on; she would not listen to him any more; she would show him that she could do without him. All of which sensible intentions were kept until the next time he came, and one word of love, one look, cast the old glamour around her, and waked repentant thoughts for ever having doubted her king of men. She was too proud to ask him to speak to the Madam; she shrank from anything that would seem like a suggestion of marriage, and concealed all from her mother, lest that practical person's direct simplicity of mind would impel her to speak to him on the subject. The lovers, as is the wont of that tenderly-irritable *genus*, had a good many squabbles. Her state of mind rendered the girl susceptible of annoyance. He worried her, intentionally and unintentionally, and she worried herself and him. She often met him in Beltard. Sometimes, perhaps, she only saw him walking or talking to some of his aristocratic acquaintances whom she had not the remotest chance of knowing. It was not pleasant to see him escorting the Honourable Miss Falconer about town, her bright shawl hanging on his arm, and to see her, a pretty girl, too, playfully pulling it from him. Ethna's hot heart would sink, and she would mutter through her shut teeth, "Oh, what a fool I was!"

The young man not seldom criticised her circle of acquaintances in a somewhat depreciatory manner, half to "rile her," as he would confess afterwards, and to give expression to his thoughts.

"Rather nice little person, the priest's sister," he would say. "Bad style though."

"What are her defects?" answered Ethna. "She doesn't say 'begor,' does she?"

"No, not quite so bad, but she has several provincialisms that ruin her. *Sure*, for instance. 'Sure you won't be long.' She would be detected as a Milesian—a Paddyess—anywhere in the world."

"She doesn't want to hide the fact, I suppose," said Ethna, tossing her head, quite conscious that she made use of the vulgar word herself. "I can't see that Irish provincialisms are worse than French or English ones."

"But, my angel, well-bred people use no provincialisms. They speak good grammar."

"Well, you ought to stay among well-bred people. Then your ears won't be offended."

"My ears aren't offended, my fair cos. You can't retain that sensitiveness knocking about in the world. I take abstract views of people. I vet them as I do the four-footed creation. I mention Miss O'Malley's good points and bad points. You get enraged because I see the latter, 'at all, at all,' as Father Gleeson says."

"You had better begin to criticise the priesthood next," said Ethna.

"Well, and why not? I shall only repay them in kind. I dare say they have me arraigned as an unworthy son of the Church before this; have not got the organ of veneration well developed, I fear; it is all a humbug, Ethna."

"Everything seems to be a humbug with you," said Ethna.

"Not everything, darling"—he took her hand and drew her closer—"not everything, my sweet. Is love, fresh, ardent young love, a humbug?"

The anger would slip out of the girl's heart. She would give a sigh—half bliss, half pain, and only say:

"Ah, Philip, you have wrong thoughts."

In the autumn, the eldest son of the house of Moore, his bride, the lovely sister of his bride, and several others came to the Lodge. Ethna wandered within the limits of her own ground in a state

of vague unrest, listening to the distant cracks of the guns on the mountains; conjuring up before her the happy, careless gaiety of the party; and when she watched the harvest moon silvering the hills and listened to the monotonous corncrakes calling to each other in the bright silence of the night, she imagined scenes at the Lodge. Philip and the fair-haired girl standing at the window, walking up and down outside the door; sitting on the garden seat; he looking into the blue eyes of the English heiress; the heiress listening to his winning speeches as she had done, till the magic sweetness of his voice filled the chambers of her heart. Philip had not come to Mona since the party had arrived almost a week ago. Ethna got up every morning hopeful, and went to bed in despair; he would have come if he cared; would any amount of business, pleasure or people, keep her from him if she could go to him. He would have come if he cared.

There had been a question of calling on the bride. Ethna suggested that it ought to be done; it would seem otherwise as if they, the Mona Moores, had sunk too low to venture upon such a social ceremony.

"But, my dear, those Butlers are great people," said the Madam. "Likely Mrs. Moore wouldn't care in the least for our visit, and why should we put ourselves out to pay it?"

"It is only right we should assert ourselves," answered the girl. "It is no wonder they think us beneath them when we seem to accept such a position."

"My dear child, I suppose they trouble their heads as little about us as we trouble ours about them. You have a wrong way of looking at things. Why do you fancy those in a social grade above you reflect on you any more than we reflect on those below us? But we will pay the visit as you wish it, dear; who knows but they may be out?"

"If that's the way you look at it, mother, perhaps 'tis as well for us not to go at all."

"Oh, I do not mind going, love. However, let us wait till we see Philip; he will tell us if a visit be expected from us, and then we will go if you like."

Ethna, in her heart, did not like to pay the visit to those great people. She shrank sensitively from their possible criticisms on her manners, accent, dress, and general appearance. What would Philip's brother think of her? what impression would she

make on the proud Englishwoman, who was a born aristocrat ? she, who could not speak half-a-dozen words of French correctly, or play a long piece on the piano without breaking down ; and who knew as little of the fashionable world, in whose atmosphere the Moores and Butlers lived and moved and had their being, as she did of the parallax of a star. But why should she not hold her own among them ? She was a Moore, too, and if Philip were in earnest——

“ Yes, mother,” she said, “ we shall wait till we hear what Philip says.”

“ I suppose he will not be able to come this evening,” the Madam remarked, settling herself in her easy chair. “ What a good thing it would be if they made a double marriage of it ! Miss Butler has a large fortune, and Philip would want it.”

Ethna gasped. The Madam’s eyes were closed, so she did not see her very lips grow pale. She steadied her voice.

“ Do you think he would marry for money ? ” she said.

“ Men must, my dear, men of the world ; I don’t suppose he is an exception. There is nothing so necessary to men as money, and Philip is as likely to get it as his brother.”

There was a bright fire in the grate, for the mountain air was chill in the Autumn evenings. The Madam dozed placidly in her chair. Ethna sat on a low seat staring into the fire, her eyes were filled with unshed tears, which would have fallen had she closed them ; her face was pale and haggard ; her lips shut, wearing unmistakable signs of inward suffering. She sat motionless for some time, occasionally raising her hand, and with one finger quietly pressing the tears away. It was a moonless night, and the brilliant firelight expelled the lingering beams of the dying day. A low tap came to the window ; her heart leaped. She got up silently, and went out to open the door. Instead of coming in, her lover drew her outside.

“ What is the matter, Ethna ? I have been watching your face by the fire.” He passed his hand over it. “ Of what were you thinking ? ”

“ Of you,” she answered, simply.

“ And why did thoughts of me bring tears to your eyes ? ”

She made no answer, but tried to draw away from him.

“ No, I will not let you go.” He put his arm about her. “ You have not been very civil to me lately ; what is the reason ? Are you sorry ? ”

"Sorry for what?"

"For loving me, for being my own."

"No, no," she whispered.

"What is it, then?"

"Oh, Philip,"—she hid her face in his arm—"I sometimes think you do not care about me."

"Care for you, my girl? More than ever I cared for woman. I am all your own. Will you not be my wife, my darling wife?"

"I will," she replied, with a sob in her voice, a sob of relief and uttermost joy.

"Did you doubt me, my own love?" continued the young man, forgetting his financial difficulties, his love of liberty, his vague intentions of getting a good price for his handsome person, in the rush of emotion awakened by her sorrow and evident love for him.

"Ethna, dear, is the porch door open?" called out the Madam. "I feel a draught."

"Caused by me, Madam," answered Philip, as he hung up his hat in the hall. "It is fresh enough on the hills."

The Madam welcomed him cordially.

"So those fine people have not made you forget us, my dear," she said. "Ethna, isn't it time to light the lamp and make the tea?"

The girl took the lamp. "I must put oil in it," she remarked, and left the room.

"Of what is she thinking?" said the Madam, unsuspectingly. "I saw her filling it this morning."

After a little time Ethna returned with the lighted lamp, and sat at the table busying herself with the tea-things until the tea was fit to pour out.

The Madam introduced the subject of the visit to the Lodge. "I would go," she said, "if it were expected of me, but I am so unused to visiting strangers, that it seems quite an undertaking." Philip was aware that the Lodge ladies were perfectly indifferent to such a piece of attention. He knew that the Madam's old-fashioned bonnet, outside ear, and sober stepping farm horse, would draw forth satirical remarks from those who were on the watch for Irish peculiarities; but common politeness required him to say that "the visit ought to be paid," and the Madam decided that she would pay it.

Already Philip's relations with Ethna began to bear unpleasant



consequence. He winced at the idea of her and her mother affecting the risible proclivities of his sister-in-law and his sister-in-law's sister.

What had they to laugh at? Well, nothing very tangible. Some small external defects, the cut of a dress, the shape of a wrap, the arrangement of Ethna's back hair, an accent, an ignorance of opera bouffes and Ouida's novels. Ethna was a finer girl than Miss Butler, any man would say so, and a cleverer girl. The heiress never read more than the first page in the "*Idyls of the King*" but slumber sweet and soft fell upon her white eyelids. Ethna's ardent soul would be waked by a line or two, and she would long to be a holy nun herself, and weave a belt of her long brown hair to gird a maiden knight for his search after the true and pure.

Philip knew all this; knew that the girl he had asked to be his wife was physically and intellectually superior to the Lodge ladies; nevertheless, he felt uncomfortable and conscious that every one of his people, did they but know the state of affairs, would hardly believe he could make such a fool of himself. However, the thing was settled. Ethna sat beside him, with dark dewy eyes and crimson cheeks; he did not regret what he had done; he loved her more than he loved any woman yet; he would be faithful to her, and pay no attention to comments on his folly; she would wait for him until he could afford to marry; but when was that?

He had some private means, but not more than enabled him to keep pace with his brother officers; and, as for Ethna's fortune, for one in her line of life it was considerable, but it would hardly pay his debts. However, there was no use in dipping too deeply into the future; the present alone is ours, and that philosophy which finds most favour with the natural man advises him to enjoy it. There was a tender little scene that night at the porch door, short and sweet, for the Madam was awake this time, and alive to the consequences of prolonged currents of air.

Ethna watched her lover disappearing, and lifted her eyes to the holy heavens throbbing with great stars; doubt and mistrust had fled before the definite words "will not you be my wife?"—words that stood out glorified against the dark background of the best days. The dew lay heavy on the grass; the air was laden with the odour of furze; the corn-crake's hoarse note intensified the silence; there was the flash of a falling star.

"Ah! why did I not wish in time?" said Ethna. "I could not live without him now."

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## CHAPTER IX.

PHILIP AND MISS BUTLER COME TO LUNCHEON.

Next day a soft fog rested on the valleys and slowly crept up the side of the hills, as Ethna, with the hood of her red cloak drawn over her head, walked across the fields and sprang out on the road which led on to Mona. She swung a jug in her hand whose erewhile contents she had left in the cabin of a sick neighbour. She was singing the air of a song which Philip Moore admired, and so absorbed was she in her own happy thoughts that she did not hear the sound of horses' footsteps until they were close behind her. She stepped aside to let them pass, and on looking round perceived it was Philip Moore escorting a handsome girl, who sat her horse very gracefully. The young man reined in his steed, and said :

"Miss Moore, playing the sister of charity. I did not expect to meet you."

He was decidedly embarrassed. She noticed it, and the colour rushed into her cheeks in a wave of deeper crimson; he was ashamed of her. Though a cold hand seemed to clutch her heart, and a vivid consciousness of her shabby dress (she had spilled some of the contents of the jug down the front of it), her want of gloves, tie, or even a hat weighed her to the very earth, she bore herself bravely, and replied :

"Good morning, Mr. Moore. I was taking some arrowroot to little Mary Halpin; one forgets these are public roads from never meeting strangers on them."

Philip had alighted to shake hands.

"I suppose," he said, laughing, "I may venture to waive ceremony, and make you known to each other. Miss Moore, Miss Butler."

"Very happy, I am sure," answered Miss Butler, bowing low. "You are my sister's nearest neighbour here, Miss Moore."

"Yes. I believe so," replied Ethna. "Mamma is a very bad visitor; but she intended calling on Mrs. Moore."

"She will be very pleased. You live quite near here."

"Yes, quite near," replied Ethna, and then with a desperate conviction that she ought to ask them to call, she added, "quite near, just at the turn of the hill; you ought to come on and have luncheon."

"Oh, thanks so much," said Miss Butler. "What do you say, Philip?"

"I am bound to obey orders," he answered. "Lead me where you will."

"Then, we shall with pleasure. I shall get down and walk."

"No," said Ethna, "I mean to cross the fields, and I shall be at the door before you, however hard you ride."

"What a good-looking girl," remarked Miss Butler, as she and Philip rode on, "but such a guy."

"Is not her attire *en règle*?" said Philip. "We men look more to the steed than the trappings."

"I don't believe it," answered Miss Butler. "You don't miss it up here; you have no one to contrast Miss Moore with. If you had, you would recognise she was a guy. I ought not to be making remarks, though; I was told to observe the law of charity in Clare, and abstain from criticising one person to another, for that you were all related. She is a distant cousin of yours, is she not?"

"She is," replied Philip.

"How on earth does she kill time in such a forlorn region?" said the girl. "She doesn't milk the cows and wash butter, I dare say. Is not that the only thing to be done in the country? I suppose she occupies herself making outlandish dresses and trimming hats that would make one shudder."

"Many men have many minds, Bertha. I am sure the Madam, Mrs. Moore, would think it penal servitude to go through your mother's life of balls, dinners, operas; and just fancy the sensations of your respected parent if she had to spend a winter at the Lodge."

"She would be in a state of melancholy madness," answered the girl, laughing.

In a few moments they reached the gate, rode up the avenue, and alighted at the green door where a boy was waiting to take the horses. Philip opened the entrance, and Miss Butler stood surprised at the neatness and the amount of autumn bloom, sending

forth a mingled odour of myrtle, mignonette, geranium, and wall-flower.

Ethna stood at the porch to receive them. The young lady was enthusiastic in her approbation of the place, and rather annoyed Ethna by her evident surprise.

"Everything is in such order," said Miss Butler, "It is really wonderful."

"It would be more wonderful if it were not so," replied Ethna; "the place is not large."

The Madam welcomed them with old-fashioned courtesy, and expressed her pleasure at the absence of ceremony characterising the visit. She entertained her guests hospitably, and an hour passed away without its flight being unpleasantly perceptible.

Ethna saw her guests to the door and stood there while Philip assisted his companion to mount her horse. There was some delay in adjusting the stirrup; he laughingly finding fault with the length of her habit, she chiding his clumsiness. He shook hands with Ethna, vaulted into his saddle, and the pair rode away.

Ethna stood listening to their voices and laughter, which were borne back by the breeze, with jealousy gnawing at her heart.

That girl had everything that could attract him, beauty, wealth, rank; would he resist them for her, a poor mountain girl? He was pledged to her; but how often were such pledges broken! Pale and cold she returned to the house. It occurred to her to tell all to her mother; but the Madam called out as she entered:

"Take my word for it, that will be a marriage, Ethna; and she seems to be a nice, agreeable girl. I am glad the ice is broken, it is so disagreeable to have to visit utter strangers."

The Madam left the room to look after household affairs. Ethna told Nora to "run away, and not to tease," and sat in the window, watching the fog slowly gathering again, until the sky had become as gloomy as her thoughts.

The next evening Ethna sat again in the window, listening for a possible footstep. Little Nora ran up and down the long hall, a retriever pup hanging on to her dress. The Madam sat in her easy chair, slowly nodding her head, her hands crossed on the knitting in her lap. The ball had rolled to the ground, to the evident satisfaction of a kitten, who chased it under chairs and tables, tumbling over it and under it in an ecstasy of enjoyment. The bogwood flared up occasionally, giving a brighter glow to the comfortable room. The quiet was intolerable to the girl. It was

almost nine o'clock, and no quick step broke the stillness outside. "No one thinks of me, or cares for me," she said to herself. She stood up impetuously, walked to the fire, and poked it noisily.

"How on earth can you sleep, mamma?" she said, with a touch of bitterness in her voice.

"Was I asleep, dear?" replied the Madam, stooping for her ball, which happened to be near. "Ah! pussy, see what you have done. Here, Ethna, she has it entangled in the leg of the chair."

"That kitten is a nuisance," said Ethna, giving it a smart slap; "she sticks in everything."

"Well, my dear, it was yourself made a pet of her," answered the Madam.

"One must make a pet of something for company in this out-of-the-way place," said the girl with an impatient sigh.

The Madam looked up.

"Something has put you out, dear; what is it?"

"Oh! nothing, mother, only I feel ill-tempered and lonely now and then. I suppose everyone does except they are saints."

"These dark days have a depressing influence on some people. I have been remarking, my dear, that you are not looking so bright as usual lately. Would it not be pleasant for you to go to the Taylors for a week?"

"Perhaps I am growing faded," thought Ethna.

She was nearly twenty-two, four years older than Miss Butler.

"Am I beginning to look old, mamma?" she asked sadly.

"Old at one-and-twenty," replied the Madam. "Are you counting your age already, Ethna?"

"Time seems so long," said the girl.

The Madam was silent for a time and then continued.

"Have you heard lately from Vincent Talbot, dear?"

"I had papers as usual. Why do you ask?"

"Well, my dear, I suppose it is only a foolish fancy of mine, but it occurred to me lately that, perhaps, you had more than a friendly feeling for him."

"Indeed I had not," answered Ethna, quickly. "I like Vincent very much, but it would not break my heart if I never saw him again. What put such a thought into your head, mother?"

"I do not know, my dear; because you knew him best, and seemed to like him best, I suppose. You could have been well married if you liked, you know."

"I do not want to be married," said the girl.

"You have time enough, dear. I'm no advocate for early marriages. I like a girl to enjoy her girlhood, and not to bring the cares of the world on herself too soon."

"That's an idea married people have—that the young and the unmarried have nothing to trouble them," said Ethna. "It often provoked me to hear women saying, 'Oh, never marry. You don't know what a bother it is to have a house and children.' And I knowing right well they were never satisfied till they had them."

"A woman ought to thank God for having them," answered the Madam. "Still the Holy Book tells us such as marry shall have tribulations of the flesh."

"And the unmarried have tribulation of the spirit, perhaps," said Ethna. "I wonder which is the storm of married life or the stagnation of a single one to be preferred?"

"The happiness of each depends on the persons themselves, my dear. Where one is content, and does the best she can, she will find happiness."

"It would be a very tame sort of happiness," said the girl. "You are always forgetting, mother, that everyone is not as amiable as you are. You must make allowance for those who have a more ravenous appetite for the things of this world than you have."

"Those appetities must be checked, dear, if we wish to save our souls."

"Oh, I know that," said Ethna, wearily. "But I wonder how many do it? I sometimes think the good and bad mean those who have a large appetite and indulge it and those who have a small one and indulge it, too, but in a lesser degree."

"My dear Ethna, those are not Christian sentiments," answered the Madam, gravely. "When is Vincent to return?"

"I don't know. He is looking after some business in the Dublin office."

"I used to think Vincent was fond of you," said the Madam.

"He seemed to like me very well before he went to Dublin," replied Ethna. "I suppose when he got there, he contrasted me with others and found I would not do credit to his taste. So it was fortunate I had no weakness for him."

"I think you could bear to be contrasted with most girls," said the Madam.

Ethna gave a hard laugh.

"If I had a red head and a hump, mother, you would think the same way; parents never can judge fairly where their offspring is concerned. Because they are their's, they fancy they are finer than anyone else's children. But Vincent's giving me up as first favourite wouldn't surprise me. I should think no man would care for me very long."

"Why not, my dear?" said the Madam. "I am sure you would make an excellent wife for any man; you are prudent and sensible, he need not fear you would waste his substance."

"Oh, if that's all he looks to, mother, he could get a house-keeper, which would be a cheaper investment than a wife."

"But a man likes to marry and settle, my dear, 'tis only natural, and see his children growing up about him; and a woman needn't have a larger ambition than to make his home happy for him."

"Happy for him," echoed Ethna. "What slaves women are to men, to be sure! Dancing attendance on them, hiding everything that would disturb their tempers, thinking of the way they'll utter every word lest it give offence; 'tis sickening."

"My dear, there are disagreeable women, too, who nag and worry their husbands; don't take one-sided views. But what do you say to going in to the Taylors for a week?"

"I wouldn't like it at all at present," cried Ethna, horror-stricken at the idea of removing farther away from her lover. "There is nothing going on in town; it would be worse than home. Once I used to like home best of any place; I suppose because I was thought more of in it"

"Well, we must call at the Lodge," said the Madam. "I wish they took notice of you; they are all young people, and that is a nice agreeable girl."

"I don't want their notice," answered Ethna. "We can live without them, as we always did. They never noticed us, and are not going to begin now."

"Well, my dear, we did not come much in their way, and Philip has been very agreeable since he came."

"Very agreeable," said Ethna. "He came to us because he had no place else to go, I suppose; he has not come very much since his brother came."

"Very naturally," answered the Madam. "He is more

occupied, and very likely he has some idea already of that nice girl. Such a good thing for him."

Ethna stood up, and flung down the kitten which had clambered into her lap. Nora ran to the rescue, and, folding it carefully in her pinafore, leaving the small head out, sat on a stool and made the kitten and pup exchange kisses. At that moment the porch door opened, and Philip Moore entered.

*(To be continued).*

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#### MATER BONI CONSILII.

O MOTHER of Good Counsel sweet!  
Behold Thy children at Thy feet,  
Lead us to know and love Thy Son  
And serve Him until Heav'n be won.

O Mother of Good Counsel mild!  
Embraced by Thy thrice holy child,  
Help us to follow, day by day,  
And find with Thee the Light and Way.

O Mother of Good Counsel blest!  
Thy brow on Jesus' brow doth rest,  
Then, Mother! plead for us, we pray,  
And Jesus will not turn away.

O Mother of Good Counsel true!  
Wisdom Incarnate dwelt with you  
Who were that Virgin "full of grace,"  
That mystic White Rose of our race.

O Mother of Good Counsel dear!  
Remember us, poor pilgrims here,  
And welcome us, when life is o'er,  
To rest with Jesus evermore.

E. O'L.



## HYMN TO SPRING.

## I.

O EARTH, awake from thy slumbers !  
 She cometh to thee o'er the hills.  
 From the chambers of the south-wind,  
 From glad reaches of the sea.  
 She had breathed on brown mosses,  
 And lo ! a star shines there ;  
 She hath touched the gnarled branches—  
 They are pearled and gemmed with buds.  
 And where black boles strike deeply,  
 A coronal of purple flowers,  
 Shy, and sweet, and incense-breathing,  
 Leaps to the laugh of the south-wind,  
 Shakes the warm dew from their cheeks,  
 And sets birds and men dreaming  
 Of days gone by, and of childhood,  
 Shy, and sweet, and love-enchanted.  
 O earth, awake from thy slumbers !  
 Spring cometh to thee.

## II.

Hearken, O Earth ! to thy Psalmist,  
 Spring singeth to thee !  
 From the tawny throats of bird-minstrels,  
 Muffled and shielded from cold,  
 Lest one faintest chord should cypher,  
 Or one sweetest melody falter  
 In her psalms and wood-litanies—  
 From the gurgle and murmur of streamlets,  
 That spring into laughter and song  
 Through the broken shackles of ice-floes,  
 And the curved domes of the snows—  
 From the clapping of hands in the woodlands,  
 And the buds leaving o'er to each other  
 To whisper the glad gratulations,  
 Or echo the glad hallelujahs—  
 In symphonies soft and majestic,  
 In cadenced and resonant anthems,  
 And wild and unmeasured voluntaries.  
 Listen, O Earth ! to thy Psalmist :  
 Spring singeth to thee !

## III.

Arise, O Earth, for thy Priestess,  
Spring, cometh to thee!  
She hath put on the mitre of gladness,  
And her vestments are weighted with flowers,—  
God's golden embroidery.  
Where her sandalled feet touch the meadows,  
A print of gold and of saffron  
Lies beneath the grasses embedded.  
Crocus, and lily, and violet,  
The shy, sweet children of darkness,  
Peep through the brown, moist ridges,  
Careless, but living and breathing.  
The bells of the lilac tremble,  
And up from the steaming grasses,  
The hyacinth poureth his incense  
At the feet of his priestesses and queen.  
And she, with her solemn worship  
Of prayer, and of praise, and the burning  
Of perfumed woods, and the spices  
That breathe on the tremulous air,  
Grows strong, as her King in the heavens  
Widens the arch of his circuit,  
And pours the life from his bosom,  
Till the shy, meek maiden of springtime,  
The gentle Sibyl and psalmist,  
Waxes ruddy and brown in the sunshine,  
And from priestesses of birds and of streams,  
Grows to the stature of strength and of scorn,  
Dishevelled, and splashed with the blood of the  
    wine-press,—  
The flame-haired Moenad,  
The wild-eyed Bacchante,  
Of summer, and fruit, and song.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Pertransiit benefaciendo*. "He went about, doing good." This is the Gospel summary of the daily life of our Divine Redeemer. We must each try to copy Him in this, as in everything. *Fac secundum exemplar*. It is a blessed thing, a divine thing to do good.

To put good thoughts into the minds of others is to do good. The one who perhaps does this most effectively is the writer of a good book. The person who spreads the good book has a large share in this merit. To increase my chance of gaining this merit, I begin this month by mentioning again two very good books, one for priests, and one for nuns. The Rev. Dr. William Stang's "Pastoral Theology" (price six shillings) will help priests very much; and Mother Raphael Drane's "Daily Life of a Religious" (price eightpence) ought to be added to the poorest and most economical convent library.

2. *Saint Joseph's Anthology: Poems in Praise of the Foster-father*. Gathered from various sources, by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son).

When Miss Harriet Martineau died, *The Daily News* published a critical estimate of her life and writings which she herself had left ready for the purpose, and which rather erred on the side of severity. In *The Freeman's Journal* here in Dublin, Mr. Macnamara Cantwell, a noteworthy attorney, performed a similar feat of self-dissection. Still easier would it be for an author to criticise his own work with due severity. A good deal could be said in favour of having books reviewed by their writers. Are not these the most attentive readers thereof? Do they not know best the shortcomings of their work? Yet somehow authors are not allowed to be their own reviewers. Editors do not hold quite so close a relation to the books they edit, and the present reviewer has placed *St. Joseph's Anthology* first on his list this month although his own name appears on the title-page. It has at least the distinction of being the first of its kind in the English language, or, as far as we are aware, in any language. There have been collections of poems in honour of the Blessed Virgin, most complete of all Mr. Orby Shipley's *Carmina Mariana*; but her blessed spouse never before had a similar tribute paid to him. A great part of the volume before us is substantially original, composed directly or indirectly with a view to the present collection. Besides the Editor's numerous contributions, he can claim this special share in the beautiful poems which are

signed by Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland), Mr. T. W. Allies, Aubrey de Vere, the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, and a great many others. Among the transatlantic poets represented here are the Rev. Clarence Walworth, Eleanor Donnelly, John Boyle O'Reilly, Margaret Jordan, and Harriet Skidmore. Irish Convents—Dominican, Loretto and Presentation—have given their quota. Of course the two Oratorians, Father Faber and Father Caswall, have not been overlooked, and indeed very few of the Laureates of the Foster-father of our Divine Redeemer can have escaped the diligent search of the Editor of St. Joseph's Anthology. The type and paper and all the externals of the volume help to make it very pleasant to read.

3. *The Formation of Christendom.* By T. W. Allies (London: Burns and Oates).

This noble work reappears in a cheap edition of three five-shilling volumes, though we could desire nothing better as regards paper, printing and binding. A short letter of Cardinal Vaughan's is put first, which describes it as one of the noblest historical works that His Eminence has ever read. "We have nothing like it in the English language." This is the first time that we have noticed in any publication of Messrs. Burns and Oates an intimation that is usually given by Macmillan & Co., and perhaps some other publishers. "First Edition, 1865; Second Edition, 1894; Third Edition, 1897." It is a comfort to note that while thirty years were required to exhaust the first edition, the second has disappeared in three years. Solid learning and a lucid and dignified style have in these three volumes applied the true philosophy of history to the study of the Christian faith in its influence upon the Individual, upon Society, and upon Philosophy.

We may append to this brief notice of Mr. Allies' great work a correction of a mistake that we fell into last month with regard to Miss Mary H. Allies' recently published *Life of Pope Pius VII.* We find that it is quite distinct from the Biography which she contributed to the *Quarterly Series*.

4. The batch of books sent us this month by the Catholic Truth Society contains a prettily-bound and admirably printed volume of stories by the Rev. Langton George Vere, which he calls "*Father Outhbert's Curiosity Case.*" We should lately have said that there are a baker's dozen of stories, meaning thereby thirteen; but we have since been informed that there are only two in a baker's dozen. Father Vere has given us a very interesting and edifying volume, and, as is usual with the C. T. S., it is exceedingly cheap.

Another new publication of the same society is "*The Value of Life,*" by O. E. Burke, in the quaint narrow oblong form in which some readers nowadays delight. It consists of eleven chapters on

Life's ideal, its realities, its duties, its joys, its sorrows, its religion and its rest, the happiness of home-life and woman's sphere in life. The worth of the book is shown by its having deserved a beautiful preface from the pen of Aubrey de Vere. The author in the first page modestly describes it as rather a collection of favourite thoughts and quotations; but these quotations are delightfully fresh in themselves, and the observations that weave them together are worthy of their company.

But perhaps the most interesting of the recent publications of the Catholic Truth Society is "The Life and Death of James Earl of Derwentwater, A.D., 1689—1716," compiled by Father Charles Bowden of the Oratory. The narrative has been drawn up with very great care and skill and with manifest sympathy. Many a pretentious history has cost less of real labour than this sixpenny book which will make many feel almost as tenderly as Father Bowden himself feels towards his hero. Indeed, when the beautiful death of the young Earl has been followed to the end, the least Jacobite of readers would vastly prefer to change places now with the last Earl of Derwentwater, rather than with the First of the Georges.

No. 24 of the Catholic Library of Tales published by the same Society, gives for a penny two charming stories by Margaret Merriman and Joseph Carmichael, who are two of the most promising of our younger Catholic writers of fiction. Three other pennyworths are "Remember Me" (Daily Readings for Lent), "The Ember Days" by Dom Columba Edmonds, O.S.B., and "The Drunkard," a powerful sermon by Archbishop Ullathorne, dating back to the early Australian period of his most useful apostolic career.

5. M. H. Gill and Son: Dublin, have sent out a new illustrated issue of "The Walking Trees and Other Tales," by Rosa Mulholland, who on this title-page is associated only with her books for the young—"Hettie Gray," "The Little Flower-Seekers," "Puck and Blossom," "Five Little Farmers," "Four Little Mischiefs," etc. A delightful series this of children's Tales, and "The Walking Trees" volume is fully worthy even of such company. The new issue is in a very handsome form, and yet is very cheap.

6. *Style in Composition; Advice to Young Writers.* By William Poland, S.J., St. Louis University (St. Louis: Little and Becker).

This essay of twenty-five pages is evidently the result of much earnest thought and experience, and may very profitably be studied by young writers. Father Poland practises what he preaches: his style is as clear as crystal, his sentences are short and well knitted together, and his diction pure and simple. All this makes us wonder at one sentence, only one out of the whole. "The novice, having

forged a sentence which, he thinks, brands him as an author, will be afraid to disrupt it." Passing by "forged," surely "brand" is a very bad word here, and surely "disrupt" is a very bad word anywhere.

7. *Foundations of Faith.* From the German of L. von Hammerstein, S.J. (London: Burns and Oates).

This volume contains the first part only of a work which has been eminently successful in Germany. Dr. Gildea, in his excellent introduction to the present translation, expresses a hope that the two other parts which are devoted to the defence of Christianity and Catholicism respectively, may hereafter be given to the English-speaking public. Part I. demonstrates the existence of God. It was published in 1891, and the preface to the fourth edition is dated June, 1894. The work is cast in the form of a correspondence between a Theologian and certain earnest enquirers not belonging to the Catholic Church. The newest phases of Philosophy are familiar to the writer. His translator has done his very difficult task with great success; and through his excellent translation, Ludwig von Hammerstein will be able to answer the difficulties of many enquiring minds on both sides of the Atlantic.

8. We shall here mention together four small books issued by four different publishers. Messrs. Burns and Oates have published "The Blessed Sacrament, Our God: or Practical Thoughts on the Mystery of Love," by a Child of St. Teresa. This slim little oblong book consists of four chapters on Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, Benediction, etc. It is written in a very practical, fervent style, and with the very best intentions, though its tone is not suitable for all readers.

Mr. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London, is the publisher of a very devout little treatise "On the Sacred Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ and Love of Crosses," by Father Alexis Bulens, O.S.F.

The third little book costs only threepence though comprising two hundred pages. It is a new edition of "Ballads, Popular Poetry and Household Songs of Ireland" collected and arranged by Duncathail. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son).

It is a pity that a page or two have not been added to assign to Mr. Ralph Varian the merit of this exquisite collection, every page of which has been evidently chosen by an ardent lover of Ireland and her poetry, and chosen often in very out-of-the-way places.

The last of the four small books is published by the Benzigers of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago — "Popular Instructions to parents on the Bringing up of Children" by the Very Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.S.S.R., Provincial of the St. Louis province. Eighteen short chapters discuss in an interesting, practical way all the relations and duties of

parents to their children; and these are followed by a beautiful series of special prayers with regard to the various epochs of childhood and youth.

9. We have just commended an excellent threepenny book; but the most extraordinary threepenceworth that has perhaps ever crossed our path is the St. Patrick's Day Number of *The Weekly Freeman* of Dublin. It is said to be the largest newspaper ever printed in our metropolis; but indeed this Number is not a newspaper but a magazine. If this vast amount of matter were printed in the large and widely spaced type of a three-volume novel, how many volumes would it fill? But the quality surprises more than the quantity. Three of the most gifted of living Irishwomen are very favourably represented here. Miss Jane Barlow has seldom shown to better advantage her wonderful power of entering into the thoughts of our good country people, and reproducing the subtle niceties of their conversation than in "The Stay-at-Homes." The story is of the simplest kind, but how admirably she realises the feelings of the two or three people concerned, and how naturally she makes them talk! "A Mother of Emigrants," by Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland) is as exquisite in its style and in its simple pathos as anything that the author of "Marcella Grace" has given us. In a livelier strain, yet not without a quiet pathos of its own, is "The Flitting of the Old Folks" by Mrs. Blundell ("M. E. Francis"). Then come characteristic stories by Richard Dowling, Edwin Hamilton, Mrs. Kennard, Standish O'Grady, Victor Power, etc. The instalment of the serial, "A Million of Money," by Mr. M. McD. Bodkin, M.P., makes us quite curious as to the vicissitudes of fortune which the brilliant young Member will of course have to go through before marrying Dorothy. The attractions of this Patrick's Day Number are not confined to fiction. Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue contributes the opening chapters of "The Life and Writings of James Clarence Mangan," which gives the result of much patient research, and will of course reappear hereafter in substantive form. A further instalment is given of "My Life in Two Hemispheres" by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. There are articles also by Dr. Sigerson, Mr. Robert Donovan, Mr. J. F. Taylor, Q.C., and many others; and with other pieces of music we have a very pretty new song by Mr. F. A. Fahy, and a special article by Dr. Annie Patterson on "National Anthems." Besides these and many other special items, we have the ordinary constituents of a *Weekly Freeman*, not to speak of pictures and portraits by the dozen. We notice that the "Fireside Club," which for us is associated with the amiable memory of Rose Kavanagh, is still kept up with wonderful spirit and variety.

10. *A Short Life of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. for Popular Reading.* Translated from the Italian by Charles Dawson (Dublin: Eason and Son, Limited).

An accident has delayed our notice of this admirable little book, and the delay has given it time to attain already a very large circulation. It is worthy of this success. After a very interesting introduction from the pen of the Translator, we have a clear and vivid account of all the events in the career of Joachim Pecci, now Leo the Thirteenth, in nineteen divisions, many of them too short to be called chapters. There are eight excellent illustrations, and the printing and binding are faultless. When we add that the price is only a shilling, we trust that enough has been said to extend still more widely the circulation of this biography of our Holy Father. "God bless our Pope, the great, the good!"

11. So much taste and care, and indeed "fine art," have been expended on the production of the devotional leaflets and cards issued by Mr. C. Bull of Suffolk Street, Dublin, that they are almost entitled to rank as literature and to be noticed among "New Books." They are very artistically printed and designed, and the holy words chosen for this purpose refer to all the subjects dear to pious hearts. Writing on St. Joseph's Eve, March 18, we may specify a very direct and simple prayer to St. Joseph which has already become very popular and lies between the leaves of many prayerbooks and breviaries.

### THE GORSE.

**M**INE is no love like lily, frail as fair,  
 That woos soft suns, but, when the west wind sighs,  
 Shudders; no rose that droops when heart-mists rise;  
 No warmth that wanes when grief-clouds chill the air.  
 Nor is my love like pine or larch that dare  
 Storm-stroke or icy grip of north-sea skies.  
 These also fail: the summer pine-wood lies  
 Dark, silent, stern; the winter larch is bare.

But my love is the gorse, whose summer sheen  
 Lingers to cheer sad crags, whose heart-wealth fills  
 Bleak ways with fragrance, and bare wastes with gold,  
 Which still, when leaves, like dead hopes, o'er the wold  
 Flutter, or sobs of winter shake the hills,  
 Or tears of tempest blind the sun, is green.

K. R.



MAY, 1897.

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## COMPENSATION.

### A STORY.

IT was an August morning, the sky cloudless, though a haze towards the horizon gave promise of heat to come.

Father John Daly, wide-awake on head, his hands clasped behind his back, was making in sober leisure the round of his garden. These lettuces were going to seed, Mrs. Nelligan must have them for her pig; those marrowfats were running their ten-days-earlier-planted brethren hard. The Father shook his head. The nets might come from the cherries now. The raspberries? Well, given the prayed-for rain, there would be picking on them for many a day yet. The plums were a good crop—he must keep a look-out for those rascals, the wasps, this year; after all, nothing like the time-honoured remedy, a bottle of treacle and beer. Ah, here was the strawberry-bed at last, and surely there must be one or two. Father John retraced his steps to pick a cabbage-leaf, and then, first spreading his bandana on the ground, went down on his knees to hunt for the shy fruit.

"They will be a treat for her, poor soul," he said, as he got up and stretched his long back. "Poor soul, poor soul," he repeated to himself, as he stooped again to pick a Mrs. Sinkins pink or two, and a handful of mignonette.

The "poor soul" was one of his flock, Mary Macdonald "lying" at that moment at her brother's house half-way down the street.

It had been the day before that the Doctor had warned Mary's gude-sister, [sister-in-law], that his patient had had the best of his

skill, that, humanly speaking, she had but to "bide her time."

"It was ill news till cairry till her," Bell had told the co-religionists who had "gathered in" on receipt of the news,— "it was but ill news till cairry, an' Mary, pur body, never *over* quick at the uptak', but I *did my best*, an' wha can do mair? 'Mary, wumman,' says I, whaun I tuk her up her pheesic at twal', 'Mary, wumman, here's yer pheesic till ye, but I'm fearin' it'll do ye little gude.' "

A murmur of approval of this delicate means of conveying to the sick woman a hint of her approaching end came from the listeners.

"Gude or ill, gie's 't here," says she.

"Aye?" the company listened with breathless attention.

"*It'll no' help ye oot o' yer bed*," says I. "Mebbe no'" says she, an' oot wi' her han' t' seek a bit peppermint t' help wi' the taste o't oot o' her mouth. "There's times i' this world," says I, "whaun medecine coonts for naught but waste? 'Weel,' says she, 'I'll say this for mesel', I never grudgit my bawbee for the fu' o' a bottle yet,' an' till hear her, ye might ha'e thoct there wasna siccan a thing as yer latter en' on God Awlmichtie's airth."

At this point of the tale one of the listeners groaned.

"Weel," says I,—Bell went on—"I ha'e dune what I *cu'd* till prepare ye, as I hope in God's mairroy till be preparèd mesel'."

"An' what said she than?" a woman asked. The interest was unabated.

"What said she than? 'It's *that* yer aifter?' says she, an' peepit [peeped] up in my face as gleg [sharp] as ocht—'it's *that* yer aifter?' says she. 'What hiner 't ye till speak oot? We're a' boon t' be ca'ed gin oor 'oor's come.'"

"That was a'?" A shade of disappointment crept over one or two of the faces.

"Bide ye a bit," Mrs. Macdonald shook her head, "Pit yer han' in un'er the boulder," says she, "an' fin' the key, an' open the kist, an' luik till the left han'," she says, an' ye'll see whether I'm ready or no'."

"Aye," the company drew closer to the narrator, who now, so to say, had her audience well in hand.

"Weel," Mrs. Macdonald spoke slowly, thus whetting the curiosity of her guests, "weel, believe me or no', if she hadna her deed-olaites [dead-clothes] ready, as ye may say, till a body's

han'—a pair o' sheets, as gude as *new*, an' a night-sark [gown] an' a mutch [cap] wi' the frills o' them a' crimped, an', in the croon o' the mutch, a *chinnum* as stiff as a deal board."

Exclamations of astonishment and admiration came now from the listeners.

"Yer for a chinnum, (the linen band that supports the chin of the corpse), Mary?" says I. "They're tellin' me they're no' the fashion noo."

"They'll be fashion enoo for the mowdies [moles] onyway," says she, "an' I'm thinkin' that's a' the company I'll see." "Weel, it's as ye please," says I, "it would be a sin no' t' mak' use o' t', an' it there." "Aye," says she, "but ye'll fin' anither bit pairoel i' the croon o' the mutch," says she, "rax it t' me here, an' I'll mak' ye sensible whaut t' du wi't," says she, an' she oot wi' twa half-croons, "there's for my e'en," she says, "an' afterhin' for the first puir wife that comes walking the world [begging]," says she, "ye'll min' that?" she says—"an' here's what Hen'erson 'll be takin' for the coffin," she says; "There's nae ca' t' fash [trouble] wi' the hearse, I'm no' that big but yin or twa o' the lads 'll cairry me the length o' the chapel easy, an' there's for the drap for their trooble," she says. "An' here's for Peter Hurly for delvin' the grave, an' I'll no' ha'e it scrimped [wanting in size] min' that. An' here's for his Reverence for the gude o' fower masses for my sowl, an' ye'll tak heed he gies them oot on the Sabbath."

"My word, she's seen t' a'," a woman oried admiringly.

"Bide ye," Mrs. Macdonald went on with emphasis. "Noo," says she, "reach ower till the far en' o' the kist," an' if she hadna fower *wax* can'les dune up i' siller paper. "That's them," she says, "twa for my feet, an' twa for my heed, an' I'll lippen [trust] till yersel' for the saut."

"Heard onybody the like!" the woman who had spoken before said.

"Ye may weel say that," Mrs. Macdonald returned, "but bide ye a wee yet. Ye'll leave me my scapulars," she says, "an' ye'll tak' my beads, an' ye'll mak' them intill as bonnie an' m' as ye can (it was old Peggie McFadden, frae Tipperary, taught me that trick)," she says, "an' that'll be for the Vargin-mother," says she, "an' ye'll pit the cross o't i' my twa han's," she says, "it's mebbe, wha kens? the way the Lord 'll ken his ain at the last day."

A sound like a general sucking in of breath went round the company, "thae Hielan' [Highland] folk beat a'," the woman who had so often spoken said, and lifted up her hands.

"It was auld Maodonal' that was Hielan'," another emended.

"Weel, ye're yer faither's bairn, onyway," the first speaker returned, and a laugh went round.

"It'll no' be suddint-like?" a pale-faced woman asked, her hand on her heart.

"Na, na, it's a wastin', she'll ha'e her time." Mrs. Maodonald shook her head.

"She never was one that missit (her duties)," the pale-faced woman went on with a sigh: she had married a Protestant and had her difficulties.

"It's a' as yer broocht-up," Mrs. Maodonald replied, a shade of condescension in the tone. "Mony a time Jock (Jock was Mr. Maodonald), tells the weans o' his faither takin' the stick t' him ae Easter for no' gangin' forrard, an' him aughteen."

"Aye, Jamie Maodonal' was hard," the oldest woman of the company said.

"Hardness's kin'ness whiles," the pale-faced woman returned, and met with no reply, perhaps her hearers could not follow the thought.

It had not been till late in the evening that Bell, her house red-up, and her sister-in-law made comfortable for the night, had snatched a moment to run up to the Presbytery to give Father John the news.

His flock were proud of Father John Daly, and lost no occasion to speak of him as a "gran' scholar," but as yet they had not given him the affection they had given to his uncle, and predecessor, the Father Peter Daly, who had served a wide-spread mission for more than fifty years, and whose name is a household word among the Catholics of that part of Scotland to this day, but "*that kind was thin sown*," they did not hesitate to say, even to poor Father John himself.

Father Daly had been quick, full of decision, humour; Father John was slow, shy, afraid of his own judgment, and—for the life of him—could not have seen a joke. Father Daly had been a good hand at a scolding; Father John—in his sensitiveness—trembled before the culprit he was about to rebuke. Father Daly, a twinkle in his eye, had left his housekeeper and sacristan, Jean

Pagan, to follow her own sweet will; Father John, who was dyspeptic, was "full of his ways," and drove her, as she did not hesitate to complain many a time, "near aboot dement'd." Father Daly had grown potatoes and—weeds in the plot of ground at the back of the Presbytery and Church; Father John, in a few short years, had "made the wilderness to blossom like the rose," and turned the potatoe ground into a paradise.

Father Daly had looked into the world with clear blue eyes; Father John's eyes, mild and grey, were hidden behind his spectacles. Father Daly had been a good listener (a virtue attained by grace). Father John too possessed his soul in patience, but of a different sort, "gin he'd gie a body the worth o' a word," some irritated woman would complain, kicking against the Father's silence.

Well, the people were to grumble for a season, till they came to understand that God makes even his saints in different moulds.

He would see Mary next morning, Father John had told Bell, when her tale was told (but "it wudna ha'e been Faither Peter wud ha'e let a body oot o' his hoos withoot his word o' comfort," had been the complaint when she got home), and then he had gone to the chapel and spent a long half-hour before the altar, till it was time, indeed, to water the marrow-fats, say his Office, and go to bed, and that his Mass, next morning, should be for Mary, poor soul, was his last thought before he fell asleep.

Father John Daly knew Mary Macdonald as a respectable member of his congregation, regular to her duties, and coming with her confession better prepared than many of her less instructed neighbours did, "well taught in her youth," he had said to himself sometimes; she had a custom all her own too, of stopping to drop him a curtesy, as she passed before the confessional, on her way to say her penance before the altar. She dropped him her curtesy too when she met him on the street, though she had not hesitated to assure him, on one occasion, that he never would fill Father Peter's shoes. Mary might be Highland in blood, but she had adopted the Lowland bluntness of speech.

D. was no new mission, the folk were accustomed to the sight of a priest, and indeed, there had scarcely been a "grown person" in the place who had not looked on Father Peter Daly as a personal friend.

Father John had his acquaintances, and, if he had known it, even his admirers, and the people seeing him pass down the street, basket in hand, guessed at his errand, and were ready to sympathize. "She'll be missit, puir body," came from one, and "who wud ha'e luikit for Mary, puir body, t' gang sae sune, an's she sae yauld (hearty) for her years," from another, and, "ye'll say t' Mary, puir body, we were spierin after her," from a third.

As Father John passed the inn, the landlady came bustling down the whitened steps (she had her own reasons for being civil to Father John, reasons that may be told another day) and beckoned to him to stop, had he any notion of going as far as the Old Mines that afternoon? A man and gig would be going to fetch a "shooting-gentleman" from the Lochan-moss, and, if he cared for the lift, the lad should call for him at three.

The priest considered, then thanked her, it was an opportunity of seeing some of his folk who did not often get to Mass; but Mrs. McLellan had not finished, the "shooting-gentleman" had said in his note he would require a "snack" before catching the eight o'clock express: could Mr. Daly let her have a vegetable, and just a taste of a dessert?

Father John would do his best, and, indeed, was glad to do so; it was by the sale of his garden produce that he managed to buy a book or two in the course of the year.

"At three, then, sir," Mrs. McLellan's half-bow, half-courtesy, was made with the dignity that became the landlady of the Auchan Arms—and "at three, thank you," Father John returned in solemn fashion.

Mary, "puir body" was sitting up in bed, when, bending his long back, Father John followed her gude sister through the low door-way into her attic-room, and stood silent while Bell dusted, before offering him a chair. Everything was comfortable and scrupulously clean; the Macdonalds, for their station, were well-t'-do folk.

"She'll ha'e tellt ye?" was the old woman's greeting, pointing, as she spoke, to her sister-in-law. "Weel, gin we're spared, God's time comes for us a'."

Whether Father John agreed with this proposition or not, Bell saw no objection to it, as shown by her groan of acquiescence.

"I ha'e nae cause t' grum'le," the invalid went on, "I've aye had my bite, an' aye my sup, an' neither man nor bairn t' medled

wi' me a' the days o' my life, an' here I am at three-score year an' ten, wi' a gude bed un'ar my back, an' wi' them that doesna grudge till see t' me."

"You have no pain?" the priest asked.

"Nocht ails me but the sinkin'. Whiles I'm no' sure but I'm thro' the bed; it's a queer feelin' till them as kens it," the old woman shook her head.

"It's no' a gude sign," in her turn the gude sister shook hers.

"Weel, it's whaut I ha'e come t', an' I mun e'en submit," the invalid returned cheerfully.

"It was Faither Daly I aye luikit for till help me ower the stile," she went on, when her sister-in-law had gone.

Father John, who had been polishing his big glasses, was about to put them on, preparatory to apologising for not being his dead unole, when the old woman spoke again.

"Ye're a heap better wantin' the speeks, a body gets a chance o' seein' ye."

Father John laid his glasses on the table.

"Faither Daly never fashed hissel' wi' glaisses," with some asperity; then came the amendment, "whaun he had your years, onyway." Then came a sniff; "my word, but there's a fine smell."

Father John produced his basket. "Straeberries!" For a moment, the old face lighted up, the cracked lips quivered; then Mary pulled herself together again: "Faither Daly set an awfu' store by his petaties."

Even Father John's face relaxed with almost a smile. "They are nearly the last of the season," he apologised, and held out his bunch of pinks.

The old woman put out her hand eagerly, then she looked sharply up in his face. "I never tellt ye aboot my gilly-fluir [carnation]?" she asked.

The priest shook his head.

"A heap comes intill yer heed, whaun yer lying," Mary shook her head, "whiles it'll be what ye ha'e dune, an' afterhin', it'll be whaut ye haena dune, an' yin as bad as t' ither. But it was a bad job aboot the gilly-fluir."

"If it is a matter of conscience,"—Father John felt for his stole.

"It'll be a maitter o' fifty year syne," Father John's hand

came out of his pocket as the patient settled herself down to tell her tale. "Aye, it'll be a' that, fifty year an' mair syne Libby Patterson an' me had the washin' up at the big hoose, (Libby, ye ken, that leeves at the back o' the Crosskeys?) Weel, a' my life I ha'e set store by a fluir, an' mony a time whaun the day's wark was ower, I rin roon by the ass-pit [ash-pit], till pick oot what had ser'ed the drawing-rooms an' the lasses had flung oot. Weel, ae day, yin o' the gairden lads met me wi' my apron fu' in the avenue, an', "gin I were you," says he, an' pickit oot a bit o' a gilly-fluir, "I'd pit that in a pot, it's yin o' the new carnations," says he, "an' thoct a heap o', an' it oost a heap," he says.

"An' wi' that he makes me sensible hoo I mun pot it wi' earth-mowld an', mebbe, the half o' a nievefu' [handful] o' siller san' an' no' ower muckle watter, an' no' ower muckle sun, till it set itsel', as the sayin' is."

"Weel, Faither Daly was the very marrow [double] o' mysel' (the Lord forgie me for evenin' mesel' wi' the likes o' *him*!) but he thoct an awfu' heap o' a fluir *for the Chaipel*, for the Vargin ye ken, an' says I t' mesel, gin the gilly-fluir does weel, I'll ha'e it up till him for yin o' the Feasts."

Father John nodded.

"Weel, t' my min' t' see them grow, there's few things content ye like a gilly-fluir, simmer an' winter it's aye green, an' the bit prods [spikes] o't aye keeking oot as bauld as brass, an' the bit buds o't aye growin', growin', till ae fine mornin'—it's in the night the gilly-fluir does *his* wark, ye'll see, like the stroke o' a culavine [pencil] up the ae side, reed mebbe, or white mebbe, (like thae ye ha'e fetchit the day)"—Mary paid no attention to the priest's protest that Mrs. Sinkins was not a carnation "or pink whiles; weel, I kenna what they are noo-a-days, but in thae days the *pink* was coonted the hardest t' raise, an' min' was the vara moral [same] o' a cabbage rose."

Weel, Rab—that was the gairden lad—luikit in whiles till see hoo it was gettin' on, an' aye had the same word, it was growin' fine, an' gin the time, I wud see the fluir wud be as big as the half o' my neve [fist]. It wud be something oot o' the gait [common] for the Vargin, mony and mony was the time I tellt mesel' *that*, an' gin it had been a bairn o' my ain I cudna ha'e set mair store by my gilly-fluir, I can tell ye that.

"Yes," Father John said; from habit he had taken up his



glasses, and put them on unnoticed by the narrator.

"Ye'll ken the feel o' the smell o' a gilly-fluir? There's nocht like it till my min', hinny-sweet, as ye may say, (gin the hinny-bees had had their nose at a clove!) The smell o't gied through the room, aye, this vara room [in answer to a question from the priest], an' met ye at the vara stair-head.

"Well, it swalled an' it swalled [swelled] till Rabbie was fearin' it wad burst, an' fetscht a bit bask till tie it up, an' 'weel,' says my mither, 'whaun's the braw gilly-fluir gawin till chaipel!'

"'It'll no' be lang noo,' says I, an' me a' the time grudgin' the fluir, an' thinkin' a' the while till mesel' what wud the hoos' be wantin' it?

"Weel, till come t' the short an' the lang o' the story, as the sayin' is, I cudna, for the life o' me, say gude-day till my gilly-fluir, an' I up an' askit Rab (he was sib t' the gairdener's wife, an' I kent the gairdener wadna say him na), for a posy ae Saturday night, an' I awa up wi' 't t' the chaipel.

'She'll no' ken the difference,' says I t' mesel', an' it's far bra'er than the gilly-fluir.

"Weel"—a pause—"weel I keepit the gilly-fluir, *but no' t' my heart's content, I'd cheated the Vargin oot o' her fluir*; that was wi' me day an' nicht. 'What's ailin' ye?' my mither spiered mony a time, 'an' nocht ava,' says I; but my heart was lyin' in me as heavy as a pun' o' lead' an' ae day I up an' t' the chaipel, an' made a clean breest o' 't t' Faither Daly."

"Yes," Father John said.

"Weel, Faither Daly *wasna like some folk*, he oud gie ye a bit o' his min'."

"Yes," Father John said again, meekly.

"*An' he gied it me.*" Another pause, an' this time a long one, and two big tears were running down the old woman's cheeks, as Father John drew his chair a little closer to her side.

\* \* \*

It was late when Father John got home from his weary tramp from the mines. His Revelenta had been simmering for the last two hours by the fire, indeed had glued itself to the pot, but before sitting down to supper he—the promise of the fulfilment of long put off duties had made him happy—turned towards the chapel, to be waylaid by Mrs. Pagan, indignation depicted on her

face. "Bell Maedonald's bairn was here, an' for me t' pit *this* i' the chaipel!"

The "this" was Father John's strawberries neatly wreathed with the "gilly-fluirs," the pinks.

Father John's slow smile lighted up his face, as he took the basket and carried it into the chapel, to—could Mrs. Pagan believe her eyes?—lay it at Our Lady's feet.

Mary Maedonald's thin old face, feverish flush, parched lips, came back to the priest's mind. "It's no often the like o' us see the like o' *them*," she had said when, before leaving, he had pressed her to quenoh her thirst.

"*She* mebbe wud ken it was a kin' o' a mak' up for the gilly-fluir?" she appealed to him next day.

"She certainly will understand," the Father said.

"I wadna say Faither John's *far* ahint [behind] Faither Peter," Mary confided to her sister-in-law one day, "but it wudna du t' let him think it."

Father John remains unspoiled.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

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## ANGELS OF PITY.

*To the Little Sisters of the Assumption, Nursing Sisters of the Poor.*

**R**IGHT in the midst of the city,  
 Its smoke and its dirt and its din,  
 There's where the Angels of Pity  
 Fight Poverty, Sickness and Sin.  
 Come to the haunts of the lowly,  
 Come to the court-yard and lane,  
 To places unknown to you wholly—  
 Enter grim Poverty's fane.

Fear not to come, there will lead you  
 A guide who is kindly but true ;  
 Your world for a time will not need you,  
 Whilst visiting scenes strange and new.  
 Your world, the world of Fashion,  
 Knows little, or nothing at all,  
 Of scenes that will call for compassion,  
 Astonish, repel, or appal.

Hush ! here we'll knock, let us enter—  
 Lift up the latch of the door.  
 No one there? Ah yes, in the centre  
 A bundle of straw on the floor ;  
 On the straw a poor woman is lying,  
 Striving to warm—but in vain—  
 Her infants. Poor thing, she is dying  
 And writhing in agonized pain !

We leave this sad scene so unsightly,  
 Till Angels of Pity are there.  
 We return in an hour, and how brightly  
 The fire warms the chill winter air !  
 The children are clothéd and cleanly,  
 The mother is happy, resigned ;  
 In place of the straw heap unseemly,  
 A bed, and all comforts we find.

Come now and visit a death-bed,  
Saved, as he slipped on the brink  
Of Hell, at the end of a life led  
In wildness and gambling and drink.  
In vain did friends strive to dispose him  
For death and to wean him from sin ;  
Their efforts all failed to arouse him,  
Till Angels of Pity came in.

Resistless they worked reformation ;  
No word of reproach or of blame !  
Their gentle and kind ministration  
Fanned flickering Faith into flame.  
God's minister found that Faith glowing,  
His work was a labour of love,  
To aid the poor penitent going  
To God, and to Heaven above.

Here we have captured a sunbeam,  
E'en though it emphasise gloom  
It will cast o'er our journey a bright gleam—  
Yon cottage with flowers in bloom—  
Flowers, emblematic of sweetness,  
Of virtues and purity rare :  
Here in the home where reigns neatness  
You'll find all those priceless blooms there.

The Demon once seemed to hold sway there,  
And drunkenness, riot, and worse—  
Poverty took up her stay there,  
Unkempt and untidy, a curse.  
Whence came the light in the bleakness ?  
Whence came this fragrance so rare ?  
Whence came sobriety, meekness ?  
Ah ! Angels of Pity were there.

Before leaving Slumland consider  
How easy the Devil can win ;  
What odds are against any bidder  
But he who can pander to sin ;  
How crime, like a foul germ, engenders  
A progeny loathsome and strong—  
A plague which Society renders  
Nigh powerless to grapple with wrong.

God sends His Angels of Pity,  
The weak ones to conquer the strong—  
To save in the midst of the city  
The victims and victors of wrong :  
To snatch out the brand from the burning,  
To frighten the wolf from the fold—  
Like Midas their very touch turning  
The basest of metals to gold.

The human heart, that is God's gold mine,  
The Angels who work it well know  
How to bring down to depths there God's sunshine—  
His Grace, whence all best blessings flow.  
They gather together the outcast,  
The frail, the neglected, the youth,  
And teach all to hold ever steadfast  
'To duty, to honour, to truth.

And now ere farewell I have spoken,  
Before you leave Poverty's shrine,  
Remember and take back this token—  
'Tis God's word, no precept of mine.  
" Help thou my Angels of Pity !  
" Thou too by helping canst win  
" Souls for the Heavenly City,  
" Forgiveness for many a sin."

C. OWEN ELLIS.

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## NEARNESS TO GOD.

## A STUDY.

WHEN, in some far solitude, no distant hum of busy toil or restless pleasure is heard, when not the faintest echo of a voice is whispered by the breeze, when even such vague remembrances of human life as throb with subtle undulations through the country air have spent their last ripple, when all else is still, the soul must hearken to the sound within itself that ceaselessly utters in spiritual thought the truths it sees face to face alone with nature. As the chatter, bustle, din, and roar of cities pause, then fail, then die away in distance, the silence of time is filled with the words of eternity, the absence of art leaves room for the presence of nature, the willing or unwilling withdrawal from man wins or forces the mind into nearness with God.

Or, when, in the dark of the night, slumber will not come, and seriousness will not go, when the phantoms of our active hours, the pushing cares and the clashing interests and the giddy delights, have ceased to shout or laugh, have stopped in their whirl or dance, when all our toys are still and silent, staring at us with sightless doll eyes, and smiling at us with lifeless doll lips, when the truths that are from always to always frown upon us with eternal reproach or beckon to us with eternal warning, we cannot escape into foolishness, for we are held in the grasp of evident reality.

In the solitude and in the silence, thought travels freely up and down. It does not need to pass from point to point, but with one glance rests upon the moving clouds, then, with one flash sets its face against the mysterious bars of the unending blue above. It leaves the dim horizon far behind and is already within the infinite recesses of all the possibilities of space. In solitude and in silence thought searches for truth that it cannot find in the span of dying lives, in the circle of passing goods. It must go further forth to find what was before and what shall come hereafter.

When thought looks out above the world, beyond the Past, it wanders from fact to truth, from truth to fact, knowing that all

are false if there has been no First, that all were not, if there be not One Who Is. Then all the solitude is thronged with facts, and all the silence is eloquent with truths, for the Soul sees and hears the first and final Word of all: "In the beginning was the Word."

In the deep rest of such a thought, a great Latin Saint, Hilary, said: "What meaneth what is said 'In the beginning was the Word?' Human measurements of time are laid aside. The ages have been passed by. The Centuries have ceased to count. Mark any period that thou wilt as some fixed point from which to start. Make this the uttermost limit of thy thought. Thou hast not caught the faintest echo of the first Word that was. He *Is* beyond time. He was of Whom we speak. He was before all time, Who is the Word."

In like manner, Basil, one of the great Greek Saints whose lives are landmarks of Christianity, wrote: "Never can the subtlest thought escape from the final message of the Past; nor can the fastest fancy outstrip the infinite recedings of that beginning in which the Word was. For however much thy mind speeds back beyond what came before, it can find no outlet whereby to avoid the Word of whom it is ever true, 'He ever was.' Thus, however much thou strive to see what could have been beyond the word, yet thou canst never get behind that which in the beginning *was*."

The light of this truth has never failed to illumine the lofty intellects of the world. It is only the clever chatterers that are blinded by the dust of matter and deafened by the din of time. But the simple who can think alone, and the humble who can be silent, who are not drunk with pride or passion, behold with honest eyes the first teachings of nature; while the minds that, from the serene and quiet heights of contemplative wisdom, look the universe through and through, return, from scientific search or logical pursuit, to rest again in the thought of those very truths which the slow rustic finds in the furrow of his plough, or which the lonely shepherd learns as he tends his flock.

Thus the untaught child of toil, with the evidence of intuition, sees, in the ebb and flow of things and time, the changeless presence of the Eternal One. Thus the subtlest teacher of human thought, Aristotle, with the grasp of genius, gathered into one word the wisdom of the world, saying: "A beginning that had a

beginning cannot have been the first beginning of reality."

The thought of the eternal past, fathomless yet full, impenetrable yet plain, boundless yet unbroken, gathers from all its infinite horizons one simple yet unutterable consciousness that it is in the presence of God.

He Who Is, is everywhere. As His name is written in the record of all reality that has been, so upon His word awaits all reality that shall be. As all fact that has gone before stretches back to rest its very possibility upon a necessity that needs no beginning, so all that shall be hereafter real within the hollow future, leans upon a principle that can have no end. From both, from infinite past and from infinite future, follows an infinite Now. From eternity to eternity our Infinite God is near.

Not with a noise that agitates the air, but with a sound that shakes the soul, nature proclaims the Presence of God.

With an inundation of teaching, silent as the sunshine, yet as dazzlingly clear; with a deluge of truth, liquid as the ocean yet as bracingly strong, the great thought of the great Presence surrounds and envelops and brightens and upbears us. There is an eloquence in all His works more full than any words of men. There is an appeal in each one of His images more potent than any created charm. He is present in the blue heavens, but their splendours grow dim when we think of the beauty of His Face. He is present in the solid earth, but its strength seems to vanish from beneath our feet when we think of the Omnipotence of His Hand. He is present in the laughing waters, in the chorus of the cataract, in the hosannahs of the sea, in the sad songs of the pine-woods, and in the rapturous melodies of the birds; but all these sounds grow still and all their harmonies fail when we listen to the accents of His voice. He is present in the majesty of the mountain and in the fertility of the plain, in the changefulness of the seasons and in the steadfastness of the stars; but all their greatness droops and disappears when we realise that the King is here. He is present in the exquisite colours of the orchid, in the lowlier charms of the violet, in the transcendent purity of the lily, in the tender loveliness of the rose, in the noblest grace of living form, in the incarnate fairness of breathing feature, in the worshipful excellence of character, and in the most loveable devotedness of a heart; but all this beauty pales and withers when we truly know that God is near. It is not that these things are not



admirable and good, but they are such poor tokens, such feeble types, such dull images of what He is, that when they come before us as the outward signs of His reality, as the material raiment of His royalty, as the earth-made veil of His perfection, as the nearing shadow of His approach, we can no longer look upon His semblance nor love his likeness when we see the very glory of Himself. He is around us in all things; He is within us in all thought; He is above us in all greatness; He is within us in all worth; He is beneath us in all support; He is within us in all virtue; He is about us in all true happiness; He is within us in all right love. He is in us. Nay, rather, we are in Him. In Him we have our being; for we are in His hand. In Him we move; for we are in His thought. In Him we live; for we are in His love.

Touched by this great truth the poet-prophet of the great heart sang: "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy face? If I ascend into heaven, Thou art there; if I descend into hell, Thou art present. If I take my wings early in the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there also shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. And I said: 'Perhaps darkness shall cover me, and night shall be my light in my pleasures.' But darkness shall not be dark to thee, and night shall be as light as the day; the darkness thereof and the light thereof are alike to Thee. I will praise Thee, for thou art fearfully magnified. . . I rose up and am still with Thee." (Ps. 138.)

Yet why should we fly from Him? He is our Father. There is a likeness in our race, not chiselled in marble form of flowing line or stately curve nor coloured to reflect the hue or tone of mere material feature, but wrought into the very essence of our spiritual powers, and lit in the very brightness of our thought, and kindled in the very burning of our love by the touch and warmth of the breathing life of God. His is the image stamped within our souls. His is the ideal mirrored in our mind. His is the type that works within our will.

However fallen from our high heritage, however maimed by foolishness, deformed by fault, crippled by misuse of knowledge, or paralyzed by misuse of will, we bear within us still the tokens of our lineage, the marks of our destiny, the character of our nobility, so that, before creation, we are ever, even though we

should be castaways, known to be the children of our Father-God. Hence in our guilt His anger frowns upon us; not from afar, but with an overhanging cloud of wrath it spreads over all our day, settles upon our soul, penetrates through our innermost self, chilling our life with the touch of eternal death, and darkening our hope with the gloom of eternal despair. Hence in our righteousness His smile comes from within our soul. Not like the sunshine which, from the bright sun, ripples through all the gladdened air until it glints and glances with merry curve and playful bound over every homely detail that comes across its path; but like the sturdy throb of heart that beats within, and shows itself without by ruddy cheek or sprightly step; or like the exultant sense of youth, which, from the outwelling source of its own energy, gives a bracing freshness to life that was drear, throws a glory of sunset round failure, shows the glimmer of dawn in the gloom of the night, sees with clear eyes whatever is good, and with kind eyes pities whatever is wrong: so the smile of God is a sunshine which from within the soul sheds the light of God's promise upon all that we live for, and upon all that we love showers God's benediction.

In the wide strange world made up of human lives there is a ceaseless chatter of outside intercourse, and an unbroken silence of the soul. Men come and go in multitudes, live without mutual knowledge, and die without mutual regret. Faces pass unheeded; and even of the faces that are familiar, few have a message in their glance, that brings a definite or lasting meaning to our mind. Most people are to our life only like shadows; their presence is only real to us as are the unsubstantial clouds. We know that they are there, when we see the rising mists of passing pleasure or the drooping vapours of passing pain. We feel that the vague, floating, phantom-like lives around us are indeed real when our heart is blackened, charred and blasted by a fire more devastating than the lightening, or when our soul is softened and made beautiful by mists that bring to us from heaven a blessing more precious than the rain.

Yet there are some lives that live within our own. There are some whose thoughts are closely interwoven in our mind, so that our very sight borrows its tone and its perspective from the light and standpoint of their view. Their hearts with magnetic spell may calm the beatings of our blood, or they may quicken them with sympathetic stroke until their hot pulsations fret and chafe away

our strength with fever, or they may multiply their mysterious currents in the vigour of our arm and in the staunchness of our will.

Such a presence is not mere nearness in space. It is nearness in life. Such a presence, near or far, is truly with us. A presence that brushes by us in the street may be divided from our life by a distance that is eternal and measureless. A presence that is severed from us by a frontier of impassable peaks, a continent of desert, or a world of waves, may yet be at our side in the secret meeting place of souls. It outstrips space, and outlives time. Nay, it may be a living and potent factor in our life, when men think that it is dead. It may breathe its actual message into our inward ear and win its actual wish from our full heart, as truly as though its lips trembled or its heart throbbed, even when those lips and heart were laid long years ago in a grave that is as silent as the midnight stars and as still as the cold granite of its tombstone.

Now there is a nearness in life that is inseparable from identity of blood. There may not be much love, there may be even hatred between those that have one father; but their lives can never be apart as those whose blood is not the same. The nearness of life which is of love may be greater or it may be less than the nearness which is of blood. Both bonds may join their strength to unite, or may interpose with violence to sever. But blood in a mysterious way, neither to be expressed by words nor to be explained by wisdom, does make lives near.

Wherefore, our father's life, for good or evil, is present in our life. The greatest curse a child can have is a bad mother. Next to this curse, in intensity of horror and in extent of evil, is a bad father. Poets and preachers speak of a mother's love as though a father's love could not compare with it. This may be true. Yet, however this may be, we cannot doubt but that if the two were joined in one great love as strong as it is tender, as masterful as it is gentle, as resolute as it is delicate, as far-seeing as it is quick, as provident as it is sympathetic, we should indeed have a love that is near to our life. And if this great love were swollen with all the torrents that the first deep springs of nature can fill with outpouring affection, as well as with all the tributes of tenderness that choice can bring from afar to let fall in sweet showers of sympathy, we should have a life-current mingling most strongly and most thoroughly with our own

Our souls have come forth from the breath of God, in the very likeness of His own Spirit. In the serene world in which spirits dwell, where substance is thought, where there is no food but knowledge, no force but love, there can be no birth like the budding of a flower, no death like the parching of a leaf. A spirit can have no mother but Eternal Truth, no Father but Uncreated Love. God is Truth and Love.

Wherefore our spirit has been breathed forth by the spirit of God, with the living likeness of His own Nature breathing within its living substance. In the innermost source of what is our own true self, there is the true character of kinship with our own true Father; and in the birth of our own intellectual thought there is the very image of His own Eternal Son; and in the giving of our own devotedness, there is the created counterpart of His own uncreated Love. Wherefore our Father-God is very near within our life.

Beyond this nearness to God which comes from our kinship with Him, there is another nearness more true in itself and more worthy of a soul. The nearness of our spiritual nature is a nearness of race, of birth, a nearness not sought nor chosen, and therefore a nearness in some sense dead. But beyond that nearness, there is a nearness of love—a nearness that is known and chosen, and therefore a nearness in its most noble sense, a living nearness of life. For, in a spirit, that is most truly living which is most truly the thinking of its thought and the breathing of its love. Now a spirit, without its own thought or choice, is sent forth into life in order that, by its own thought and choice, it may come back unto God's life. A spirit is sent forth by its Father into life, dowered with great gifts, but as yet enriched with no prizes that are the crown of merit, strengthened by no toil that is proof of courage, beautified by no worth that is the result of virtue, in order that, winning its own greatness, developing its own power, creating its own glory, it may not only by inherent likeness of nature, but by self-given likeness of choice, draw near until it is most like by love, to God.

Not place, but likeness makes us near to God, and love makes like. Listen to Saint Prosper: "Not through any distance from spot to spot do we approach towards God or wander from Him; but likeness with Him makes us near to Him, unlikeness leaves us far away." Now listen to a thought of Saint Augustine:

“ God draws me towards Him, not by a chain of metal or strand of strength ; but by His love He draws me. For the love within me is as a weight which ever presses me and drags me on through the infinite spaces of the spirit to the great centre of all love, to the one great loadstone of my life. My love is my weight.”

What is this union which, with the immaterial bond of tenderness and with the mysterious spell of sympathy, can join two spirits in one life ? That it can come from kindred in nature, we know. That it can also come from the likeness wrought within them by one love we also know. But, as the philosophic words which tell us why the threads of nature should closely draw together the hearts of father and of child, fail utterly to bring a clear or thorough meaning to our mind ; so, when wise men explain why friends are friends, why love makes like, and what this most strange power is that attunes two souls to perfect unison of thought, and charms two hearts to beat or pause, to swell or sink, in the harmony of the same love-song, we cannot understand the reason of it, for it is too deep and full of feeling ; but we can understand the fact, for it vibrates through our inmost being and lifts us in a rushing impulse outwards and upwards from our own self.

Yet through the shadows of earthen images, we can discern some figure of the truth, and even in the twilight of our human knowledge we can recognise the stronger colours of reality. Thus, we understand that “ Love,” in the words of the great Saint Denis, “ is a force of union.” It is a force that comes from a union of power, and it is a force that tends towards union of presence. Hence, as Saint Thomas Aquinas teaches, love is founded on a union that is either a sameness of kind or a similarity of choice. It works through a union that is an identity of aim and a fellowship of wish. It results in a union that includes the interchange of every gift, because it is, above all, and in itself, a union in the very power of giving, by the mutual gift, as far as this can be, of the very self that loves. How near this presence is that awaits us in the very object of our thought and meets us in the very motive of our will, that makes us live another life within the mind and heart that loves us, that brings a different life within ourselves, so that we do not think our thoughts alone, nor is our own wish only ours but also another’s ! Our soul becomes a shrine where reverence bows before an image nobler

than ourselves, a sanctuary where tenderness can gain a sacred strength to do great deeds we could not dare alone, and live a life above ourselves, unselfish, pure, devoted, because it is a life of love.

Now there is a life of love within our life that we think little of. He holds the ground beneath our feet and spreads the heavens above our head. He works within each blade of grass, and lifts the sap within the trees. He rests within each drop of dew, and fetches us from afar each tiny atom of vapour which He has purified from its stinging salt and gathered from the Southern Sea. His touch is in the breathing of the breeze, His voice is in the singing of the bird. He shakes with freshening tide the fathomless waters of the ocean. He steadies with patient labour the veins within the marble and the crystals of diamonds. He gives each bird or beast or moving thing within the seas its speed or strength or subtlety. Within all lifeless things He works with living energy. Within all living things, He lives with energetic love. This usefulness, this beauty, and this worth—these are His gifts to win our love. Then, this love enters into our life. It gives its warmth to our blood, it measures the movement of our heart, it guides the eddyings of our brain. It penetrates within our soul, giving all reality to its substance, thinking within its thought, willing within its will. From within ourselves this love looks forth, seeing beyond the Eternity that is past, seeing beyond the Eternity that is to come, balancing each possible chance, scrutinising each possible fact, weighing each possible influence, analyzing each possible combination, in order that, from out of all, it may choose such a love-gift as may win back the gift of our own love. "There is One in the midst of you Whom you know not." Near you, within you, the Great Spirit, Father of your Spirit, lives to love you. Round about you are entwined, like mother's arms, the clasping efforts of His tenderness. Before you, in an infinite appeal, arise the infinite records of His kindness, of His gentleness, and of His pity. Beside you, with ineffable condescension, His Infinite Love stoops low to whisper a message so great that no Angel could speak it, so sweet that no heart could dream of it, so loving that no love of a creature could love it enough. God is love. God is very near.

God is the witness of our life. "All things are naked and to His eyes." He looks upon us with a knowledge that

penetrates to the deepest secrets of our soul. No dawning thought escapes His glance. No evanescent impulse is hidden from His sight. He gazes ever upon us with a wisdom that searches into the lurking places of our motive, and follows to the furthestmost strain of our fancy. But all this intimate knowledge of our life gives only reason for our Father's pity or for our Father's kindness. It is no knowledge of a stranger that judges weakness with contempt, wrong-doing with anger, and guilt with punishment. It is the knowledge of a Father and of a Friend, of One who both by nature and by choice is near to us in love, that He may make us like to Himself by perfect happiness and untroubled peace. So is our life lit with the sunlight of a presence that is divine. So is our love kept living by the nearness of a love that gathers in one strong fondness and in one tender grace more than a mother's sympathy, more than a father's care. Fear not, for He is near Who loves you, who loves you always, and who loves you most. Let the sweet whispering of this love haunt with quiet message and with blessed prompting the silent hours of your soul. Let the bright presence of this love draw nearer to you, in your lonely hours, and fill your heart with bright pure consciousness of a gentle power that stoops down in answer to your humble yearnings to lift you up to all that is great and good and beautiful. In the solitude and silence, listen and speak to the spirit of love. He is very near within your life. Listen! He loves you. Speak! You love Him.

Still, in our human way, we long for a presence that comes within our human life. We weary if we have only memory. We pine if we have only hope. Our thought may pass beyond the stars, but our heart must rest upon the earth. Our will may dwell with Angels, but our affection craves for the visible presence of our friend. However sure his friendship be, however true the union that binds our hearts in one, yet there can be no human happiness in human friendship that cannot see with human eyes and speak with human lips. Without this, there is the wistful look for a far-off face, the listening for a voice that is silent, the longing for the "touch of a vanished hand." What the joy of presence is, we can only know, when absence has taught us to realize its loss, and when, again returning, presence teaches us the full reality of its own joy and the full peacefulness of its own repose. However true and faithful friends may be, they cannot, while apart, know

what it is to meet again. There is the first glimpse of a beloved face, the first word of a voice that thrills through all our being, a reality more ecstatic than a vision, more wonderful than a dream. There is the happiness that overflows in wondering doubts of itself. There is the security that comes back again to tranquil depths of hearts that throb together, of "hands that hold each other and are still."

Poor child ! Thou art lonely in the very midst of love. The visible charms of earth, the exquisite undulations of graceful form, the symmetry of marble line with the softness of moulded curve in perfect feature, these can bewitch thy heart, while the soft melody of a voice can steal away thy senses, and lull thy soul to slumber. But these are shadowy as the unsubstantial clouds that float and vanish far beyond the hills, and these are phantoms as the faces seen in dreams to be only remembered as a fancy of the night. These may for a moment satisfy thy heart, but they cannot satisfy thy soul. Thou must long for the presence of a spirit. Thy soul is lonely still for lack of love.

But, again, though thy soul may dwell with the unseen loveliness of the spirit, gazing with happy joy and peaceful ecstasy upon the immaterial charms of Angels, resting with full repose of mind and will before the intellectual vision of the Eternal Presence that realises all the infinite possibilities of created beauty in a beauty that is divine—yet human eyes cannot behold this splendour nor human ears catch the infinite harmonies of God's uttered Word. Thou must long for the presence of a friend. Thus, even still, thy human heart is lonely in the very midst of love.

Child of beauty, thou must needs love beauty, child born to the image of the loveliness of God ! Thou must first love the beauty of the spirit. Thy spirit must first learn to live in the presence of the Spirit of Love. Then, thou shalt learn to love the beauty that is thy birthright, the beauty which can fill thy soul with rapturous longings that ever rise in ceaseless energy, yet ever rest in perfect peace.

Child of beauty, thou art made to restore to Heaven the beauty of an Angel united to the beauty that was lost in Paradise. But, Child of beauty, thou must wait. Now, thou must love the unseen Presence of the God who lives within thy life, and thou canst only long for the human Presence of our beloved Jesus. Child of beauty, wait ! Hereafter, thy soul and heart shall both



be happy evermore, when thy spirit shall be lifted up, to see the loveliness of God, and when thy human eyes shall rest upon the beauty of the Face of Christ.

ROBERT KANE, S.J.

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MAY SONG.

WHY tarry longer in the town  
Heaped high with Mammon's sordid gains ?  
There's gold enough upon the down  
Where gorses run in glittering veins ;  
And honest labour bears no stains  
But what the stream can wash away.

Discordant city noises drown  
The message of the white-robed May ;  
What little grass there is, is brown,  
And all things else with dust are grey :  
Abroad the lambkins are at play,  
And nothing but the brook complains.

The jocund cuckoo loud doth cry  
" Mary " from every grove and hill.  
The lark goes singing, up the sky,  
But, ere he drops, his voice grows still,  
As doth the music of the rill  
When summer drains its bubbling bowl.

While weary hands the shuttle ply  
For purple Dives' niggard dole,  
God plants for every passer-by  
A fenced Garden of the Soul  
Where the three royal rivers roll  
Of Peace and Joy and pure Good-will.

T. H. WRIGHT.

T O - D A Y   A N D   Y E S T E R D A Y  
I N  
T H E   C H I L D R E N ' S   H O S P I T A L .

“ But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly :  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
In the country of the free.”

E. B. BROWNING.

**T**HE festival of Moy Mell is about to take place, and the words “Children’s Hospital” will be on many lips in the early days of this month of Mary, month of her who is especially the mother of sick and desolate little ones.

There is a large number of young men and women about the world who remember well the very beginning of the Children’s Hospital, who belonged to the ranks of the Boys’ Brigade, or the Busy Bee Brigade who came to the Big House in Buckingham Street on Sundays with little barrels (money-boxes) in their hands in which were stored the pennies they had saved by stinting themselves of some lawful pleasure or luxury. Scanning the lists of donors of gifts, large and small, to the Big House in those old times, I see (for instance) an entry “Sweeto; a forgiven debt,” prefixed to a modest offering, but quite important for a small boy. “Sweeto” is now a clever young Chancery barrister in London who will reach the top of his profession early in life. What the story of the forgiven debt was he will perhaps remember. Another distinguished young lawyer in London delighted, at twelve years old, in hemming dusters in the holidays to earn pennies to increase the sum of his offering to the child-cripples and other child sufferers. Small girls who are now young mothers expended their pocket-money on dressing dolls for the little Maggies and Katies whose sad plight had taught them to forget the natural selfishness of childhood. A little boy who was over-fond of good things and got a penny each time he went without a second helping of tart, used to ask permission to leave the table when he found himself ‘too sorely tried, rather than forfeit the gains which were to be ved for his little friends in the hospital.

I do not know if the children of the present day who visit Temple Street are as devoted to the cause as those others were in the days of Buckingham Street. At all events, in that old time, there was a very delightful freshness of enthusiasm in the air for the new charity, the first of the kind inaugurated in Dublin. I do not mean that children's ailments had never before been attended to by charity, but dispensary aid was all that had hitherto been offered; hospital beds in a house devoted to the cure of child-patients had been unknown in our city until thought was taken to rent and furnish the Big House, and to gather into it the little patients out of their holes and corners in the lanes and alleys.

The person who took thought was a woman who in her time started some good works that have gone on, though her name seems to be now forgotten in connection with them, and others that have developed into something even more useful than they were in their first state. Mrs. Ellen Woodlock seemed to breathe only with the desire of setting helpful works on foot, and she began to strive with this object at a time when it was difficult to make any way, before the passing of the Industrial Schools Act, a consummation which she had longed for, and helped with all the energies of her active body and vigorous mind. It is unnecessary here to dwell on all she accomplished or attempted before she bethought her of grappling with the large undertaking of the foundation of a hospital for children, to remain in perpetuity as a blessing to our city. Much courage and self-denial were needed to carry out the idea, but Mrs. Woodlock had the faith which moves mountains. A large old house, once a grand house, left behind in a neighbourhood that had seen better days, a house which had a story of its own by the way, was rented, repaired, cleaned up, and stocked with cribs. In the main ward, once the drawingroom of distinguished persons, a tall statue of the Sacred Heart occupied the place of honour at the foot of the room. The walls, of a pleasant tint, were hung with pictures of sacred subjects particularly interesting to children. The beds had white coverlets trimmed with a strip of bright red. Everything was clean and cheerful, and the light from the three great windows came freely from the sky across an open airy space. The first patient will be remembered by all the young enthusiasts who came in bands to sympathize with the sad condition of the boy who was known as "little Willie." I have his portrait before

me now, a brave intelligent face ; he was photographed in his bed as the very first patient and for some time monarch of all he surveyed in the ward. He suffered from spinal disease and was found to be incurable. His gentle, grateful nature, his simple piety and long patience, made him beloved by all who came near him ; and, when Willie died, a heavy blow seemed to have fallen on the community.

It was this atmosphere of tender sentiment which made the early movements of the work begun in the Big House so charming and so original. There was nothing of the Institution about our homely sick-nursery. It was a work of the family. The management was carried on by women who were mothers in their own homes, and girls with the glamour of youth irradiating whatever offices of love they undertook. Foremost of all, captain of the good ship, keeping all things in order by her presence for many hours daily, was Mrs. Sarah Atkinson of blessed memory. Her prudence, her punctuality, her clearness of brain as to detail, her fidelity to anything she consented to engage in, carried on the work inaugurated by Mrs. Woodlock's daring enthusiasm of charity. Under them came the ardent young girls, and the gleeful children delighted to feel that they were supporting this great nursery for their suffering fellow-children. On great meeting days of the Boys' Brigade, and the Busy Bees, the little money-boxes were emptied on the table, and Father Naughton, S.J., talked to the boys and girls as only he can talk religion to children, making use of his inimitable gift to inspire the little knights and dames of this crusade with increase of zeal in the cause they had undertaken. After the lecture we had Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and a beautiful strong prayer was made, not only for the saving of the children's lives, but for their rescue from a fate more sad than death, the lot of the hopelessly and helplessly diseased, of the crippled, the maimed and the disfigured, who are too often objects of disgust to the unkind and uncharitable who may surround them.

I hope the children of the present day are also all alive to sympathy with the poor mites tended now by the kind Sisters of Charity. If they are, they will like to hear something of the doings of their young mothers and uncles and aunts in the days of the Big House in Buckingham Street. I turn to the pages of the early numbers of the *IRISH MONTHLY*, which fostered the Children's

Hospital as a brother might foster a sister. If you allow me to express myself fantastically, I will say that the *IRISH MONTHLY* and the Children's Hospital may be called twins, for they came into the world about the same time and have grown to maturity together. In the magazine appeared every month notes of all that had occurred in the Big House in the preceding month. At intervals a little book was published entitled "Our Tiny Bulletin," and from this I will take a few passages for the children of to-day, who are intending, I hope, to expend their pocket money at the festival of Moy-Mell.

"There is a beautiful movement going on in the children's world around us; petted little ones in snug nurseries have found out an interest which surpasses the delight of dolls, and marbles, and spinning-tops. If Dolly wishes to be loved as of old, she must now lay down her head and pretend to be a sick child in the Hospital; and she must not go and sulk in the cupboard when people are tired of her, but must get tricked out in fresh finery and take herself off to be nursed and petted all over again by our poor little trots in their cribs, most of whom never touched a toy till they came to us. *All* the pennies are not now spent on sweet-meats; maps and picture-books are not torn to tatters or burnt, but are carefully mended, and get their loose covers sewn on again, that they may make a respectable appearance at the Big House. If one of the 'Ten Little Niggers' has mislaid his head, or if the Fox that sat up in his den one night has lost his tail, these are pasted on again, and the delight of Johnny and Maggie in their cribs is no way spoiled by the patches and stitches." Children are learning to be benefactors of children. Sick children on their own beds of pain are thinking of their fellow-sufferers and sending them loving help. Children who never felt pain or ache are anxious to hear that little broken legs are mended and crooked backs made straight. Children who are now angels in heaven have bequeathed us their little legacies—the hoarded pence, the cherished toy, the garment no longer needed, the love and sympathy that lived in the innocent heart, and which still live pleading with God, that men's hearts may be touched by the sufferings of these little brothers and sisters. In children, as the protectors of children, we put our hope and faith. An army of children is fighting for us all over the country, and to this standing

army we look, to keep the wolf from our door and the roof over our heads!

"It is with children we are now going to talk. Go away, big people, and read newspapers, and converse about kings, and wars, and prime ministers, and shake your heads over solemn things with long names! *We* are going to tell stories about our Big House.

"A great many children have lain in our little beds, and got cured and are gone away, since last year; Johnnies and Maggies, Patsies and Annies, and Willies. They were carried in to us out of wretched homes where sometimes they had to be left all day alone, and now and again they were walked over and knocked about, and they were all in a shocking state with sickness, and sores, and broken limbs. They were often so weak that they could not stand on their feet because their parents were so poor that they could not give them food. Before they came to us, some of them had only a little straw to lie on, and not enough covering to keep the cold away, no doctor to cure them, no pleasant drink when they were thirsty, nothing to make it easy for them to bear their pains with patience. A poor mother might take them up on her knee and cry over them for a little while, but she had soon to put them down again and shut them up alone, and go away to her work. There they were when a friend went in, sitting on the earthen floor perhaps or among the cinders by a small spark of fire, or lying on some straw in a corner, all grimy, with their hair matted and rough, and red feverish spots burning on their wasted little cheeks. Sometimes they were coughing and crying for their mothers, sometimes quite quiet and patient, not expecting anything good to happen to them, but taking all the pains and loneliness as a matter of course. After our visit the mother would carry the child to the Big House, see it bathed and cleanly night-gowned, and lay it with her own hands in one of our little cribs.

"How delighted these poor mites are to see strong, happy, boys and girls coming in at the door, across the room, bending over their cribs and smiling at them. Never before were they spoken to by a little lady or gentleman. There is not much about lady and gentleman between good-hearted children, and not much time is lost upon introductions. Soon heads are bent together over picture books, and opinions are taken, and notes compared about toys and balls. The small patient is lost in admiration of the superior knowledge of his young visitors and would jump out of bed with

excitement only that he is held fast by the splint or bandage. The sight of the splint causes a new sensation to the healthy children who realize for the first time perhaps that it is splendid to be well and strong and have one's liberty. Their hearts overflow with pity for the little prisoner who bears his pain so quietly and is so delighted with their sympathy. They are ready to be his protectors, his knights, his comforters; the enthusiasm of charity is enkindled within them, and they will never cease befriending that sick fellow-child till they set him on his feet again and see him run about as they do themselves. They go away and beg pennies for him; they come to him with little gifts. They provide hat and coat and shoes for him against the day when he will be able to get up on both his legs, and walk away back to his home."

Here is a short report of one of the meetings of the Boys' Brigade:—

"Our last meeting of the Home Knights of the Brigade was an extremely large one and the lord chaplain of the regiment (Father Naughton S.J.) addressed the corps. He said a great many beautiful and touching, as well as merry and laughable things. Our knights will not easily forget the following. He said:—'One day poor Willie, who is lying upstairs so sick, will open the door of heaven to every one of you. Perhaps you think it will be St. Peter? Oh, and St. Peter will be there, of course. But it will be Willie who will get leave to open the door for you, and who will lead you in to Jesus.'"

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

(LADY GILBERT.)

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## SPRING: A VISION.

ONCE more earth rapturously greets the Spring  
 With mingled melody of happy birds;  
 Ah! would I too might join their carolling,  
 And bid her welcome with a poet's words!

But ah! what music can my soul outpour?  
 How strike on such a fragile lyre one chord  
 That found not sweeter utterance before  
 In Lover's rhapsody, in song of Bard?

I know that Spring is come: for lo! I see  
 Shy daisies blushing where her footsteps pass,  
 While daffodils are fluttering with glee,  
 And bluebells nodding in the cool green grass.

The odorous breezes whisper in mine ear:—  
 "Hear in the rustling of the pines her voice!  
 "The rills, all laughing, murmur 'She is here,'  
 "Come, frolic with us, oh, rejoice! rejoice!"

A vision fair, I see her onward glide,  
 A benediction in her radiant smile;  
 Young lambs leap high and gambol by her side,  
 Glad swallows circling round her head the while.

Fresh gathered violets her brows adorn,  
 A coronal of bloom, divinely sweet;  
 Her robe is opal-hued, like clouds at morn,  
 The primrose nestles at her dewy feet:—

No shadow of regretting dims her eyes,  
 But clear prophetic light shines there, and hope;  
 She sees the roses blow 'neath summer skies,  
 And harvest ripen on the sunny slope.

O type of youth and its delightful dreams,  
 Ere yet its joy be dimmed, its ardour chilled,  
 When e'en its visioned glory sweeter seems  
 Than all the hopes in happy age fulfilled.

Her balmy breathing softly fans my cheek,  
 With scent of wallflower and pale lilac rife;  
 Ah, come with me, and at her bidding seek  
 Fresh draughts of nectar from the cup of Life!

For though our locks turn grey in wintry gloom,  
 And though no longer youth's gay songs we sing,  
 Still may be shrined within our hearts the bloom  
 And fragrant freshness of perpetual Spring.



## THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT.

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

### CHAPTER X.

#### THE MADAM AND ETHNA PAY THE VISIT.

“**Y**OU are a god-send, Philip,” said the Madam. “The fog has made us as dull as possible, but I suppose no weather affects you.”

They sat about the fire.

Philip managed to touch Ethna's hand, and give other small indications of affection when the Madam was not looking. He said he came over to propose that he should bring his horse and trap on the morrow and drive them to the Lodge to pay a formal visit. He was prompted to this course by his love for Ethna he did not wish her surroundings to excite ridicule, and visions of the rough steed and the driver's broadcloth coat and jerry hat, were well calculated, he knew, to draw forth comments from those who were particular as to the dimensions of their footmen's calves.

Ethna was delighted; it was just what she would have desired. Philip's driving them would put them on a firm and easy footing at once.

“What shall I wear? That is the great question,” she said, laughingly.

“Oh, dress, dress,” replied Philip, “women's favourite theme. I left the ladies over the way arguing over patterns of every hue and shade. I told them women looked offensively obtrusive in anything but black.”

“You like black. I'll wear my black silk.”

“Black by all means, it will tone down those red cheeks of yours.”

“She was pale a while ago,” said the Madam, “and cross, too, all the evening. Wasn't she naughty, Nora?”

“She beat poor Kitty,” replied Nora, giving an additional squeeze to the cat.

"Ah, the bad temper of the Moores," said Philip; "she wants to be broken in, Madam; you have given her head too much."

"Ah, she is not very bad," answered the Madam, with a smile.

The next day rose bright and clear, the sunshine chased the shadows up and down the hillsides; the little lake laughed in the light, while in the distance, a sapphire sea rolled in upon the yellow shore. Ethna performed her household duties in a state of suppressed excitement, that increased when she came to make her toilet. Her black silk never looked so shabby; it was, certainly, a little polished here and there, and not quite so fashionable as it was two years ago; her best hat too seemed to show a summer's use, but it became her, every one said, which was a consoling thought to fall back upon. Ethna, it must be confessed, was not a pattern of neatness. She was fond of grand clothes and had æsthetic ideas about them; but, notwithstanding the Madam's mild lectures, she "ran through them," as that lady expressed it. Her appearance never before seemed of such vital importance, and she made many internal resolutions to be more particular about her wardrobe in future, and buy, at least, one suit that would be perfectly presentable.

Punctually at two o'clock Philip arrived and went into the sitting-room, where the Madam was tranquilly reading a novel. Nora ran excitedly to call Ethna.

"You can't come, Nora, darling," said the Madam. "Miss Butler is outside, and there would not be room."

"Don't cry, Nora," added Philip. "I'll give you a drive when we come back."

The piteous expression vanished from Nora's face.

"Can I leave on my new dress, ganma?" she asked. "You won't be long away?"

"Yes, my dear; as Mr. Philip is going to be so good to you. But mind and don't soil yourself; he wouldn't drive a dirty little girl in his nice trap."

Nora took the pup's fore paws and danced out before them in great glee.

The party proceeded to the vehicle, which they found to be Mrs. Moore's pony carriage. Miss Butler gave the reins to Philip, and after the usual greetings they placed themselves. The Madam sat in front beside the charioteer, the two girls behind, and in a moment they were in motion, the ponies tossing their pretty

heads to the music of the silver bells with which their harness was decorated.

"I drove the ponies over in spite of Philip," said Miss Butler. "I had him in a nice fright coming down the hill. He used to catch my hands every moment. Do you know how to drive, Miss Moore?"

"I drive our own horse," answered Ethna; "but he is very quiet."

"I think it is great fun. My sister is a splendid whip. She thought it better to send this little trap for Mrs. Moore, Philip's is so high. I knew I could coax him to give me the reins, so I came, too."

"It was too much trouble to give your sister," said Ethna. "We could have gone on our own trap, only Phil—Mr. Moore offered to come for us."

"Oh! Philip is ever so good-natured," answered Miss Butler. "It would be very dull at the Lodge only for him. Harry and Ethel are never done spooning. We make such fun of them."

"I hope you are making honourable mention of me, Bertha," said Philip, who had caught his name.

"Oh! yes; I am saying ever such nice things about you," she replied. "I am afraid he will become vain, Miss Moore. One is inclined to make too much of a man in a place like this. Don't you think so?"

"It is not unlikely," said Ethna, who was not enjoying her drive over the sunlit hills as much as her companion.

"And men are naturally conceited," went on Miss Butler. "They fancy we can't live without them."

"False doctrines," called out Philip. "'Tis women who are conceited—that is an accepted fact; and you cannot live without us—that's another fact."

"Indeed, I can, and I will for ever such a long time," said Miss Butler. "Wouldn't you hate the idea of being in love, Miss Moore? I'd despise myself for being so soft, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I ought," replied Ethna, mechanically.

"It is well for you, though," said Miss Butler. "You are out of the way of temptation here. There is no one to fall in love with."

"Oh, if they are not just here, they are not very far away. I know a great many people in town," answered Ethna, not quite

relishing the idea of having been untempted.

"You are a strong-minded young person, Bertha," said Philip, "alarmingly strong; but wait awhile. You are not very old yet."

"Indeed, I am old enough—nineteen my next birthday. I suppose once I pass twenty, I shall begin to hide my age. Ethel is not twenty yet. When I am so old, I expect to be beyond all nonsense."

"You will never be beyond that, Bertha," said Philip, "even if you live to get in a set of false teeth."

The girl bent forward, and catching a bit of his hair, gave it a pull.

"All right," he continued. "I am a man; it will not come away. I pity the poor fellow that gets into your clutches."

"Ah, I shall lead him a pretty dance before I say 'Yes,'" she laughed. "They say once you let a man see you care for him you lose your power over him. Oh, look, Philip; is that not a nice horse? Keep your eyes open. I want to take back something to ride," she continued to Ethna. "Such a lovely mare as my sister has! She hunted her all last winter. Do you know how to ride?"

"Yes; I am not afraid to mount anything," answered Ethna, "I like riding very much."

"I was getting lessons just before we came over," said Miss Butler. "We had a riding mistress from London, and she was greatly pleased with me. Philip is teaching me to cross the country here, 'tis splendid fun. You Irish are great riders. It was Harry taught my sister to jump. I think that was the way they fell in love with each other."

The time passed away while the light-hearted English girl was giving expression to every thought that flitted through her brain, until they found themselves before the door of the Lodge. A splendid rug lay upon the steps, on which the bride, clothed in perfect costume, was seated; her husband lay at her feet smoking a cigar. Several beautiful dogs lay around; one had his head laid on the knees of his mistress, while she wound and unwound his silky ears round her slender fingers; some got up, stretched themselves, and stalked gravely towards the advancing ponies; others signified their approval by lazily tapping their tails against the ground.

Harry Moore and his bride advanced to receive the guests; the latter, with that comprehensive glance born of society, taking in all the details of their appearance, the former giving a cordial greeting to the Madam, whom he remembered quite well.

"Every morning I intended going to see you," he said, "but once a man marries he is no longer master of his actions. I'm a warning to all men, dear Madam."

"Ah, do not tell me such stories," answered the Madam, smiling, "I have experience of the other side."

The bride led them into the drawingroom. She was very handsome, colder and paler than her sister, with a chill politeness that kept one at an immeasurable distance. The Madam was so long accustomed to deference and consideration from those with whom she came in contact that a sense of inferiority never oppressed her; but, after the usual stereotyped phrases about the weather, scenery, and journey across the Channel were exhausted, she found it difficult to converse with her hostess. Their lives ran in such different grooves that what interested one was without a particle of interest for the other; the Madam could speak of books, for she was well read; but one cannot rush headlong into literary ways; there was not even a baby to draw them into common ground; so at length she allowed Harry Moore to absorb her attention, and they chatted about old times.

Meantime, Ethna sat near Miss Butler, answering her in monosyllables, feeling miserable, and utterly at a disadvantage. Looking at those refined, aristocratic girls, so pure and pale, impressed her with the conviction that she was a coarse daub beside them. She felt that her cheeks were at that moment the colour of a full-blown peony. She glanced at their hands, as slender and delicate as white flowers, covered with flashing rings; sixes would fit them; she took six three-quarters herself; she had burst the button in one glove; how horribly fat, red, and ill-shaped the hand seemed! Why did she not put a pin in the glove even, to draw it together?

Philip sat at the other side of Miss Butler, and they entered as usual on a gay war of words; he tried several times to draw Ethna into the conversation, but she merely replied, and took refuge again behind a panoply of proud thoughts. He seemed annoyed for a moment, but at length ceased to address her, and confined his attention to his more agreeable companion.

Cake and wine were brought in, and, when a reasonable time had elapsed, the Madam arose and they took their leave. When the ladies were seated, Philip came back to the drawingroom for his gloves. "Miss Moore is rather good-looking," said the bride, looking languidly out of the window, "but she seems like one always standing on the defensive; bad style."

"She lets off her answers like pistol shots," answered Miss Butler, laughing; "rustic brevity. Philip, I'm sorry I have to go with those turtle doves. I have more fun with you and the ponies."

"We'll give them the slip to-morrow," said Philip, as he left the room.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### ETHNA IS UNAMIABLE.

The Madam chatted so continuously on their homeward route, that her companions were not called upon to fill up any unpleasant silences, or make any great mental exertion.

"Thank goodness the visit is over," she said as she got out of the carriage at the green door, where Nora was waiting with a delighted face. "Perhaps 'tis too late for you to take her out, Philip; another day would do."

"Oh! let him, ganma, 'tisn't late at all," cried Nora despairingly.

"It would be too bad to disappoint her the second time," said Philip. "We will go a little way. Will you sit in front, Ethna, you are strong enough to keep her in your lap?"

Ethna obeyed silently. The child was lifted up, laughing with glee as the ponies started and all the bells began to tinkle.

One of the things that stung Ethna, was the habit Philip had of calling her Miss Moore before his friends, and she remarked quickly how he did not hesitate to call Miss Butler by her christian name. She was his cousin, a distant one, of course, still a cousin, and his calling her Ethna would create no surprise. Why did he not do it then? It must be that he wished to make it appear that their intercourse was of the most formal description; her sensitiveness made her instinctively follow his example, but she felt after

saying "Mr. Moore" as if she were acting hypocritically. It did not occur to her as a possible solution that the young man refrained from saying her name before others through a consciousness that is not unusual even in a nature not overwrought by sentimental emotion.

Some feel a hesitation in pronouncing the beloved name in ordinary conversation; it has become sacred; and even the name of one we loved, and yet have long ceased to love, falls on the ear with a curious distinctness, though it has no longer power to awaken thought. Lovers often attract each other's attention and keep up a very satisfactory intercourse without having recourse to the useful law of nomenclature; and sometimes husbands—husbands oftener than wives—contrive, by some adroit method of intonation, I suppose, to avoid the christian name of their wives.

"Well, have you got anything to say?" asked Philip as they drove on. "Are you going to sit like a stick as you did at the Lodge?"

"I suppose I can sit as I choose," replied Ethna, annoyed to find that he, too, thought she did not look to advantage there.

"Certainly, my dear girl. I do not want to interfere with any posture you think fit to assume; but it is hardly necessary in a drawingroom to look as if one were repelling assailants."

"I am very sorry I went there at all," said Ethna. "It was not the slightest advantage to either of us."

"Advantage!" repeated Philip, mockingly. "So you can't do such a simple thing as pay a visit without speculating as to the advantage to be got out of it. Bravo, rural prudence."

"If I had been prudent," said Ethna, passionately, "I should have very little to say to you."

"Oh, it is not too late. You can mend your hand," answered Philip, giving the ponies a lash that made Nora scream with mingled joy and fear.

"Thank God, it is not," said Ethna.

"How fortunate for us to have come to such a good understanding," he replied. "Now, Nora, we will turn up here and go home at a rattling pace by this road."

He continued to talk to the child during the remainder of the drive, and, when he handed them out again at their own door, he merely said to Ethna:

"I hope you will be in better temper to-morrow," and drove away.

Nora ran into the kitchen at full speed to unbosom herself to her grandmother, and goaded that good lady into saying which pony she liked best; and would she give her a pony when she would be big, with ever so many bells? Dinner was served, and the Madam entered.

"You look tired, my dear," she said to Ethna, who leant back wearily in the armchair.

"So I am," replied the girl, "dead tired; it was a horribly disagreeable day."

"Well, it passed over better than I expected," said the Madam. "What a fine man Harry Moore is; he has a more cheerful manner than Philip. His wife may be very agreeable, too, if one knew her well."

"I would not like her at all," answered Ethna. "Those calm, critical eyes of hers would make me feel hot all over. I am sure there was not a spot on my dress but she noticed."

"I'll engage she doesn't spot herself," said the Madam. "How beautifully dressed she was, and the material did not look very expensive."

"How on earth could she spot herself?" replied Ethna, defending herself from the maternal insinuation. "I suppose she never puts her hand to anything."

"But she did not let the sherry drop on her dress, as you did, my dear," said the Madam.

"My silk is not worth minding now, mother."

"Well, dear, I wanted you to see about getting a new one the last day you were in town; Mrs. Layton told me she saw an excellent one at Culligan's for six shillings a yard, just as good as her own that she gave seven and sixpence for."

"Ah, what does it matter?" said Ethna, helping herself to vegetables. "Mother, I'm sorry you asked the Moores here at all. They will only laugh at us."

"Why, you wished me to ask them," answered the Madam, surprised; "and why should they laugh at us? Of course, they cannot expect style; but we can give them a good luncheon and a hearty welcome—what more do they want?"

"Oh, they won't expect much from us," said the girl, bitterly. "Miss Butler was overwhelmed with surprise because we had our half-dozen flower-beds in order; I'll take a little more gravy, 'her.'"



"And me, too," echoed Nora, putting in her plate.

"Nora, darling, I'll be vexed if you don't eat your meat," said the Madam; "be strong for another drive on the ponies."

"It never does people any good to know those above them," continued Ethna.

"Nor any harm, my dear, except people be put beyond themselves, which sometimes occurs to silly persons. We can entertain them very nicely. Fortunately, I had a turkey killed for some days. Kitty has it ready to roast now, and I have an excellent tongue; there is some cold beef, too; so if they can't eat their luncheon off them I can't help them; and you can show off our old china. They will be surprised to see such a service on the mountain."

"I suppose they wouldn't think it worth a second look, mother; they who are accustomed to Sevres and Dresden china."

"Well, if they everlook it, I won't be offended," said the Madam. "I won't insist on people's admiring what I admire myself. I wonder is Mrs. Moore well educated; she made a blunder to-day that surprised me. Talking of Ireland, I said my great grandfather fought in the Irish Brigade, and she asked was that one of Cromwell's regiments. Wasn't that a great ignorance of history?"

Ethna laughed.

"Poor mother, your great boast was thrown away; why did you not mention the Wild Geese, and likely she would tell you she never eat one. Better for us if your grandfather had been a cotton spinner like hers than a Wild Goose."

"I think we have no reason to complain, my dear; we are very comfortable as it is; but he lost a great deal of property certainly—Blane, Dromineer and Rathcullen—places that are bringing in thousands a-year, as their owners know."

"I wonder used he often think of the wife and child he left, where the Shannon, and Barrow, and Blackwater flow?" said Ethna.

"Yes, he was going to send for them, 'twas said; but he was shot at Fontenoy. How Vincent Talbot liked to hear me talking of those old stories!"

"You would have been richer than the Moores, mother, if you had your right."

"Far richer," answered the Madam, "as I happen to be the

sole descendant of my patriotic forefather ; but 'tis unlikely I would be a bit happier ; everything is better as it is."

"Well, perhaps I'd come to the same conclusion when I am as old as you, mother ; but at present I'd like a universal change," and the girl sighed impatiently. "I hate to think of to-morrow, and that girl praising everything, as if she were surprised we had anything ; but we must only make the best of it."

When dinner was an accomplished and very sustaining fact, Ethna's spirits improved. She thought more dispassionately over the day, and veered round to the conclusion that it was her own jaundiced eyes made it seem so unlovely. She had been ill-tempered and jealous, that was the truth of it, and it was no wonder Philip was vexed with her.

"Come, Nora," she cried at length, "we will put a shine on everything—china, and glass, and silver. We'll polish up our sword. They might ask us whose it was, and won't I be proud to say it was my great grandfather's. I wonder can Mrs. Moore boast of hers ?"

Nora's spirits rose at the idea of a bustle, and Ethna worked off her irritation and depression in wholesome physical action.

*(To be continued).*

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## OUR LADY OF LOVE.

"Her have I loved and have sought her out from my youth, and have desired to take her for my spouse, and I became a lover of her beauty."—Wisdom, viii., 2

THROUGH all the storms thy name the throistle trilled  
 From topmost finial of the budding larch,  
 While breath of opening violets faintly filled  
 The dolorous winds of March.

Of thee the ousel's Easter carol rang  
 Within the milk-white pear and cherry bloom,  
 Until the silver rain of evening sang  
 From out the April gloom.

But May, with full-voiced chorus of all birds  
 Aloft in leafy tribunes blossom-dress'd,  
 Makes Mary-music as young Summer girds  
 The land from east to west.

The blossom falls, a shower of perfumed snow,  
 As on the white-thorn bough the birds alight;  
 Faint shadows of thy sweetness come and go  
 From morn till moonlit night.

For since, dear Lady, thou hast won my love  
 And hast become sole Mistress of my heart,  
 Me no created beauty more may move  
 In which thou hast no part.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J

## PISA AND ITS FOUR FABRICS.

**T**HERE is no Tuscan city of which we hear so much in childhood as Pisa, and this because of the wonderful Leaning Tower which almost every child loves to hear described and craves to see. It was, therefore, quite natural, when we found ourselves in the north-west corner of Pisa, among the wonders which the Pisans call "the Four Fabrics," by way of eminence,—the Duomo, the Baptistery, the Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo—that our eyes should seek first the Leaning Tower. There it stood, leaning against the soft, beautiful sky, apparently ready to topple over, yet older than every dynasty in Europe, save the august dynasty of Rome; and so like the pictures we had studied in our early days that we greeted it as an old and dear friend. Some of our party climbed to the top, and were rewarded with a good view of Lucca, fifteen miles off, and several villages, chateaux, and gardens, on the plain which separates the Lucchese from their ancient enemies, the Pisans.

Almost every town in Italy has its Campo Santo, or God's Acre, as the Christians of other lands style their cemeteries, or resting places for their dead. The Campo Santo of Pisa is unusually fine. The ground is sacred earth brought in ship-loads from Mount Calvary. It is an immense square surrounded by cloistered halls or colonnades. Two of the enclosing walls are the ancient city walls.

The walls are covered with wonderful frescoes which portray with fearful realism the Triumphs of Death. The corridors have many curious monuments and some sculptures by the great masters. Popes, emperors, artists, are commemorated. The sweet singer Catalani sleeps her last sleep in the Holy Field of Pisa. Within the colonnades is an immense courtyard laid out in lawns and flower-beds. But we could find nothing holier in this ancient graveyard than the earth brought hither, so many ages ago, in Pisan galleys, and considering that it may have once been pressed by the Blessed Feet of our Saviour, we reverently gathered a small portion and kissed it, with a *Requiem æternam* for those who sleep their last sleep in so holy a bed.

The four wonders of Pisa are entirely outside the city, or

rather outside its business portions. Wandering among them, one sees nothing of modern Pisa. The view is probably much the same as the keen eyes of Gallileo gazed on ; one can easily imagine the great philosopher in scientific contemplation here. A pathway from the Duomo to the cemetery ends in an iron gate by which the inner square is reached. Hundreds of tombs, statues, and sarcophagi, may be seen ; many are of extraordinary interest. Giotto is well represented in the Campo Santo. Many travellers content themselves with looking through the bars of the iron gate at the wonders of the Campo Santo. But, indeed, this Holy Field and its glorious cloisters are well worth a special visit.

We wandered about the fragrant meadow from which rise the Four Fabrics, a group of unique beauty and interest ; gazing now at the Campanile, now at the Cathedral, now at the Baptistry, and finally crossing the smooth turf to the Campo Santo. An old woman sat on the steps of the Duomo, saying her beads ; a few little children played in the field ; otherwise the place was as solitary as the Thebaid. Within the Duomo hung the lamps from whose rhythmical swaying the philosopher took the idea of the pendulum. High up in the roof of a side-chapel hung a cardinal's hat, which told us the see was vacant. In the Cathedral of Lucca, an iron hook hangs from the nave, on which flax is burned before the prelate whenever he pontificates, that he may be reminded how transitory is all earthly dignity. Even the humble St. Alfonso acknowledged that he felt movements of self-complacency when he was receiving incense at High Mass. The Lucca prelate is reminded, at every celebration, of the true nature of place and pre-eminence here below, and should he be attacked by a temptation that did not spare a saint who so thoroughly despised mere earthly grandeur, the flames of the grass of the field will remind him that, "so passes the glory of this world."

In the grand Cathedrals of Europe one frequently hears the canons chanting the Divine Office in some private chapel, in grave, sonorous unison. The façade of the Pisa Cathedral is divine. The Baptistry near it is glorious. We feared we should have to leave without hearing the wonderful echo ; but, as we were about to move, several ecclesiastics entered and sang the songs of Siou. A unique concert was the result, and we felt that only the music of heaven could surpass the divine melodies, harmonies, echoes and cadences of the Pisan Baptistry on that bright evening.

The environs of Pisa are pleasing but not picturesque. The walls and bridges are interesting, and the sweep of the Arno by the circular quays, a lovely sight. The city has a very old Duomo and many beautiful churches. The people seem active and healthy. Here and there on low steps, and sometimes by the parapets of bridges, may be seen groups of sleeping Tuscans—a fine climate is responsible for some laziness. Pisa is about fifty miles from Florence, and but a smart walk from Lucca. It has about 50,000 inhabitants. Its history is, to a great extent, the history of its wars with the Lucchese. What extraordinary people those were who built the great churches of Europe! “They dreamt not of a perishable home who thus could build.”

As to their cost, it can scarcely be approximated, so much of the work was done by the great artists and architects as a labour of love. Priests and people put their best into God's temples, and were honored by His acceptance of their most precious gifts. Though they are ablaze with the richest materials known to man, there was no church debt. These were truly Ages of Faith, ignorantly or foolishly called Dark Ages.

With all our progress, and all the riches at the command of the modern builders, not one of these superb edifices could even be duplicated to-day. The dyes that produced some of their coloring are unknown. The chisel is all but powerless in the hand of the modern artist who would reproduce these marvels—by machinery. What godlike beings the christian artists of the dark ages must have been! For, an artist must produce the ideal beauty in his own soul before he can transfer it in glowing colors to the canvas. Before the chisel of the sculptor can draw beauty from the senseless block, he must create it within himself.

These were the ages when the best of everything was consecrated to the Almighty Giver—the genius of the artist, the labor of the poor, the gold, silver, and jewels of the rich. Money could never have reared aloft these superb edifices, money cannot duplicate them. Every one of them seems to be instinct with life, with a living soul; to throb with a genuine human heart; to be as a paradise of pleasure to Him whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain. Some philosophers said it was a sign of decadence when churches and public buildings are mean structures, and private dwellings grand. Such decadence does not certainly appear in Italy.

To me it is a proof of the truth of our holy Faith that such temples have been reared by human hands to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords ; that human genius, inspired no doubt by heaven, planned and erected them, and that even Time, the great destroyer has scarcely touched them, save to add the venerable to the beautiful. These thoughts filled our mind when we looked our last upon the mediæval wonders that rise from the green turf in the quietest corner of Pisa—the gorgeous Cathedral against the blue sky ; the Leaning Tower, pointing towards Rome ; the Campo Santo which hides the dust of the great and commemorate their glory in works of immortal art.

Pisa has many beautiful churches, convents, palaces, and, at least, eight good hotels. It has studios where one may buy models of the Four Fabrics. In a quiet unfrequented street what should loom up before us—not very high—but the “*Chiesa Evangelica Metodista Italiana* ? ” But there was no sign of a congregation ; the sharp-witted Italians have often told non-Catholic missionaries to agree among themselves before they preach to others. Even their own countrypeople who stroll about the arcaded streets do not patronize the new Chiesa, though they may contribute to the support of ministers who have not, like the Apostles, the gift of tongues, and who disgust the Tuscans by their slaughter of the beautiful language which Tuscans boast, as spoken in its perfection in Tuscany.

M. A. C.

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## CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

## A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

## III.

**B**EFORE proposing some new Acrostics, we may give the solutions of those that have been already set before our readers. Amongst those who have tried to solve them for themselves, the only competitors who deserve to be mentioned with honour are J. M., J. W. A., and C. T. W. These may be said to have gained full merit, as far as their efforts reached; for, where they have failed to hit on the exact solution intended by the authors of the acrostics, the acrostics themselves seem to be faulty.

The subject of the first acrostic is "Blue Book." The "uprights" or "lights," whose initials form *blue* and whose finals form *book*, are "barb," "limbo," "Udolpho," and "elk." J. M. gave "Ugolino" as the third light; but of course "The Mysteries of Udolpho" was meant here as the forerunner of "Lady Audley's Secret."

The answer to the second acrostic is "Solo," and the lights are *stall* and *Oswego*. Mr. Reeves evidently referred to the stalls in the pit of a theatre; but J. M. and C. T. W. may be excused for finding his allusion too obscure. Solvers of these Dublin Acrostics are supposed to be familiar with history, geography, literature, and several other things; but a great many worthy people would not be helped by that second light, with its inverted commas showing that it is quoted from some poem—namely, from Goldsmith's "Traveller," line 411:

"Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around."

The other line of the couplet shows that "Niagara" was not pronounced then as it is nowadays.

Those who refer back to our March Number, page 118, will perceive that *solo* in its parts and in its entirety fulfils the terms of Mr. Reeves' ingenious lines. I have "stall" in his own handwriting as the first light.

The third of the "Dublin Acrostics" has been solved only by C. T. W., who however gives "Ariadne" for the second light, which, according to Mr. Reeves, is [Major] André. How many ingenious puns the Lord Justice links with *car* and *pet* and *carpet* ("carpet knight," "to bring on the carpet," etc.), and then with the uprights, *carp*, *André*, and *ricochet*.



We ended last month (page 202) with No. 93 and No. 94 of our little quarto, in order to give two samples of the playful wit of the distinguished Judge who had just passed away, Baron Fitzgerald. The answer to the first is "slip-slop" with the subsidiary lights, "scissors," "laurel," "Io," and "peep." For two of these the unclassical reader may consult Lempriere or Dr. William Smith's Dictionaries. The Baron supposes us to be familiar also with our Thackeray in his reference to a slip-slop style. In all this C. T. W. has succeeded perfectly; but he has failed utterly in solving No. 94, which, according to Mr. Reeves, —who was practically the secretary of this Acrostic Club—divides *mean* into *we* and *an*, the lights being "Wamba" ("Ivanhoe") and "even." J. W. A. succeeded here, greatly to his credit.

We now go back to the early pages of our little quarto. The first three we have solved at present; and the fourth is Judge O'Hagan's famous "Jack and Jill," which we analysed before as a typical example. We therefore leave Nos. 5 and 6 to the ingenuity of our readers. The initials stand for Mr. Thomas Harris, Q.C., and Miss Alice O'Brien.

## No. 5.

When long ago I said my prayers,  
 An infant, at my mother's knee,  
 If temper I displayed, or airs,  
 She with my first admonished me.  
 At school when I and other boys  
 With popguns gave the birds a fright,  
 And gaily laughed to hear the noise,  
 My second was our prime delight.  
 But now a swell, I have a soul  
 Above both first and second raised,  
 And oft I loudly cry my whole,  
 Whilst sober people think me crazed.

1. This prefix marks inferiority.
2. My tenants hailed my coming home with glee.
3. I look for franchise to the Parliament.
4. In Ireland I'm the boy that pays the rent.

H.

## No. 6.

My first—a pretty girl—  
 My second loves away,  
 Although her brain it whirl,  
 And lead her steps astray.

1. Such will angelic visits be.
2. Could Pen prefer pert Blanche to thee?
3. The time between the cup and lip.
4. Ah me! Nepenthe let me sip!
5. O precious jewel, amber bright!  
 O "reverend and exquisite!"

o'b.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. "*A Handful*" and *Other Stories*. By Frances Maitland. (London: Catholic Truth Society, 21 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.)

This is another of the delightful collections of Tales which we owe to the Author of "Ursel." There is not one of the masters of the "Kail-yard School" of Fiction that excels Miss Maitland in the vivid realism with which she reproduces the thoughts, feelings and language of certain of the country-folk in Scotland. The story singled out by name on the title-page of this new volume takes up almost the same space exactly as the remaining five stories. The skill with which the story-teller makes her characters talk in the most natural manner possible was never more finely exemplified, yet not a word is spoken for the mere sake of talking but to help forward the story. An extremely interesting story it is, and it could not be better told. The five shorter stories of course do not admit of so much elaboration of plot and character, but each of them is admirable in its kind. The publishers have secured for the book such excellent printing and binding that one would expect the price to be twice what it is.

2. *Purcell's "Manning" Refuted. Life of Cardinal Manning with a Critical Examination of E. S. Purcell's Mistakes*. By Francis de Pressensé, a French Protestant. Translated by Francis T. Furey, A.M. (Philadelphia: John Jos. McVey).

We have transcribed in full this very explanatory title of the American translation of a work which has attracted a great deal of notice. The substance of it appeared originally in the *Reveu des Deux Mondes* of May 1 and May 15, 1896, in two articles devoted respectively to the great Convert's Protestant and Catholic career. The American titlepage has already emphasised the noteworthy circumstance, that a French Protestant is the author of this eloquent vindication of the English Cardinal from the false interpretation put forward by his Catholic biographer. Mr. Furey has performed very well his difficult duty. There is a short useful index, and the get-up of the volume is in good taste.

3. *The History of the Irish Wolf Dog*. By the Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J., F.R.U.I., M.R.I.A. (Dublin: Sealey, Bryers & Walker).

It is less than the truth to say that this is by far the most complete and authentic account that has yet appeared of the famous hound which holds in the Natural History of Ireland the place occupied by Round Towers in another department of Archæology. With

immense industry and patient research Father Hogan has collected every allusion to the Irish greyhound, often occurring in original documents so difficult of access and so difficult to interpret that half a sentence may sometimes represent many toilsome hours. His painstaking accuracy is guaranteed by his minute references, so unlike the vague, slipshod quotations that irritate the conscientious student in many other authors of note. Father Hogan pursues his survey carefully step by step, especially from the tenth century onwards, though indeed his earliest date is A.D. 391. Ten excellent illustrations are scattered through the 160 pages, which are printed in bold, pleasant type. Blessed Edmund Campion, S.J., was the first to give a minute description of the noble theme of this History; the Martyr's Irish namesake and confrère has spoken the last word on the subject.

4. *Chats about the Rosary; or, the Rosary familiarly explained to Children.* By Margaret Plues (London: R. Washbourne).

This is the third edition of quite a large, thick book about the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, with each of which a story is linked. It is meant for young readers, and this is the reason why the type selected is the largest and most readable that could be used for the purpose. It is pleasantly written, and clever in its way, besides being very pious and edifying; though I have doubts about the attempt made to reproduce the ungrammatical observations of the uneducated children to whom Aunt Margaret tells her stories.

5. *St. Patrick: His Life, his Heroic Virtues, his Labours, and the Fruits of his Labours.* By the Very Rev. Dean Kinane, V.P., V.G. (London: R. Washbourne).

Though this biography of our national Apostle is in its eighth edition, it is in this respect behind all the other books issued by the Dean of Cashel. But this is simply because it was published last and has not yet had time to overtake its predecessors. Thus the first of the series, "The Dove of the Tabernacle"—which was noticed in the first Number of THE IRISH MONTHLY in July, 1873—is now in its 32nd edition. The brief but very effective preface with which Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, recommended the "Life of St. Patrick" on its first appearance, is dated 1888; so that the editions have almost exactly kept pace with the years. Dean Kinane's pages are full of facts and full of unction.

6. The Publisher of the two preceding volumes has sent us also three of his very numerous series of sixpenny dramas for children, "The Violet Sellers," "Whittington and his Cat," and "The One or the Other." They all bear the present year as the date of publication, but two of them we have seen before, and would it not have been to their credit to acknowledge that this is a new edition? And would

not "The Violet Sellers" be still more acceptable if the author, Miss Theodora M. L. Lane-Clarke, were recognized as Mrs. Bartle Teeling? This is a dramatic version of her pretty story, "Roman Violets."

7. In honour of the *Mois de Marie* let us name the sweetest May-Book of them all, "Father Faber's May-Book" (London: Burns and Oates). The title-page only tells us that it was "compiled by an Oblate of Mary Immaculate." Father John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., ought to have given his name in full. We venture to reveal that name now as a guarantee of the taste and piety that have made this selection from the prose and verse of the fascinating and holy Oratorian.

8. The names of M. H. Gill and Son, of Dublin, and the Art and Book Company of Leamington and London are joined on the paper cover of a "Popular History of the Life and Miracles of St. Antony of Padua," translated from the French by Father Ignatius Beale; but it has been produced at Bruges and bears many traces of its foreign origin. It breaks up into a vast number of separate articles all the facts connected with this very popular Saint, miracles wrought by him, holy words spoken by him, devout prayers addressed to him, and it has a very large number of well executed pictures of places and persons connected with Saint Antony, who might be said with all affectionate reverence to be at present the object of a devotional "boom."

9. *The Ancient Irish Church as a Witness to Catholic Doctrines.* By John Salmon, M.R.S.A.I. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son).

This paper-covered book of 230 pages, price two shillings, contains more solid learning, well set forth, than hundreds of your pretentious half-guinea octavos. The author has long been known in Ulster as a writer of great erudition and acumen, especially on historical and controversial subjects. His usual signature, "S. J.," which might seem to be of less innocuous import, is simply his initials reversed. He gives most satisfactory proofs from undisputed authorities that the distinctive doctrines of the Catholic faith were held from the first by Christian Ireland. His texts are cited with scrupulous care and given in the original languages in foot-notes. The painstaking researches of German scholars have been skilfully utilised by Mr. Salmon for the benefit of Ireland "*incuriosa suorum*." Many of our priests will be glad to possess this very meritorious work, and it is for this reason that we have descended to the prosaic detail of price.

10. *The Gospel according to St. Luke.* By the Rev. J. W. Darby, O.S.B., and the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. (London: Burns and Oates).

This is the second of the "Scripture Manuals for Catholic Schools

arranged with a view to the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations" which are appearing under the editorship of Father Sydney Smith. It is an admirable work which even priests will find very useful, though it is a mere school book. The notes are very full and clear, and form indeed an excellent commentary on the sacred text. The questions appended to each are drawn up with great skill and care. The only illustration is a map of Palestine as it was in the time of Our Lord. We desire and foretell for this series of Scriptural Manuals the fullest measure of success.

11. *What Christ revealed.* By the Rev. L. Jouin, S.J. (New York: St. John's College, Fordham).

We know no book that tells so well within a hundred pages what Christ has revealed about the Church that teaches, the Creed that is taught, and the Sacraments that sanctify. Solid argument is conveyed in the clearest and briefest terms. It is worthy of a very wide circulation, and the price (ten cents) is certainly not prohibitive.

12. No publisher's name is connected with a very elegant volume which has come to us from New York—"Historical Sketch of the Church of St. Antony of Padua, Brooklyn, N.Y., with an Account of the Rectorship of the Rev. P. F. O'Hare, published on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee, March 19, 1897." This "Souvenir Sketch" is the most sumptuous of the kind that we have ever seen—luxurious paper and printing, excellent photogravures not only of Father O'Hare but of many other priests and persons, and not only of St. Antony's Church as it is now but of many other sacred buildings, chapels, altars, and schools. The History itself is most interesting and of high literary worth, beginning with the Jubilee Ode of Miss Eleanor Donnelly and ending with some excellent addresses by the Pastor to whom this beautiful tribute has been paid.

13. *The Sacrifice of the Mass worthily celebrated.* From the French of the Reverend Father Chaignon, S.J. By the Right Rev. L. De Goesbriand, D.D., Bishop of Burlington. (Benziger Brothers: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago).

The names of the Author and of the Translator of this finely printed work guarantee its solidity and value, especially when we add that it is by no means a slight devotional tract but a stately octavo of more than three hundred pages by a French Jesuit of great experience in pastoral retreats and now published in English by an American bishop. May it in its present form assist very many priests in the due performance of the great Action—*infra Actionem*. I will honour another publication of the same Firm by mentioning it in the same paragraph with this holy work—"Short Instructions for every Sunday in the Year and for the Principal Feasts." This also is a

translation from the French, by the Rev. Thomas F. Ward, of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, Brooklyn, New York. The instructions are solid and well arranged, and Father Ward's translation is excellent. If he knew or could find out his Author's name, he ought to have given it. Anonymity of that sort may be a sort of robbery.

14. We can only name an admirable lecture by the Most Reverend John Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto—"Some Things which Catholics do not believe, or Protestant Fictions and Catholic Facts"—a novel and interesting prayerbook compiled by the Very Rev. Dean Ling of Yonkers, New York; "How to make the Mission," by a Dominican Father; and "Vocations Explained," by a Vincentian Father. These three last are published by the Benzigers who seem to have practically a monopoly of Catholic publishing in the States. The Art and Book Company of London and Leamington publish "The Book of Psalms in Latin and English," from the printing press of Our Lady of Consolation—that is, by the Benedictine Nuns of St. Mary's Abbey, Stanbrook, in Worcestershire.

15. We must place apart a work which comes from the same publishers and the same printers. "Gregorian Music: an Outline of Musical Palaeography, illustrated by facsimiles of ancient manuscripts," by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. "To Saint Gregory and Saint Augustine, our Apostles, to whom we owe the faith and the songs of the Holy Roman Church these pages are dedicated on occasion of the thirteenth centenary of England's conversion." This slender but sumptuous quarto is based on the recent researches of the learned Benedictines of Solesme. This merely external notice by an outer barbarian will be sufficient to attract the attention of the reader who is capable of appreciating so erudite a work, if haply any such should glance at these unlearned pages.

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## THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

*Translated from the French.*

(Continued).

### XIII.

A bad Christian went by chance into a church, and was so touched by the sermon that he heard that immediately he entered earnestly into himself and asked for a priest to make his confession. Having wandered away from God for more than twenty years, he had vainly sought for happiness in creatures, and he had come to be persuaded that man is pursued here below by an evil genius, whose whole occupation is to make him suffer. When he had made his confession with great sincerity and contrition, he felt himself so comforted and his heart so light that he could not believe himself to be the same man. "Ah!" cried he, going out of the church, "I never thought that it was so easy to be happy."

*Wonderful thing! the Christian Religion, which seems to have no object but the happiness of the other life, forms our happiness in this life also.*—MONTESQUIEU.

### XIV.

It often happens that we bring troubles and annoyances upon ourselves, and fall into many faults, just through want of reflection. We decide some matter too quickly; we utter too quickly a bitter word; we follow too quickly the counsel of passion and self-love; we open too quickly a certain book, and so forth. We ought to have asked ourselves first, is what I am going to do praiseworthy, useful, or even allowed? What will be the consequences of it? Shall I repent of having done it? A moment of recollection, and above all an interior glance towards our good God, would be enough many times to open our eyes and would prevent acts that we regret. Let us learn to master our natural eagerness, and let us observe this rule faithfully if we would spare ourselves many little miseries and sometimes even very great ones.

*Happiness is in God. It begins here below by the practice of the virtues which His love inspires, and it is completed in a better life by the vision of what we have believed, and by the enjoyment of the infinite*

*Being whom we have loved. We become happy by securing our salvation, and we cannot become happy otherwise, because all other ways take us away from our end.*—CHARLES SAINTE-FOI.

## XV.

How can disquiet, that mortal enemy of happiness, find a place in our souls if we reflect well on what God is with regard to us? God sees all that happens to us: this is an absolutely certain truth. God loves us, and desires only our good: another truth which is not less certain. Therefore if sickness, poverty, adversity fall upon me, ought I not to say: "I take refuge with a blind trustfulness in the bosom of my Heavenly Father, for He sees my state and He loves me?" If envy and calumny pursue me, ought I not to say: "Nothing of all this can hurt me, for God hears the unjust words spoken against me and He loves me." Thus in all the crosses which come to us; if we have absolute confidence in God, none of these will be able to make us lose our peace of heart.

*Prayer is a perfumed dew, but to feel this dew one must pray with a pure heart. From prayer goes forth a delicious sweetness like the juice which streams from a ripe grape. The more one prays, the more one wishes to pray. Like a fish that swims at first on the surface of the water, and then plunges down deeper and deeper, the soul plunges in, sinks into the abyss, and loses itself in the sweetness of its conversation with God. Our happiness can be found only in prayer. When God sees us coming, He bends His heart down very low towards his little creature, like a father who stoops down to hear his little child.*—THE CURE D'ARS.

## XVI.

Do you wish to do good to the soul of your brother? Begin by making him happy. Give him all the little lawful gratifications that he can desire: do his will in all things that are permitted; bear with his faults without ever showing impatience: thus you will find the way to his heart. The heart once gained, all will be gained.

*Happiness is a whole made up of so many pieces that there is always one of them missing.*—BOSSUET.



JUNE, 1897.

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SWEETER THAN HONEY.

“THERE’S one for the Harrisons, one for the Leighs, *two* for the Marsons—that, I suppose, is because they keep bees and have honey of their own—one for Father Moran—that’s right enough, only it might have been two, I think,—and one for Mrs. Smythe. Now, let me see!—that’ll leave six jars for our own use—no, seven. Well, I *am* glad. If old Mrs. Stone doesn’t get that odd pot, I’ll know the reason why!”

Miss Bland—aged fifty-seven, and acting, as she had done for many years, as her brother’s housekeeper—looked very resolute indeed. Putting down the list her brother had written out and given to her that morning, she ceased talking to herself, though her busy thoughts occasionally found vent in an exclamation, accompanied by vigorous noddings of the head. She was in her store-room, and that same store-room was a pleasant place. She, and she only, knew all the secrets of its capacious cupboards. To say nothing of the thirteen jars of honey that stood upon the dresser before her, there were whole regiments of jars and bottles on the shelves above. Miss Brand’s pickles alone would have proved an interesting study for the average housewife, though they became comparatively insignificant when the doors of the two great cupboards were thrown open. Cordials and syrups were there and preserves without number, while the quantity of bottled fruits suggested the notion that they had been stored in anticipation of a siege—at the very least, of a universal fruit-failure in the coming year.

"Why William should *always* give an apple where there's an orchard is just what I can't understand," she said to herself at length. "However, I will have my own way for once. Soon as ever he's gone to town I'll put on my bonnet and take this down to Mrs. Stone. Sarah and the boy, between them, must deliver the rest."

Miss Bland was "as good as her word." Mr. Bland—never married, just verging upon sixty, tall, straight, and looking like the well-to-do man and retired tradesman he was—had barely reached the little country station on his way to town, when his sister proceeded on her charitable errand.—If the jar of honey had been a pot of molten gold, the poor old widow could not have been more delighted with it, or more thankful for it.

"Ah, Miss Bland!" she exclaimed again and again, "I am grateful for it, *that* I am. You see, ma'am,"—she continued when at her earnest entreaty Miss Bland had sat down in the clean little cottage room—"Honey's good for so many ailments, isn't it now? To say nothing of saving butter, which as you know, ma'am, has been one and eleven and two shillings a pound for weeks and weeks! And if you'll believe me, it was only this last night as ever was, my daughter came in and said, 'Eh, mother, I wonder where I could beg a bit o' honey? Our Sam's got *such* a cold; I doubt me he'll have to lose a day's work.' And do you know, ma'am, I was just thinking I'd step up to your house and see if you could spare 'em a bit when, lo and behold!—you bring me a potful your own self. And *such* a pot too!" the poor woman added, lifting it from the table, and looking upon it with tears of gratitude in her eyes.

"You're very welcome, I'm sure," Miss Bland declared, "so don't say another word about it. I'm glad I happened to think of it. But now, Mrs. Stone, don't you go giving *all* of it away."

"Oh, I'll not do that, ma'am. Just a bit for my daughter, of course."

"Of course," nodded Miss Bland.

"I'm so fond of a bit of honey, and often's the time I could eat a spoonful with my bread when I can't touch butter."

Judging from her appearance, Mrs. Stone might have lived on honey all her life through. She was nearing seventy very rapidly and had been a widow nigh upon twenty years. In reality her life had been an exceptionally hard one, so hard indeed that the

habitual sunniness of her disposition was a puzzle to some of her neighbours. A few guessed her secret, and only a few; yet the secret was a very simple one. Her years of widowhood had been—years of hard work certainly, but also years of prayer. Indeed, who ever heard of abiding sunniness apart from prayer?

## II.

Miss Bland had scarcely left the cottage when the widow began to pour into another jar an exceedingly liberal “half” of the pot of honey. To Mrs. Stone there were many things sweeter than honey, and *giving* was certainly one of them.

“ . . . When the power of imparting joy  
Is equal to the will, the human soul  
Requires no other heaven,”—

says the poet. I sometimes think this is one reason why the good God wishes many of us to be poor. A blessed and a meritorious thing it is to have the *will* to give; but if some of us had the power also, we should be in great danger of forgetting that “we have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come.”

“You must have been praying for honey,” Mrs Stone said, as she reached her daughter’s cottage and began to tell of Miss Bland’s generosity.

“Eh, mother, it’s more likely yourself that’s been praying for it,” said the husband who was lying on the sofa close to the fire. His cold had worsened considerably and to his great grief *was* keeping him from his work. So “mother” began to prescribe for the cold, and shewed her daughter how the honey might best be used.

It was nearly twelve o’clock before the widow returned home. For her, walking had become very slow work indeed; yet, as she entered her cottage, she suddenly “bethought herself.”

“There’s the Jacksons, now: how ever did I come to forget them? They never kill a pig but what they send me a fry; yet I’m sure they’ve nothing to spare. I must take ’em a bit o’ honey. With such a lot of children it’s sure to come in handy.”

Mrs. Stone had already filled an old marmalade jar with the precious syrup when there came a knock at the door. A pinched and pale-faced little girl stood on the step.

"Please would you give mother a bit o' camomile, 'cause she's poorly?"

"Eh, poor thing, of course I will!" Mrs. Stone answered. "Sit ye down there, child, while I go into the garden. Going home from school, are you? How that poor mother of yours does suffer, to be sure! And how's the baby getting on?"

Baby was very poorly too, the child said, and so was Harry.

"Dear heart alive!" exclaimed the widow taking up a pair of old scissors for the cutting of the camomile, "you are a poorly family, that you are!"

Returning from the tiny garden with a handful of the herb, Mrs. Stone found the child's eyes fixed wistfully upon the honey-pot.

"Aye, I reckon you don't like bread and honey?" the widow asked with a playful smile. The child didn't know, she said: she had never tasted it.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone, bringing out a loaf of bread, "then I reckon it's about time you did taste it."

The pinched, pale face flushed with pleasure, and the hungry eyes gleamed. Two slices of bread lay upon the table, and the golden honey was being lavishly spooned and spread.

"What are you looking at, my dear?" the widow asked, for the child had suddenly run to the open door. Mrs. Stone followed her. "Oh, it's your brother Willie, is it? Well, tell him to come in."

Willie lost no time in entering the cottage. He was bigger and older than the little girl, but, boy-like, had sent his sister upon the begging errand.

Like S. Philip at the picnic he gave to the Dominican novices, I think the poor old woman would have said "it made her fat" to watch her young guests eating bread and honey—for the first time. She had no fear of spoiling their subsequent dinner. She knew they had a mile and a half to walk home, and that when they got there, their mid-day meal would be of the scantiest.

Before they had finished, Mrs. Stone opened the door of a corner-cupboard. "I must give 'em a bit to take home," she was thinking, "yes, I really must—if it's ever such a bit. Just a cupful, anyhow." She took a tea cup from a shelf, but immediately exchanged it for a breakfast cup—a sort of bowl with a handle to it. This she filled unhesitatingly, and tying over the top of it

several thicknesses of linen and paper, bade the children carry it home very steadily. When they had left the cottage, she betook herself to the Jacksons. On her return she peeped into the honey jar. It may be guessed how much, or how little, was left of the honey. But she only smiled as she put away the pot. Her gentle loving soul was filled with a sweetness incomparably greater than that of honey.

And then the poor widow sat down to her solitary dinner. It consisted of one dish—a rice-pudding of so diminutive a character that a child in the nursery would have laughed at it as a culinary joke of the first order, and would have said; “Please give me that for my doll’s dinner-party!”

### III.

Mr. William Bland was downright angry. Bees were his hobby, and considering the small number of his hives, the year’s supply of honey had been large. In all household matters he gave his sister a free hand, but he thought he had made it clear to her that the disposal of honey was always reserved to himself. Moreover, on his journey back from town that afternoon he had met an acquaintance to whom he had actually promised the jar his sister had unwarrantably given away. It was nothing to the point, he said, that his list only included six pots. Elizabeth knew, or ought to have known, that he liked to have an odd jar to dispose of. A pot of honey was nothing, of course; but he had been disobeyed, and he did not like to be disobeyed.

Many of Miss Bland’s methods of charity were distasteful to her brother. He said she did not act upon sound and well-tryed principles, and that she was *all heart*. He himself always acted upon principle..

Miss Bland did not retort upon her brother and declare that he was *all head*, because she knew that nearly all quarrels begin with a sharp retort; and though the brother and sister had often agreed to differ on quite a number of subjects, they had never yet quarrelled. Besides, she knew very well that her brother had a heart, and a very tender one, though of a truth he did try to conceal the fact and often succeeded. As to his being *near*, or *stingy*—that was absurd. Father Moran knew better than that. Where would their little country mission have been but for the liberality of Mr. Bland?

No, it was in trifling matters the good man appeared to be stingy. The jar of honey was a case in point. To him it seemed that the giving of such a luxury to a poor woman was an error of judgment. Why give away honey when the quantity of jam at Miss Bland's disposal was so great? Preserves could not be sent to well-to-do people like the Harrisons and Marsons; but honey was a highly suitable article for such a purpose. It gave Mr. Bland immense satisfaction to reflect that the produce of his bees would be set before all the small notabilities of the neighbourhood. "Have a little honey," the lady of the house would say to her guest: "it is delicious honey: Mr. Bland's, you know. He sends us a jar every year quite regularly."

It is astonishing how the merest shadow of an injury will grow and increase by being dwelt upon and brooded over. William Bland's injury was the merest phantom in the beginning, but after he had spent three quarters of an hour in thinking about it, and looking at it in a variety of lights, he came to the conclusion that it was a matter of the most serious importance, and required from him very vigorous and decisive action.

"Elizabeth," he began as Miss Bland entered the little room he called his office, "Elizabeth! I *must* have back that pot of honey you gave away to-day!"

"William!" exclaimed his sister, "what ever are you saying?"

"Just exactly what I mean," Mr. Bland answered resolutely. "Send Mrs. Stone a pot or two of jam—what you like—and say the honey was a mistake; as indeed it was."

Miss Bland paused for a moment: she could not believe her ears.

"William!" she said at length in an indignant tone, "if I have to leave your house this very afternoon, never to enter it again, I'll not do such a mean thing as that!"

"Then I'll do it myself!" her brother answered, jumping from his chair and leaving the room—and the house. At the garden gate he met Father Moran.

#### IV.

The priest assured Mr. Bland that he (Father Moran) was merely calling to acknowledge the receipt of a very acceptable jar of honey, and that as he had had the good fortune thus to meet

his benefactor, there was no necessity for a formal visit just then. But Mr. Bland would not hear of this. He almost dragged Father Moran up the little carriage drive that led to the house.

"Well," began Father Moran as he and Mr. Bland entered the drawing-room where Miss Bland was sitting, "I am not sorry of the opportunity of telling you something of what I have seen and heard to-day. They say nothing travels so fast as bad news: I am inclined to think that good things spread—or are spread—just as quickly. Do you know, Miss Bland, that this very day you have been the means of scattering sweetness, and light also, throughout the length and breadth of the parish?"

Brother and sister both flushed crimson, but the priest was so full of his story he did not notice their embarrassment. It was a long story too, and required time for the telling. It consisted of a detailed account of the diffusion of Mrs. Stone's jar of honey. The priest had been out all day making sick calls, and in every house he had entered he had been shown a sample of Mrs. Stone's—or rather, Mr. Bland's—honey. Mrs. Stone herself had distributed it originally (as we know): but in almost every case it had undergone a further distribution. In short, that honey had been made to go very far indeed.

"I was so amused—and of course edified," said Father Moran in conclusion, "that I could not forbear looking in upon Mrs. Stone as I came by. I am so glad I did so. She was in the very act of scraping out the last atom of honey from the jar into a tea-cup, and a boy was waiting to carry home that same tea-cup."

Not knowing whether to laugh or to cry, Miss Bland did both at the same time. Mr. Bland crossed the room hurriedly and lifted the lid of an empty coal-scuttle.

"I knew that I should be guilty of no indiscretion in mentioning these facts to you, Miss Bland," the priest went on. "I tried to scold the poor old lady, but I could not manage it. You see, just now she is so very badly off as I happen to know. Her son-in-law tells me that the daughter in Manchester who used to do so much for her has, through a series of misfortunes, been unable to send her mother anything for a long time. You will forgive my saying this, Miss Bland, won't you? I know the number of your clients is very great, but I am sure you will not forget Mrs. Stone."

"Never, Father," Miss Bland sobbed.

Mr. Bland had left the room.

When Father Moran went away, Miss Bland ventured to look into her brother's office. Mr. Bland was not there.

"Gone to the post-office, very likely," Miss Bland said to herself. "Well, I'll just run down to Mrs. Stone's. The dear, silly old creature! And she told me only last Sunday she was doing 'so nicely.' Yes, it's always the way with the deserving poor. I'll never ask her another question as long as I live. No; I'll just *act*."

The walk to Mrs. Stone's cottage was a short one. When Miss Bland knocked at the door, it was opened by her brother who seemed to be taking his leave.

"William!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Oh, it's you, Elizabeth, is it?" began Mr. Bland, greatly confused. "I—er—I have just been—er—I mean I have had a little chat with Mrs. Stone. She—that is, I—"

"May the blessing of Heaven be upon you both!" interrupted Mrs. Stone in a voice broken with happy tears.

"Yes, Elizabeth, it's all right. You needn't stop now. I'll tell you all about it as we walk home," he said in a low tone to his sister.

"God will reward you, sir, and you too, ma'am!" the widow exclaimed with intense emotion.

Mr. Bland led his sister away after bidding Mrs. Stone "Good afternoon."

"You see, Elizabeth," he began hurriedly and before she could ask him a single question, "I thought you would like Mrs. Stone to be a *regular* pensioner of ours." (Miss Bland nodded vigorously) "And so—well, I have promised her ten shillings a week for the remainder of her life."

"May she live to be a hundred!" exclaimed Miss Bland, enthusiastically. Her brother's reply was an emphatic "Amen!"

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

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## EVENING.

A CUCKOO softly sends her silver call  
 Across the listening fields. A linnet sings  
 Above the homebound sheep. A river flings  
 Its changing jewels o'er a rock-set wall.  
 Close by, a corncrake stirs the rushes tall,  
 The while some distant meadow rings and rings  
 With his harsh voice. Careless with folded wings,  
 An apt ventriloquist, where green leaves fall,  
 He stands. The sun glides from the western sky,  
 And slow the golden gates shut to behind,  
 And slow the evening clouds their robes unbind,  
 Tired Nature rests while soft as farewell sigh  
 The last clear bell tolls far, now a faint wind  
 Wakes all the slumbering reed tops and goes by.

## NIGHT.

And hush ! the patient stars proclaim the night  
 In ancient order round the moon's white throne,  
 The latest bird is still, save wild and lone,  
 A curlew crying on the fern-decked height.  
 Now wheels the bat unloved, of troubled sight,  
 And piteous mouth, to song and sun unknown,  
 The netted wing needs rest soon wearied grown,  
 Aping the slender swallow's rhythmic flight.  
 The fields are sweet with scent, soft dews exhale  
 The fragrance of the rose and blushing thorn,  
 The rabbit scurries happy through the wood—  
 And thou, O Earth ! art fair, vale, hill and dale,  
 As when the Lord upon creation's morn  
 Surveyed his work and saw that it was good.

ALICE ESMONDE.

## A STUDY OF THACKERAY.

## III.

IN the present study of Thackeray we have been concerned chiefly with the deficiencies in his writings consequent on his entire self-abandonment to the satirical method; and we have seen how these deficiencies affect his work mainly in their ethical significance. Except in passing, or by illustration, no justice has been done to his intellectual powers, so strong and virile, nor to his excellence as an Artist, without which he could not claim to rank among the Masters of the Novel.

The truth is that, as an Artist, Thackeray has hidden himself under the cloak of satire, and, were it not for his one great work, he would never have exhibited himself to us in the plentitude of his genius at all. The greatest art concerns itself about the greatest things: it is not enough that we shall be true to fact: what is true we can learn each of us if we will: what is great and noble we can recognise only by the bettering of our own characters. For Shakspeare to reach his greatness it was not enough that he should picture truly the moving accidents of life, the mundane heroism of history, or the laughter-moving pranks of the haunters of the tavern. He must go further. After the histories come the greater tragedies—*Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, after the lighter comedies come *The Tempest*, and *A Winter's Tale*. Nor, for him, is it enough that he shall create forces of evil, as heroic in their proportions as are the forces of storm: over against them he must set beatific energies, whose mere existence tell us that, despite their seeming failures here, it is better so to live, and that this life of ours is beautified by their presences.

An ideal of evil involves an ideal of virtue; give us both, and you will satisfy art: but do not so do it that we may see too clearly the calculated contrasts. Do not let us have Colonel Newcombe for ever giving money and cakes to all children, money and Indian shawls to all his cousins, money and kind words to all the servants, in order that these people may respond to him with coarseness and abuse. Such wholesale outrage is not to be obtained in the world, bad as it may be; even to Timon of Athens

is to be granted a faithful Apemantus. Ingratitude is a "marble-hearted fiend," but the mere acceptance of this as a truism excludes its universal domination in the doings of men. Do not show us Pendennis, clever, but lazy and extravagant, plucked in all his examinations, whilst his less intellectual but more studious companions pass with credit or with honours. Flesh is weak and easily compelled to yawn; it is all true, but we relegate such obvious moralities to the category of "Little Frank," or the edifying stories of Canon Schmid. If a novelist cannot interest us by his art, we do not want him to preach to us in truisms. We have lived long enough to know that life does not fall into such contrasted modes, and that the mysteries of character, and the forces that mar or make it, are not so easily "paragraphed," and placed each in its respective pigeonhole. A Tito Melema is not so easily catalogued, and the tragedy of the ruin of a human soul needs no contrast in the presence of the crystal clearness of Romula's nobility: before he enters into her life, we are shown the cancerous germ that later on spreads itself to the destruction of his whole moral being.

Again, if, as a Novelist, you adopt the satirical tone, you cease to create: you condemn yourself to destroy. Having stuffed with straw your effigies of men and women, there is nothing left for you to do but to burn them. You have shown us of what poor stuff they are composed,—your heroines, and your would-be heroes—a stuff far coarser than "dreams are made of"—are you proud that we are somewhat glad when we have seen the last of them? You have sneered or laughed *at* them, you have never laughed *with* them; and for none of them do we feel one tithe the sympathy or regret that we do for Falstaff in his end—the sinner, gray in iniquity, wandering in "greenfields" amid the ghosts of his childhood. You have taken Satire not art as your object; you have transformed the Novel, and by so doing you have deformed it. You have ceased to give it Art for its rule; and all your power and force as a Satirist mark your weakness as a Novelist.

That Thackeray felt this, there can be no doubt.\* His fate as an artist makes one think of a great genius, whose mission was to paint, compelled to design modern Gothic churches. Influenced, partly by the warp in his mind against the aristocratic spirit and

\* See the chapter on "Esmond" in "Thackeray"—Englishmen of Letters Series by Anthony Trollope.

the social organism of the time, and partly by the need to be successful, his bent, and the popularity of his first works compelled him year after year to repeat himself in the same scornful outbursts against existing institutions and the men who upheld them. And yet no man, condemned to work for so long in methods opposed to his better feelings, was ever more serenely conscious of the artist that lived within him, than this writer, who suddenly cast aside his well approved methods, and challenged success in the most difficult field of the Novelist's work.

For perfection of art *The History of Henry Esmond* stands supreme in the literature of the Novel. It is one thing to write a romance of the time of Richard Cœur de Lion and the Crusade. Even to students of *Piers Plowman* and *The Canterbury Tales* the manners of that far-off time have an advantage in being vague; and the modern romancist has this excuse to fall back on, that if he attempted to make men speak as they did then, none of his readers would understand them. Is not Shakspeare himself, to whom they were much nearer in point of time than they were to Scott, compelled to make them speak and think in the manner of Raleigh and Sydney? Enough if you *dress* them in armour, or Lincoln-green; with an exquisite sense of colour, grouping, and effect; be full of the technique of tournament and archery: provide us with heroines, touching, and of irreproachable manners (do not mention how they tore boar's flesh at table with their fingers) let the young gentlemen, who are to lead them, ultimately, to the altar, be excellently educated, and so utter themselves (and with at times a tender melancholy, which Byron has just now made popular) but do not let us have the truth as it is concerning this age, savage and fierce; it will not be understood; or, if it were, it would only offend and disgust. Follow these lines, and you will give us a romance, not of history, but of costume. It will be charming and picturesque; and excellent reading for our boys at school.

Thackeray in *Esmond* did not propose to write an historical novel: above all else it is a novel of character; but, having determined on this, he set himself to write a novel of *style*. It is in this latter respect that no work in the English Language equals it, as, in respect of its character-drawing, none surpass it. He chose to write of a time when, not alone in literature of the severer type, but in that of the lightest and most ephemeral quality, and above

all in conversation, men aimed at, and achieved a distinction of style which marks the time of Queen Anne as a culminating point in the history of English Literature. Writing and speech had then reached a strict code of precept; a style had been formed through sixty years of consistent endeavour, so rigid in its canon that it was carried into all branches of letters. Imposed upon the greatest, often to the destruction of their best efforts, it was possessed by the least, raising them to the height of talent when they apply it to its proper use. It brought to perfection prose, conversation, essay, political or social squib, eloquence. It destroyed the liberal air and wide horizon of the old drama, it debased the new; it impoverished poetry, or circumscribed its dominions; in fine it impressed its form on the infinite diversity of literary effort, so that, in its universal ascendancy, we recognise a great internal force that bent and moulded the genius of the time.

It was this period that Thackeray set himself to reproduce. A like task was undertaken by George Eliot in *Romola*; but, greatly as her genius and patient study exhibit themselves in her reproduction of Florentine life in the 15th century, she allowed herself the freedom of her own style in narration, whereas Thackeray refused himself even this halting ground in *Esmond*, since he wrote in the person of Esmond himself. Hence it is we no longer see the intense individuality of the author that hitherto, volume after volume, has so impressed itself upon us as to become almost wearisome; we are reading instead the memoirs of one Colonel Esmond an officer of Queen Anne, written in his old age for his grandchildren, recording the experiences of his eventful life, and commenting upon them. If we have seen wherein hitherto Thackeray has failed as an Artist, we can now recognise how he has achieved the first step towards complete success. The Satirist is suppressed: the Dramatist takes up the pen; and the tone becomes adapted to the character: we view the world of event and thought through the candid clearness of Esmond's soul. The old sanguinary sarcasm and reiterated irony have here no place on the lips of a man who has loved and suffered and conquered self, and who, looking backward down the vista of his life, sees it to be good, and pities the weak and wicked too much to revile them. We are no longer irritated by the didactic scenes, constructed for the ridicule of folly, nor by the events of poetic justice conjured for the chastisement of vice. We have left the regions of burlesque and

of the pulpit ; life, hitherto shadowy, becomes real and vivid ; we are taken up by the current of illusion, and we watch the scenes and incidents gradually unfolded, forgetting, so perfect it is, the art with which it is done. The long dissertations on virtue, vice, and human weakness, so fatal to the sense of illusion in Thackeray's other works, if not absent here, are transformed ; false art in the pen of the writer, they become natural in the mouth of the character. We are glad to read the opinions of such a mind on the affairs of life, seeing that he has himself conquered them, and now possesses his soul in peace. The mannerisms of the social scale, hitherto exposed as the butt of satire and criticism, become reminiscences of men and sketches of character. The humour ceases to be laboured and overladen, but gains in delicacy, as we watch the smile, subtle and sad, with which the incidents are told.

Accepting the reflections, we look at the details, and the illusion is complete. We blamed Dickens for over emphasis of detail, an emphasis that, dwelling on the meaner things of daily life, obscures the higher themes of art, so as to make us question whether he was not blind to them. But in a Memoir all is different. We have too much and to spare of the dry bones of history in our literature ; we want the details of life and manners that will clothe the skeleton of the dead past. It is their powers in this respect that place Macaulay and Carlyle above all other historians. "I should," says Macaulay, "very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken, if I were merely to treat of the battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in parliament. It will be my endeavour to pourtray . . . the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements."

Vast as is the research required for executing such a task as this, the difficulty, once the facts are obtained, is nothing compared with that of the imitator of memoirs, who must speak of what is familiar to the narrator without emphasis, and yet make vivid by subtle touches of allusion what is unfamiliar to us. Nowhere in *Esmond* does the writer seem to describe the unfamiliar customs and manners of the past, he renders them in passing with the same light and dexterous touch as Trollope does a modern "At Home" or a shooting party : yet the quaint and beautiful dresses, the long curled periwigs, the stately ceremonies and stilted

courtesies of the time, live as vividly in the writing as if Thackeray had taken up his pen in person, and had spent whole pages in minute description. We marvel at the power and erudition with which George Eliot makes old Florentines with their customs and manners come to life through elaborate and minute detail, but the art, great as it is, is nothing to that with which Thackeray has created for us the atmosphere of the reign of Queen Anne. It is the very ease and familiarity with which Esmond utters his reminiscences of the trivial details that constitute the subtle charm, we feel it with a sense of refreshment, and revel in the clear light through which we see once more the well known figures of the past.

As with the manners, so it is with the characters. The subject, which has set aside all his faults, has given his powers their finest opportunity. In his *Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*. Thackeray, by profound study, reached the very heart of time. Everything therefore in *Esmond* is familiar to him, and most of all the utterances of the men whom he here brings to life. Depicting their habits and dress with the minuteness of Scott, he does what Scott could not do—he imitates exactly their style. So perfectly does he do it that we are deceived. Their very phrases and opinions, woven in the text, are reproduced, and the context is so complete in its verisimilitude that unless we are profound students of the originals, we cannot distinguish the authentic from the imaginary.

He goes further than this: he has searched out the hearts of these men through their writings and actions, and lays them bare before us. The suave dignity of Addison is contrasted by the effusive gush of Dick Steele: the snarling rudeness of Swift by the courtly finesse of St. John; the open-hearted bluster of Webb, by the crafty reticence of Marlborough. How vivid they all are, and how well we seem to know them! And yet, greatest wonder of all, when we examine the work a second time, how little space has been expended in the task! It is the clearness of the atmosphere through which we obtain glimpses of them that renders them so real. They are the living men, because the style in which they are depicted is so perfect in its rendering of the time in which they lived; a perfection, therefore, not limited to a few select scenes, but comprising the whole volume. It has the calmness, the accuracy, the unity and simplicity of the classics.

Our modern exaggerations, strivings after effect, hyperbole, and over-emphases, are not here. To write as Esmond writes, to speak as his contemporaries spoke, require a subtle sense for the value of words, now lost to us, a restoration of their primitive meanings, and an exactness in the construction of phrase. With these virtues of the literary style of his time, Thackeray is at pains to emancipate Esmond from its faults. The cosmopolitan Jesuit, Father Holt, has been his tutor, and the man has not forgotten that wider culture of his 'boyhood' which allows him to see beyond the sententious maxims, and false classic imagery with which the thought and literature of his day were over-burthened. It is all shewn in that exquisite scene in Addison's room, where with infinite humour Esmond describes Steele hiccoughing in tears the cold artificiality of Addison's verses in *The Campaign*, glossing over the horrors of war.

Having been thus far shewn the superiority of Esmond's taste in literature, we are not astonished at the sublime beauty of that passage where Esmond stands by his mother's grave in the old convent cemetery, which as a piece of prose writing has not a parallel in literature, and beside which the rhetoric of the *Vision of Mirzah* is what a waxen flower is to the reality. But enough has been said of Thackeray's Art as a writer in this book; let us glance at what is even still greater, his creations in the chief characters of the novel.

Hitherto in his novels Thackeray has been nowhere so wanting in delicacy of treatment as in his delineation of woman: and most of all this is evident in the creation of the woman character over which he spent most labour—Becky Sharp. No subject needs more a delicate and restrained hand than this, even if it be conceded that such is in any way worthy of an Artist's effort. It is not sufficient apology for it that three volumes are expended in dragging an adventuress through a host of infamous acts in order that at every turn you may bring her to failure and misfortune. We ask ourselves whether condign punishment and ignominy, invariably follow such people in real life; and we anticipate the calculated Nemesis lying in wait over the page. As to the character—we shall not call her woman—she is sexless, cold-blooded as a serpent, calculating as an unscrupulous lawyer, —at as devoid of true intelligence as a fly-eating plant, which  
 es on its victims through the mere reflex stimulation of their



presence. Nothing is more calculated to fill us with disgust ; yet we hate her mainly because Thackeray hates her. For three volumes he pursues her with savage sarcasm and misfortune. He makes her incapable of uttering a truth, a kind word, or a womanly sentiment. He is for ever at pains to show us some fresh lie, baseness, or indecency. True, he makes an effort to show her in the end performing one act of justice ; but when we come to recognise what it is, the smile of the writer seems to us more sardonic than ever. Having filled us to the brim with loathing and disgust, we close the book with relief, and the certitude that no such being ever lived ; that the character bears the same relation to womanhood that Swift's yahoo does to a man ; and that, in the loss of illusion, interest, and art under such a storm of irony and contempt, the usefulness of the picture is destroyed. We have been brought unawares upon what bears the same relationship that a coloured plate of a monograph on skin diseases does to a work of art. It is no wonder therefore if we feel the same disgust for the book itself that we do for the chief character.

All this is changed when we meet *Beatrice Esmond*. Shakspeare himself could not have made us feel more intensely her brilliance and charm, nor show more clearly how the forewarnings of her childhood are fulfilled in the catastrophe of her womanhood. Through the eyes and memories of the noble-hearted man who once worshipped her we watch the gradual decay of her woman's rectitude, through subtle hints and actions ; and yet, with him the grace and sweetness of her moods as often win us back, and force us to suspend our judgment. With him we watch with fruitless regret, the growth of ambition that is her undoing, to be again buoyed up in hope that the misfortune which befalls her in the murder of the Duke of Hamilton, her affianced husband, will prove a cleansing fire and burn away the dross of her nature. Then, when our hopes are highest, we are given the vision of her ultimate doom. We have seen a tragedy played out where death would have been preferable, where God's finger has pointed through misfortune the final separation of the two paths, and where the deliberate choice has set the seal of finality upon the death of the soul. We confess that art has vindicated herself : that, rightly treated, such subjects have a purifying and admonishing power ; and we are glad to draw the veil in pity

and in fear.\*

Thackeray delights in drawing the character of a jealous woman : he would have us to believe that it is woman's one necessary weakness, or rather that the strength of her love is to be measured by the strength of her jealousy, viewing it somewhat in the same way as we do the thieving propensities of our domestic cats. He is for ever uttering small pleasantries or covert sarcasms about it, until the subject, at best a difficult and delicate one to treat, becomes odious through its constant emphasis. It is a fact of some significance, showing how much these shortcomings were dependent on the writer's satirical method, that in the jealousy of Lady Castlewood we are given one of the most delicate pieces of workmanship in literature ; not only in the method in which it is portrayed, but in the object by which it is awakened. In the simple narrative which Esmond gives us of the slow death to which the mode of life of Lord Castlewood puts the love of his once adoring wife, we gain a glimpse here and there, infinitely subtle and told as if by one who was entirely unconscious of it, of the gradual substitution of Esmond himself in the place of her shattered ideals. The devoted and self sacrificing homage of the young man for her and for her children daily fills up the void which her loss of accord in her husband's mode of living would have daily made more vacant, so that we can see how the need to lean upon the ardent devotion of her chivalrous dependant becomes unconsciously a part of her very existence. It is not until the catastrophe of the duel in which her husband loses his life to avenge her honour (as he foolishly thinks) that her eyes are opened to recognise the position which Esmond has really taken on her life. Wild with grief at the loss of her husband once so dearly loved, seeing in his fate a judgment on what she now

\* *Esmond* having proved a failure as a popular work, Thackeray, with many lingering looks cast backward at the realms of art to which he bade adieu, wrote a sequel to it in *The Virginians*, and brought Beatrix Esmond once more on the scene as a disreputable old woman, the Baroness Bernstein. Having followed the misfortunes of the Pretender for some time, she returns to England to marry the Right Rev. Thomas Tusher, her brother's former tutor, made a bishop, and, having buried him, again marries the Baron Bernstein. Thackeray in *Esmond* is as much a Protestant as elsewhere and does not love Catholicism, witness the "stage Jesuit," Father Holt. But nowhere does he deal the opposed religion so savage a thrust as he does to his own in this marriage of Beatrix with a bishop of his church. It is the acme of bad taste.

believes to have been a want of wifely loyalty, though but in thought, on her part, she turns with hysterical vehemence upon Esmond as the cause of all their misfortunes, and spurns him from her. In the scene in the prison where this is described Thackeray surpasses himself, and we doubt if Shakspeare himself could excel it.\* Neither could anything be more beautiful than their subsequent reunion, when after a year's campaign Esmond returns, and meets her in the Cathedral of Winchester after evening service. Knowing nothing of his heroic sacrifice at her husband's death-bed, she has put her heart to school and meets him with the old affection, to which is added the sacred sweetness of a mother's love.

They walked as though they had never been parted, slowly, with the grey twilight closing round them.

"And now that we are drawing near to home," she continued, "I knew that you would come, Harry, if—if it was but to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after that horrid—horrid misfortune. I was half frantic with grief then when I saw you. And I know how—they have told me—how you tried to avert the quarrel, and would have taken it on yourself, my poor child," . . . .

"You had spared me many a bitter night, and you told me sooner," Mr. Esmond said.

"I know it, I know it," she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility, as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her. "I know how wicked my heart has been; and I have suffered too, my dear. I confessed to Mr. Atterbury—I must not tell any more. He—I said I would not write to you or go to you—and it was better even that, having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back, I own that. That is no one's fault. And to-day Harry, in the anthem when they sang, 'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream,' I thought, yes, like them that dream. And then it went 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;' I looked up from the book, and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head."

She smiled an almost wild smile as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see, for the first time, now clearly, her sweet care-worn face.

"Do you know what day it is?" she continued. "It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday. But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die; and my brain was in a fever; and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear." She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, "bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!" †

\* "The History of Henry Esmond." Book II., Chapter I.

† Book II. Chapter vi.

This full accord of affection is broken in upon immediately by the vision of the brilliant loveliness of Beatrix. Then the one passion of this strong-souled man flares up, and in the turn of a conversation, or a chance phrase, we obtain thereafter knowledge of the wound that is opened deep down in Lady Castlewood's heart. Criticism is powerless before the art with which it is done; an attempt to express it almost defiles it; and even to allude to what can only be felt, and held sacred, would be inadmissible were it not that by so doing we gain a clearer insight of the beauty of Thackeray's artistic method and self-restraint when dealing with a subject where one word of his old habit of comment would be distasteful, and destructive.

Of the masterpiece of the work, the character of Esmond, one may say that the only criticism of it lies in the book itself. This writer, hitherto so scornful of his own sex, has brought back into Literature the active flaming enthusiasm of the old chivalry for purity and its protective devotion towards the divine strength of woman's weakness, and has given us a hero, cool and resolute, yet almost feminine in the delicate sensibility of his heart. Excepting Deronda one may search through the literature of the novel for any ideal equal to that which Esmond represents of the entirely sympathetic nature in man, tender yet strong. And when we recognise that it is through the man's own story, related by himself, in a succession of devoted actions told with the utmost simplicity, we perceive the great heart untiring in its self-abnegation, we can grasp some idea of Thackeray's art. The homage which burns in Esmond's soul for "his dearest mistress," Lady Castlewood, has no counterpart in the literature of the novel. From the first moment when, a lonely boy, he sees her in the book-room at Castlewood, to the closing words when in her name as his wife he "writes the completion of hope, and the summit of happiness," we feel that there is something unique in this devotion; love was scarce the name to be given to it, as he himself tells us, but "it was worship." This redeeming ardour makes the bitterest sacrifices for her and for her children a compelling joy to him. When his patron Lord Castlewood dying confesses that he is the rightful heir to the title and estates, he burns the confession without a thought of regret: "and it was with grateful tears in his eyes that he returned thanks to God for that decision which he had been enabled to make." Later on, though ensnared by the beauty

of Beatrix, hopeless of winning her while the cloud as to his birth rests on his name, and when his mistress in gratitude to him for having saved her son's life urges him to take up his rights, his love for her outweighs even the temptings of his passion, and with calmness he sets the temptation aside. In a passionate outburst of gratitude his mistress kneels down and kisses his hands. The moment is a crowning joy in Esmond's life, and all the love and devotion of the past finds utterance on his lips.

"Dearest saint," says he—"purest soul, that has had so much to suffer, that has blest the poor lonely orphan with such a treasure of love! 'Tis for me to kneel, not for you; 'tis for me to be thankful that I can make you happy. Hath my life any other aim? Blessed be God that I can serve you! What pleasure, think you, could all the world give me compared to that?"

"Don't raise me," she said in a wild way to Esmond who would have lifted her. "Let me kneel—let me kneel, and—and—worship you." \*

This sensitive tenderness and ready sympathy are not the possessions of a visionary and a dreamer; they are the contrasting elements in the nature of a man of action and of stern resolve. Harassed by his own thoughts and griefs, Esmond remains always sad but always strong. He does waste time "in thinking too precisely on the event," the emergency finds him always ready, and that which he undertakes succeeds, or fails through the weakness of others, not his own. With the same ease he brings to their senses two such different men as Swift and the Duke of Hamilton, makes the one retire in confusion and the other instantly utter an apology; and he undertakes for the love of Beatrix, to convey to England the young Pretender in disguise, that the Queen may on her deathbed become reconciled to him and declare him her successor. Having achieved this, he sees the irony of fate mocking him in the vision of Beatrix laying her snares to gain the heart of the Prince, and, everything being ready for the declaration of his succession to the throne, he finds that he has fled to Castlewood to join Beatrix. He sees the crown lost and his house dishonoured. Then the whole great nature of the man blazes forth in superb and terrible rage. Again we have to look to Shakspeare for an equal in art to that displayed in this episode of the ride of the two outraged kinsmen to Castlewood, and their interview with the treacherous Stuart to confront him with the villainy which he had contemplated. Nowhere have Thackeray's

reflective powers stood him in such stead as here, where he shows us this man, pale and haggard, with set teeth and his brain fired by four nights of watching, yet preserving his clear mind, his restrained tone, and through the irony of a formal etiquette heaping more scorn upon the discredited Pretender than any outburst of vituperation could effect. When we read this scene, we regret that Thackeray did not turn his powers to the drama: there is much in the construction of this novel, and many of its scenes but especially in this last supreme one, to convince us that his genius would have led him to success in this field also of the writer's art.

The character of Beatrix laid bare to him in all its naked ugliness, the passion of Esmond dies; and out of its storm and stress the soul of the man emerges sane and calm. He turns with humbleness and contrition to that other love that had blessed his lonely boyhood and watched over his manhood with something of the tenderness of motherhood. Having seen the gloom of tragedy we yet close the book in an atmosphere of peace, like the golden sunshine of an Autumn evening. Writing of the happiness of his life, his marriage with Lady Castlewood, he says:

"That happiness which hath crowned it cannot be written in words: 'tis of its nature sacred and secret, and not to be spoken of, though the heart be ever so full of thankfulness, save to Heaven and the One Ear alone—to one fond being, the truest and tenderest and purest wife, ever man was blessed with. . . . In the name of my wife I write the completion of hope, and the summit of happiness. To have such a love is the one blessing, in comparison of which all earthly joy is of no value; and to think of her is to praise God. . . . In our Transatlantic country we have a season, the calmest and most delightful of the year, which we call the Indian summer: I often say the Autumn of our life resembles that happy and serene weather, and am thankful for its rest and its sweet sunshine."\*

Surely with us, too, it is better, having put aside the fruitless bitterness and rancours of the past, and ceased from railing or laughter at those things which perhaps make others weep, to rest ourselves, when the fitful fever-heat of the spent day is past, within this quiet sunshine, to see the lengthening shadows deepen into twilight, to watch how above us "the great stars come out, and to feel the world revolving into a purer dawn."

MONTAGU L. GRIFFIN, B.A., M.B.

\* "Esmond."—The closing words.

## TWIN SONNETS.

## IN VAIN.

WITH wide wing once my thought o'er Wisdom's plain  
 Circled, or soared to scan her stateliest height ;  
 Now, baulked by bar and dulled by dark, for light,  
 For air, my wan weak spirit pines in vain.  
 When the strong eagle first was trapped, its pain,  
 In steel fangs clutched, gasped with shrill scream ; its might  
 In madness writhed 'gainst torture, till the tight  
 Teeth closed round each fierce throe with fiercer strain.

But now, in Fate's fast fetters held, I lie  
 Nerveless, too weak for pain, too worn for rage.  
 Too late would come the sunshine to assuage  
 The dim dark dungeon torpor whence I cry,  
 With a monotonous moan, within my cage,  
 "Thou, alone merciful, God ! let me die !"

## NOT IN VAIN.

Fate's fetters bind my strength to chain and bar ;  
 Fate's failures blot my aim in hueless gloom.  
 Upon each tearful dawn is writ the doom  
 Of tempest day. Night's shadows clash in war  
 Of phantoms' vain to seize but strong to mar  
 Each bright resolve with rust, quick to consume  
 Each hope of heart to ashes of the tomb.  
 I know nor work nor rest nor sun nor star.

Yet, Fate has failed. I conquer though I die.  
 For, while this body writhes like worm down-trod,  
 My soul, with tameless strength and tearless eye,  
 Yea ! though my heart-drops idly drench the sod,  
 Through bolt and bar speeds spirit-words that fly  
 Triumphant in secure appeal to God.

K. R.

## PRIEDIEU PAPERS.

## No. X.—THE PRESENCE OF God.

**G**OD is near. All the things that we dare to say about God need to be raised above the weakness and narrowness of our poor human words in order to be true of God. Even this, *God is near*, is less than the truth. Things are near when they are separated by only a small space ; and in this sense God cannot be merely near, He is more than near. Yet St. Paul uses those three little words, *Prope est Dominus*, as a sufficient sanction for the sublime code of virtue which he inculcates on his Christian converts in their first fervour. “ Let your modesty be known to all men : the Lord is nigh.”

“ The Lord is nigh.” God’s nearness to us, the presence of God, is motive enough for the practice of modesty and of every Christian virtue. Yes, practical faith in the presence of that almighty God who made us and who will judge us, is one of the most powerful motives urging us on to all that is good, one of the most powerful restraining influences to keep us back from everything that is evil. Nay, we might speak more boldly and call it absolutely the most powerful of all motives : for every other supernatural motive depends for its efficacy upon this, and this one motive may be said to include every other.

No doubt, when one is insisting on any special point like this, one is always prone, in describing its importance, to use superlatives, which very properly are received with suspicion. A lawyer, for instance, does not expect to be taken quite literally when he assures a jury that never before in the entire course of his professional experience has he been more profoundly impressed with the justice of any cause entrusted to his feeble advocacy than he is on the present occasion. Even preachers and spiritual writers may unwittingly come under the influence of this natural feeling which attaches undue weight to the subject that for the time engrosses one’s attention. But there is none even of this allowable exaggeration in saying that no point of our spiritual life can be more important, no means of sanctification can be more easy and more efficacious, no supernatural truth can be more fruitful in its



results on the soul, than the abiding sense of the presence of God.

Let us, then, with all the faith, hope, charity, and contrition, of which our souls, such as we have made them, are capable, renew our belief in this plain, grand, fundamental dogma, that the almighty and everlasting God, Creator and sovereign Lord of Heaven and Earth, of angels and men, is present everywhere and always; that, as His eternity embraces in itself all the fleeting moments of our finite time, so His divine immensity contains supereminently and transcendantly all our relations of place and space; that He is nearer to us, more intimately joined to us, than we are to our own souls; for, as St. Paul told the men of Athens, "He is not far from each one of us, for in Him we live and move and are."

God therefore is present everywhere, not merely by his knowledge of what takes place everywhere, or as a king is present by his authority in every part of his kingdom. He is present everywhere as that king is present in the palace which he inhabits or on the throne on which he sits—as He is present to those on whom his eye falls or to whom his voice reaches. In all these meanings and manners, and in ways inconceivably closer and more intimate, God is really and necessarily present in every part of the universe which He has drawn out of nothing and which He maintains in existence at every instant—present to all His creatures, present in all His creatures, with all His infinite attributes, by essence as well as by knowledge and power.

Reason itself goes far to tell us that all this must be so, and faith more plainly says that so it is. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit?"—these are the inspired words of God Himself who puts them on the lips of the creature addressing his divine Creator—"Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy face? If I ascend into heaven, thou art there; if I descend into hell, thou art present. If I take my wings early in the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, even there also shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me. And I said: 'Perhaps darkness shall cover me' . . . but darkness shall not be dark to Thee, and night shall be light as the day." (Psalm cxxxviii, 7-12).

This illustration which the Royal psalmist here draws from the light of day is the first which occurs to us all when we strive to realise dimly and afar off this truth of the ubiquity, the

immensity, the universal presence of God. "Simple as light is His nature"—so the Christian slave tries to explain this doctrine to Fabiola in Cardinal Wiseman's well known tale which takes its name from hers, and which, though a mere fiction, is in its subject and in its authorship sacred enough to be quoted here—"simple as light is His nature, one and the same everywhere, indivisible, undefilable, penetrating yet diffusive, ubiquitous and unlimited. He existed long before there was any beginning; He will exist after all ending has ceased. Power, wisdom, goodness, love—justice, too, and unerring judgment—belong to Him by His nature, and are as unlimited and unrestrained as it. He alone can create, He alone preserve, He alone destroy." \*

Syra goes on—and this is the part which bears more directly on our subject—she goes on to tell her young mistress that to watch and note the thoughts and actions of all His creatures is no toil or trouble for this infinite and almighty Being, far less than for the sun to light up with his rays the waters of the stream that was running beside them, down to the very pebbles on its bed. Well might the Roman lady, who had hitherto been a pagan, exclaim with a shudder: "What an awful idea that one has never been alone, has never had a wish to oneself, has never held a single thought in secret, has never hidden the most foolish fancy of a proud or childish brain from the observation of One who knows no imperfection! Terrible thought, that one is living under the steady gaze of an all-seeing Eye, of which the sun is but a shadow, for *he* enters not, the soul!"

One who really lived at the time in which Cardinal Wiseman has laid his story—which will be read when his graver treatises are neglected—the early Christian apologist Athenagoras thought that the mere statement of our belief on this point was a sufficient refutation of certain atrocious charges brought against the Christians. "We Christians"—he said to the Emperors Antoninus and Commodus—"we Christians believe and know that God night and day is present not only to all our actions but to all our words and thoughts, and that He sees the things which lie hidden in our hearts." And hence he dares to draw the conclusion that men who believe all this could not commit, even in thought, such abominable crimes as their heathen slanderers laid to their charge.

Alas, it is rash to argue from faith to practice. God forbid that the real faith of our souls on this point and on many other points should be judged by our external conduct or even by our secret thoughts and feelings. But the difference between the two, the contrast between belief and conduct, can only be accounted for by the coldness of our faith and by our miserable weakness, stupidity, and cowardice. The saints were saints because they believed what we believed and acted as if they believed it, whereas *we* live or have often lived as if we could, at least at certain times, hide ourselves from God's sight, or as if God could overlook or forget what He sees.

The sinner who carries this forgetfulness of God's presence to the extent of freely committing grievous sins is practically a pagan, vastly worse for the time being than such enlightened pagans as Seneca (for instance) with his wise advice that we should treat with men as if God saw all, and treat with God as if men saw all. This last suggestion about using the thought or imagination of the presence of our fellow-creatures as an incentive to proper dealing with God is, I think, a very useful one and might be profitably developed. But this would lead us away from our present thesis which may be further supported by the authority of another enlightened pagan, one of the two greatest orators of classical antiquity.

Besides being an orator, Cicero wished to be a philosopher, and in one of his philosophical treatises he tells us of a certain man called Gyges who possessed a ring of such marvellous power that, when placed on a certain finger, it rendered him invisible. By means of this ring he committed many crimes with perfect impunity, murdered his king, and made himself the founder of a new line of the Kings of Lydia. Even Cicero, poor heathen as he was, says that a true philosopher, possessing such a ring, would not use it for the purpose of committing crimes with impunity, because for him it would not be enough to escape detection, since the rule of his actions is not the opinion of men but the moral fitness or unfitness of each act.

We who are not groping about in the dark but living in the light—we, thanks be to God, have a more efficacious principle to restrain us from evil than any abstract notion of the moral fitness of things. We deny the hypothesis. No Gyges' ring can render any one invisible to the eye of God. We have never for one

instant been hidden from that Eye since we first drew the breath of life. Every beating of our hearts, every passing thought and feeling, has been seen and marked by God. Every one of us can say and could have said at any moment of our past lives: "God is at this moment looking at me as if I were alone in the world." It is a terrible insensibility, want of feeling and want of reason, not to be ashamed and afraid to do in God's presence what we should be ashamed and afraid to do in the presence of our fellow-creatures.

"If you be determined to commit sin," says St. Augustine, "seek first a place where God will not see you and then do what you please." And this saying of St. Augustine the Abbot Paphnutius reduced to action in order to convert a sinner of Alexandria called Thais, who was dragging many souls to hell. He pretended to ask for a very secret chamber where no one could discover them; and she showed him one. "Not secret enough," he said. Then she opened an inner room, and another and another, each more secret than the preceding one and more securely locked and guarded. But, praying as he must have prayed before daring to use such an expedient, God enabled him to make the wretched sinner feel that in the most secret of those secret places God saw her. The divine grace struck her powerfully, and she resolutely tore herself away from her wicked life. For three years Thais fasted on bread and water, praying and weeping; and yet, being forbidden by Paphnutius to pronounce with her polluted lips the sacred name of God, her prayer was only: "O Thou who hast made me, have mercy on me!" After three years of such penance she was found worthy of the sight of God in heaven, the thought of whose unseen presence on earth had startled her out of her sinful life and made her a saint.

Holy as the book is from which this incident is taken, "The Lives of the Saints," it would be better, if proof were needed for this efficacy of the thought of the Presence of God, to seek for proof in the holiest book of all, God's own inspired Word. In the Old and the New Testament the eye of God, the sight of God, are appealed to as an infallible remedy for sin, as the securest safeguard against temptation, as the most potent stimulus to virtue.

For instance, in the 23rd chapter of Ecclesiastical, the Holy Ghost speaking through the son of Sirach denounces the impious

folly of "the man who sins in secret, despising his own soul and saying: 'who seeth me? Darkness compasses me about, and the walls cover me, and no man seeth me—whom do I fear? The Most High will not remember my sins? And he understandeth not that the Lord seeth all things, and he knoweth not that His eyes are far brighter than the sun, beholding round about all the ways of men and the bottom of the deep, and looking into the hearts of men, into the most hidden parts. For all things were known to the Lord God before they were created; so also, after they were perfected, He beholdeth all things."

The prophet Ezechiel also, when the hand of the Lord God fell upon him, lifted up his eyes towards the way of the north; and God said to him: "Surely thou seest, O son of man, what abominations the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark, for they say 'The Lord seeth us not, the Lord hath forsaken the earth.'" And the prophet falls on his face and cries out (ix, 8) "Alas, alas, alas, O Lord God, wilt Thou, then, destroy all the remnant of Israel by pouring out thy fury upon Jerusalem?" And God said once more to the prophet: "The iniquity of the house of Israel and of Juda is exceeding great, and the land is filled with blood, and the city is filled with perverseness." [And why? The self-same reason over again] "For they have said 'The Lord hath forsaken the earth, and the Lord seeth not.'"

Yes, the cry of the sinful heart then and now and at all times is, *the Lord seeth not*; but the cry of the pure heart, and the cry of the sinful heart that wishes to become pure, is, *Dominus videt*, "The Lord sees." This word, this thought, quells the tumult of passion, breaks the wicked spell of temptation, and makes malignant and persistent sin impossible. Even the vicarious presence of God, as it might be called—the presence of some of His poor creatures, those especially who mirror least dimly for us some of His divine attributes—their presence, nay the mere thought of them, can vanquish the powers of evil and hold the enemy at bay. But none of God's creatures can be near to us in the way in which God is near. The nearest is far off. We can hide from them, but we cannot hide from God. *Dio ed io*. Should we be willing that those whom we love and revere should read our hearts at all times as God reads them? We bless God for having jealously reserved this to Himself—*Deus intuetur cor*—but, on this point more than all, the contrast between creed and conduct has often been mean, dastardly, blasphemous.

We must not, however, think of the presence of God as merely a safeguard against evil but also as an incentive to good. We may venture to introduce this branch of the subject by taking an illustration from an incident in the life of the famous actor, Edmund Kean.\* At the outset of his career, performing in some country town, the young man was disheartened one evening by perceiving that the audience was miserably scanty—a few people in the pit and only three persons in the boxes. Nevertheless, having the true spirit of his vocation (such as it was), he did his best. And it was well for him that he did so; for one of the three spectators in the boxes was the manager of the principal London Theatre, whose appreciation of the young actor's talent,

\* My authority for this anecdote is the following scrap from some old newspaper :

"When the curtain drew up," Kean began, "I saw a wretched house. A few people in the pit and gallery, and three persons in the boxes, showed the quantity of attraction that we possessed. In the stage-box, however, there was a gentleman who appeared to understand acting. He was very attentive to the performance. Seeing this, I was determined to play my best. The strange man did not applaud; but his looks told me that he was pleased. After the play I went into the dressing-room [this was under the stage] to change my dress for *The Savage*, so that I could hear every word that was said overhead. I heard a gentleman (who I suppose was the gentleman of the stage-box) ask Lee the name of the performer who played the principal character. 'Oh,' answered Lee, 'his name is Kean—a wonderful clever fellow; a great little man. He's going to London. He has got an engagement from Mr. Whitbread; a great man, sir.' 'Indeed!' replied the gentleman, 'I am glad to hear it. He is certainly very clever; but he is very small.' 'His mind is large; no matter for his height,' returned Lee to this. By this time I was dressed for *The Savage*, and I therefore mounted up to the stage. The gentleman bowed to me, and complimented me slightly upon my play, observing, 'your manager says that you are engaged for London?' 'I am offered a trial,' said I, 'and, if I succeed, I understand I am to be engaged.' 'Well,' said the gentleman, 'will you breakfast with me in the morning? I am at the Royal Hotel. I shall be glad to speak to you. My name is Arnold; I am the manager of Drury-lane Theatre.' I staggered as if I had been shot. My acting in *The Savage* was done for. However I stumbled through the part, and—here I am." After finishing his story he could think and talk of nothing but the approaching interview with the London manager. Morning arrived, and Kean, (after dressing himself 'as respectably as he could,' says our information) repaired to the Hotel for breakfast. He was received graciously, and after some conversation as to his experience on the stage, his cast of characters, &c., (which occupied the intervals of the meal), he was finally engaged by Mr. Arnold on behalf of Drury-lane Theatre for a term of three years, at a salary of eight, nine, and ten pounds per week for each successive year, and he was to have 'six trial parts.' In two hours from the time of his leaving home, he returned to his wife with the above information. He seemed half out of his senses with delight."

as displayed in that evening's performance, led at once to a London engagement and raised Edmund Kean soon to fame and fortune.

You see the application, dear reader. How foolish to look for the applause of the ignorant and the vulgar crowd instead of trying to deserve the approval of those who are really competent judges of excellence. So it is in human things; but the folly of follies is not to strive earnestly to please the Supreme Judge whose eye is upon us always. God sees and knows everything we do and think and feel and suffer, and He knows our spirit and our motives; He marks everything and forgets nothing. How is it possible that we should ever lose sight of this? And how is it possible that, remembering this, we should ever deliberately, I will not say commit sin, but even be slothful and careless about doing the things on which God's Eye will rest with pleasure?

This abiding sense of the divine presence was the very recipe for acquiring perfection proposed by God Himself many centuries before the Incarnate Son of God had issued that strange command: "Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect." Two thousand years earlier than that precept of the Redeemer, the Almighty had said to the patriarch Abraham: *Ego Deus omnipotens, ambula coram me et esto perfectus*. "I am the omnipotent God: walk before Me and be perfect." (Gen. xvii, 1). And if after this divine authority it were lawful to cite a mere creature, we have the last words of a man so holy and so learned as St. Thomas Aquinas. When he was dying at Fossa Nova, one of the monks asked him what was the best means of being always faithful to grace. The departing Saint replied: "Be assured that he who shall always walk faithfully in God's presence, always ready to give to God an account of all his actions, shall never be separated from God by consenting to sin." Long before St. Thomas, St. Ephrem had said: "Always keep God in remembrance, and your soul will become a heaven." For what is Heaven but the house of God, the home of holiness and peace and praise and prayer, where there is neither sin nor sorrow? And all this is in due measure verified in the soul that keeps God in remembrance.

This holy exercise of the presence of God consists chiefly in a simple and loving remembrance of God as present within us—an act of faith and charity without any straining of the mind

any effort of the imagination. It need not interfere—quite the contrary—with any of the labours or lawful pleasures of ordinary life. The only thing it interferes with is sin. The thought of God's presence must not check the hearty laugh of innocent mirth. The presence of a kind and loving parent does not sadden good children but makes them happier. So must *we* feel under the watchful but loving eye of our Father who is in Heaven. Even in this vale of tears, we must be the happy children of the one holy Catholic Church, the true Mother of souls, who teaches us that joy is one of the fruits of the Holy Ghost, who bids us "delight in the Lord" with the Psalmist, and imitate the Psalmist also when he says (Ps. Lxxvi, 4): "My soul refused to be comforted—I was mindful of God and was delighted." Nay, the union between God's presence and joy of heart is put forth in the very passage which has set us meditating on the subject; for there St. Paul, while reminding us that the Lord is nigh, cries out in the same breath: "Rejoice in the Lord always, again I say to you, rejoice!"

An easy and profitable way of recalling the presence of God is the practice of holy aspirations—to try and sprinkle short and fervent ejaculations over our day, as the asperges sprinkles the drops of holy water over the heads of the congregation kneeling before Mass in some holy country chapel. To raise the soul quietly, and with or without a motion of the lips to say in our hearts, "O my God!"—it ought not to be very hard for us to do as much as this sometimes during the course of the day; and even this would remind us very effectually of God's holy presence.

Or (better still) we might fix in our minds the favourite ejaculations of some saints, such as that which we heard a few moments ago from the lips of the penitent Thais: "O Thou who hast made me, have mercy on me!"—or else St. Francis of Assisi with his *Deus meus et omnia*, "My God and my all!"—or those humble words which pleased our Lord greatly in the Gospel: "I believe, O Lord!—help my unbelief"—or finally, that other prayer which pleased our Lord still more: "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

A gentle turning of the mind and heart to God, even if unaccompanied by any articulate sigh such as one of these ejaculations, will calm us and strengthen us, and enable us to go on more cheerfully and more steadily with any duty that occupies



us at the moment. Thus shall we keep the mind filled with pure and elevating thoughts and feelings, so as to leave no room for the frivolous, much less the filthy and the base.

May it be so with all of us, dear readers. May all our actions, even the most trivial and the most hidden, and all our words and all our thoughts and our whole hearts and lives, be henceforth more worthy than they have often been in the past of rational beings with immortal souls, living, and knowing that we live, and remembering habitually that we live, at every instant in the presence of God.

Thee, O my God, as present I adore,  
And, offering thee my heart, thy help implore,  
Resolving never to offend Thee more.

M. R.

### A JUNE NIGHT.

DAY is for labour; night for thought, not sleep—

Let sleep come when it will, 'tis always blest.

Mild minister! that to the lids doth creep

Unbidden, like some dear familiar guest

For whom the door stands ever on the jar—

The evening star

Beckons, and all the forest is at rest

Save where the topmost boughs a gentle swaying keep.

The bare realities of garish day

Are softened in June's mystic after-glow.

"For clay thou art," and yet not wholly clay

A spirit breathes beneath this fleshly show.

It wakes and trembles with the rising moon

That none too soon

Will silver over with its pensive ray

The marish mere, and white the crags with phantom snow.

A scentless night is night without a soul.

Not soulless this in June. The pure white heat  
Of the lily's passion in a cloud doth roll

Of heaven-breathing fragrance. At my feet  
The stock, by day a dim unsightly weed

Of little heed,

Grows, with the gloom, so overmastering sweet,  
Earth floats a perfumed bubble on night's nectarous bowl.

What have we done that thou dost shun our shore ?

Sweet troubler of night's calm ! melodious bird !  
Is it that in the halcyon days of yore

Our bards so deep a chord of feeling stirred  
That all our groves are sacred to the Muse,

And so, recluse

Of cloistered shades, thy note is never heard ?  
Or do our weeping skies affright thee from our door ?

And yet I scarce regret thee, for this scent

Intoxicates more surely than thy song.

What though it be a silent instrument

That steals the halls of memory along—  
Each string the sweetness of a separate flower—

Such is its power

The past leaps into being swift and strong,  
And all the soul is steeped in a divine content.

How full is life in this contemplative mood,

Freed from the accidental ! Thus we shun  
The incompleteness that will oft intrude

Into our best endeavours. Life begun  
And rounded in a thought, might win the applause

Of the First Cause :—

But, hark, the shrilling cock proclaims the sun ;  
And saucy Day plucks at Night's veil with fingers rude.

T. H. WRIGHT.

## THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT.

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

## CHAPTER XII.

## UNBIDDEN GUESTS.

THE morning broke bright and beautiful upon the hills. Ethna was up early, decorating her drawingroom with autumn flowers, giving little touches here and there, putting what looked a little shabby into corner and background shadows, and drawing into the foreground whatever could best bear the searching sunlight. She wished the day was over, and sat down to breakfast, feeling inclined to ask with Mr. Mallock, "was life worth living?"

While the Madam was pouring out the tea and wondered what was keeping Nora, a tumult of voices was heard in the yard, mingled with the glad barking of dogs, and in a moment there was a shriek of delight from Nora in the kitchen.

"Hullo, Peggy, Biddy, Nanny, Mary, is the breakfast ready?" said a merry voice.

"I declare 'tis Vincent," exclaimed the Madam.

The door was opened with a bang, and cap in hand the young man appeared, his handsome face flushed with pleasure, followed by Mr. Taylor, with Nora hanging to his skirts.

"Vincent, George, what on earth brought you here so early? I'm delighted to see you," said the Madam.

"Yourself and the grouse, Madam," answered Vincent, giving her a hearty greeting, in which he was imitated by Mr. Taylor.

"And how is my love, my pearl, my mountain girl?" and he wrung Ethna's hand; "have you forgotten our last quarrel, Eth.? What's this it was about? Were you all miserable while I was away?"

"I am afraid not," replied Ethna, gaily. "I, at all events, never lost my appetite."

Ethna's spirits had gone at a bound from Tophet to Paradise. What did she care now about entertaining the Moores? She was simply enchanted they were coming. Here was the handsomest

young man in the whole country to show to Miss Butler, who thought she was beyond the reach of masculine attentions. Mr. Taylor also was thoroughly presentable, a man for whom the Moores had the greatest respect. She thought, with exultation, that Philip would witness her intimacy with this good-looking young fellow ; she would let him see the possibility of her having other admirers who would not hide their regard as he was doing.

"But what induced you to come, George?" asked the Madam. "You wrote that you were too busy to come even on Sunday."

"This child brought him," answered Vincent. "Among my many virtues perseverance is dominant. I always gain my point; he gave in—he knew he'd have to; I was wild for a day on the hills. Fancy all I went through, madam. A real, live, sworn-in attorney. The mental strain was awful. Oh, Eth, I'm famished!"

"I was so delighted you passed, my dear," said the Madam. "I knew you had plenty of talent if you only kept to your studies."

"Talent is no name for it, madam," and the boy sat to the table. "By Jove, I could almost eat Coke and Littleton. Ye Gods, here's a breakfast!" he continued, as Ethna put some of the things prepared for luncheon on the table. "Turkey, tongue, collar—is there any more coming, Nora Creina?"

"There's a lovely pie in the pantry, Vincent," said Nora, "and lots of things."

"There's something in the wind, Norry—that's evident; Ethna's going to be married on the sly."

"No, but we're going to have grand people for luncheon, Vin., and we'll have the pie, then."

"By Jove! I'm in luck, Norry. I love grand people and pies. Taylor, will you sit down for heaven's sake, and help something?"

"And who is coming to eat all the good things?" asked Mr. Taylor, sitting down.

"The Moores," replied the Madam. "We called there yesterday, and I asked them to drive over to-day and have their luncheon. I am so glad you came. 'Tis pleasant to have a man to talk to men."

"I prefer talking to the women," said Vincent, sticking the fork into the breast of the turkey. "Shall I help you to a limb, Taylor?"

"Leave the turkey alone," answered the attorney; "it will be wanted by and by."

"It will look more respectable minus a wing," Vincent said, cutting one off. "I will show those bloated aristocrats we use good things ourselves. Moore married an heiress, didn't he?"

"Ten thousand and expectations was not doing badly," replied Mr. Taylor.

"I like heiresses," said Vincent; "something very attractive about them. Any chance the sister would be struck by my personal appearance? Has the city improved me, Eth? How do you like my moustache?"

"Well, it has increased certainly, but so has its tendency to be sandy."

"It is not sandy; you're colour blind," Vincent replied emphatically. "Did I not send a lock of it to the *Young Ladies' Journal*, and was told it was the most beautiful golden brown? And my new shooting rig—does it become my style of beauty, Eth? Will the first impression be favourable, do you think? Heiresses are so particular."

"And girls that aren't heiresses are not particular at all, I suppose," said Ethna.

"Listen to that," answered the boy, appealing to all around. "She's jealous already—jealous as sure as shot. Another cup of tea, madam, if you please. But, Eth, did you hear I was up the Rhine—did the grand tour while you would be looking about you."

"Were you really, Vincent?" she replied, delightedly. "Oh, isn't that grand! You can talk to Mrs. Moore and Miss Butler about all you saw. They were there also."

"Can't I, faith; and all I didn't see. I can roll off unpronounceable names now, in a way to astonish your weak nerves, and to make you think I was a foreign pedlar. I let fly a few of them at my landlady in Dublin, and had her as meek as a mouse. But I say, Taylor, will you ever be done? 'tis half-past nine o'clock."

"I am afraid, if you go out, you will forget all about luncheon," said the Madam.

"Oh, do not, Vincent; if you be late, I will never forgive you," exclaimed Ethna.

"Late! and an heiress in question," answered Vincent, tragically. "Am I to spurn fortune from my foot? Say the hour and I am here; except Taylor lays me low upon the hills."

"Three o'clock they are to be here."

"All hail three o'clock! All hail, Witch Butler! Any chance of our meeting Darby Sport? I suppose he is taken up with the Moores. I'll go out and interview Johnny Beg. He will know the best line of country to take."

When the cheerful meal was ended, the sportsmen, accompanied by a well informed pioneer, took their guns and crossed the cultivated fields until they came to the heather-covered mountains.

It was a splendid day; the dogs were good, the birds pretty abundant; and when, at half-past two, the bag assumed rather plethoric proportions, Vincent agreed, with a sigh, to Mr. Taylor's suggestion—that they should turn their steps towards Mona.

When they arrived, they found the Moores had just made their appearance. Mr. Taylor and Vincent went to a room, and, having removed the traces of their sporting expedition, proceeded to the drawing-room. Introductions took place, and immediately Vincent attached himself to the younger ladies. He took a chair opposite to the two girls, and, taking a book of photographs into his hands, entered at once into conversation.

He was a tall, slight fellow, with a laughing, frank face; his cheeks were as round as a girl's; his eyes honest, bright, and blue, with very long lashes; brown hair lay back softly from a very white forehead, and a silky moustache grew above a mouth that had a peculiarly sweet expression; there was a *debonair* manner, an imploring audaciousness, and an absence of self-consciousness about him that was very prepossessing.

Presently the conversation turned on music.

"Oh, Ethna," said Vincent, giving her a merry glance, "I brought you some music from Germany—some of the national music."

"Have you been to Germany?" asked Mrs. Moore, languidly, turning from the Madam.

"Yes, I have only just returned," he replied. "My father was so pleased at my getting my profession so soon that he gave me the wherewithal to travel for a time before I settled down to business; indeed he knew my studies had injured my health, and he thought it better to re-establish it at once."

The lady smiled.

"I think your father must be easily deceived," she said.

She talked to him for a little time of the places of which they

had a mutual knowledge, and of which the boy showed a distinct and intelligent recollection.

He again turned to the girls.

"Just fancy," he said, plaintively, "falling down to the level of attorney life after feeling yourself incorporated with Byron on the top of Drachenfels. Is it not hard on a fellow?"

"Console yourself by thinking you'll make a better attorney than Byron would have made," answered Ethna.

"Has an attorney ever written poetry, Mr. Talbot?" asked Miss Butler, laughingly.

"Ah, the crush of crowded courts takes it out of them, Miss Butler, and the weary press of disputants. I feel that I have all the elements of a great poet in me—imagination, feeling, perception, of the beautiful; even to the matter of being crossed in love. Is it not true, Ethna?"

"Not a particle of it," replied Ethna. "He would not give any girl time to cross him in love, Miss Butler."

"Do not take Miss Moore's character of me," said Vincent, imploringly. "She measures another's feelings by the amount she has herself, and that is absolutely none. I have known her since she was a very bold, little child that could not be got to divide an apple fairly with a playmate. The child is father of the man."

Philip was all this time leaning with his back against the chimneypiece stroking the end of his moustache, listening to the conversation and laughter of the three young people, with feelings that were becoming a little cynical. He was rather surprised at the sudden appearance of this undeniably handsome fellow in the habitation of his lady-love, and on a footing, too, that was strikingly friendly; he had not seen Ethna look so radiant for a long time, she seemed like a stream that had broken through its ice; he heard them alluding to actions and scenes of bygone days in which they were associated; and, altogether, he felt in anything but harmonious relations with those around him. At luncheon he paid particular attention to Miss Butler, as much attention as Vincent permitted him to pay, for that voluble young gentleman contrived to attract all the girls within his orbit, and tossed the ball of conversation from one to another with the readiest address imaginable.

Ethna saw her lover whispering into the ear of the heiress, but

she only laughed the more, and made gay remarks to Vincent. She was scrupulously polite to Philip, but her very accent was a barrier between them. He treated her with the most admirable *sang froid*, and eat his luncheon with exquisite composure.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### MR. LYNCH PREFERS A REQUEST.

After a very agreeable hour the ladies returned to the drawing-room, and the gentlemen went outside the hall-door to enjoy the peaceful pleasure of a cigar. The windows were open. They heard Miss Butler running her fingers over the piano, and exclaim :

"Oh ! 'tis dreadfully out of tune, is it not ?"

"I'm afraid it is," replied Ethna. "I have not touched it for some time."

"I have got such a glorious instrument," continued Miss Butler. It is delightful to play on it; Herr Hafenstien said it was the sweetest piano he knew. I love music, do not you ? Do you sing ?"

"A little," answered Ethna, watching the girl's lovely hands performing the most intricate evolutions.

Vincent, always unable to resist the combined attraction of music and ladies' society, threw away his cigar and joined them at the piano.

Ethna had a fine, rich voice, which had only got that amount of questionable cultivation obtainable in a second-rate school. Miss Moore played the accompaniment, and soon Philip had the satisfaction of hearing Vincent's really splendid bass voice asking Ethna "what would she do," and her very expressive rejoinders.

"Oh, Mr. Talbot, that is ever so pretty," exclaimed Miss Butler ; "you have a grand voice ; but to look at you I would be certain you had a tenor one. I never heard that old song before. Irish is it not ? Sing something else, please."

"Here is something in my line," said Vincent, taking up the music of "O'Donnell Aboo." "I think a bass should sing of war, not of love. If I continued to warble my passion into my lady's ear, I'd break the drum of it ; here I can let off my heart."

The boy burst forth into "Proudly the note of the trumpet is



sounding," with a fire and soft thunder that thrilled his listeners.

"What a fine voice that young fellow has," said Mr. Moore, after slowly letting the smoke of his cigar through his lips. "A nice chap, too. Son of old Talbot's."

"His only child," replied Mr. Taylor, "and the best-hearted fellow breathing."

"Talbot must be pretty well off," said Mr. Moore.

"Yes, so he is, has a tidy bit of property, and lots of money, they say; but you know we are a maligned profession. People exaggerate our opportunities for money-making."

"Evictions give you considerable employment at all events," said Henry Moore. "What about that Crawford? He seems to be rather hard on the tenants."

"He'll be shot if he doesn't look out," answered the attorney. "He's a born devil; by Jove, sir, it would make your blood boil to hear how he treated those poor wretches on the Ballybruin property. The sheriff actually groaned, I heard, at being obliged to do his duty, and expostulated warmly with Crawford. But it was no use. One family in particular were painfully situated, one of them was taken out on a sickbed and laid by the ditch, so the house could be levelled. When all was over the sheriff went up to them in the very teeth of Crawford. 'Here my poor people, are three pounds to help you,' said he, 'I would not have assisted this cruel work only it was my duty.' A day of reckoning will come to Crawford if he don't change his tactics; live and let live is a wise motto."

"How is a man to live if he does not get his rents?" said Philip Moore. "It seems to me as if Irish sympathy inclines to be one-sided, and overlooks the necessities of the landlord"

"No," replied Mr. Taylor, "that is not the fact. The landlord must live as well as the tenants; rights should be equalised; but surely it is not just that the burden of the day, the heat and cold, should fall entirely on one section of the community; that bad times, harvest, and markets, should stint the toilers in the necessities of life, while the possessors of the soil still expect the wherewithal to supply their superfluities."

"Ireland is a cursed country," said Philip, scornfully, "and it is this absurd sentiment that keeps her discontented," he nodded his head backward to the drawingroom where Ethna was singing one of the national songs.

"It is that that keeps alive her patriotism her individuality, sir," said Mr. Taylor, smiling. "What is anything when it loses its originality? Here is our young nationalist; is it not true, Vincent?" and Mr. Taylor repeated his words.

"Quite true," said the boy. "Up here near Heaven who would not feel an impulse after freedom?"

"You go in for Repeal, and all that sort of thing, I suppose," remarked Philip, with calm indifference. "Pity those modern Hibernian ideas are so Utopian."

"Repeal is not a very modern idea," said Vincent, rather provoked at Philip's tone; "it is almost as old as the Union itself. There was many an anti-Union meeting in the Orange Lodges in Ulster until they openly convened one in 1810 to petition Parliament."

"I often heard my father say that if O'Connell had joined the Protestant Repealers, and fought for Repeal instead of Emancipation they would have won the day," said Mr. Taylor. "but when the Emancipation Bill passed the Protestants took fright, and abandoned the cause, fearing that the liberated Papists would be more aggressive even than England. Ah, here is a man well up in Irish History, my old friend, Mr. Lynch."

He and Vincent went forward and shook hands cordially with the schoolmaster.

"Thank you, Mr. Taylor, thank your honour, your kindness and courtesy are always to be depended on," said Mr. Lynch. "And yours, Mr. Vincent. I was truly rejoiced to learn, sir, that you have passed through your examination crisis with such satisfactory distinction. You are commencing an honourable career, sir, *pro bono publico*, following in the footsteps of a respected parent."

"You don't believe in attorneys, Mr. Lynch, do you?" said Henry Moore, laughing.

The schoolmaster advanced and returned the gentlemen's salutations with great and respectful dignity.

"Well, yes, I do, sir," he replied. "I believe an honest man retains his honesty no matter in what position of life it pleases the Almighty to place him. No doubt, there are many individuals in the profession who are dead to the instincts of humanity, and engage persons in needless and costly litigation; but there are others, sir, who are an ornament to it. I shall mention no names

at present, least I be counted as a flatterer."

"Bravo, Mr. Lynch; 'tis well we have somebody to stand by us," said Mr. Taylor. "We're as honest as a landlord any day. Did you get that bit of land you were so anxious about?"

"I did, indeed, sir, thanks to the generosity of this noble gentleman, who rules leniently over us. May God prosper him and his fair lady. He acceded to my requests, sir, with kind promptitude, and 'tis an old saying—'He who gives readily gives twice as much'—*Bis dat qui cito dat.*"

At this moment the ladies came out upon the lawn.

"Mr. Lynch, you must let me introduce you to my wife," said Henry. "You will not think the less of her for being English, as it was a little circumstance she had no power to control."

The bride bowed and smiled more brightly than was her wont.

The schoolmaster took off his hat, put his hand on his breast and bent low before the ladies.

"To have the honour of being presented to my landlord's lovely bride and her beautiful sister is an honour I can never forget—never," said Mr. Lynch, drawing himself erect again. "As for being English, sir, what Irishman with a heart beating in his bosom would ask what was their country while he had the happiness of beholding their charms?"

"So you will not grudge me an Irishman, Mr. Lynch?" said Miss Butler, giving a coquettish glance at the two young men.

"Most certainly not, young lady," replied Mr. Lynch—"most certainly not. It is an ancient apophthegm that declares that the brave deserve the fair. May I not be permitted to transpose the sentence and proclaim that the fair deserve the brave. I have no doubt that these young gentlemen will echo my humble sentiments. *Omnia vincit amor et nos cedemus amori.*"

"Amen, amen," cried Vincent with his ready laughter. "You won't want a clerk while I am here."

"I am intruding on the company without explaining my reason for taking such liberty," said Mr. Lynch. "I had a small request to prefer to Mr. Taylor, if in his goodness he will grant me a few moments' audience before he leaves."

"As many as you wish, Lynch," answered the attorney. "But I hope it is no law business you have on hands?"

"I'm too wise for that, Mr. Taylor—much too wise. I always

tried to keep out of the intricacies of the law. I hope I shall continue to do so for the remainder of my days. No, sir, what I wish to communicate is of a peaceful nature, and, if I may venture to address you before so much quality, it is this : A little boy of mine, sir, has some ambitious views ; develops no taste for agricultural pursuits, or for training the young idea ; he wishes to try his wings in a different avocation—to pluck a quill from them, if I may so express myself, and use it in an office ; in fact, to become a clerk, sir."

"How old is your son, Lynch?"

"Well sir, strictly speaking, he is not my son, save by adoption. He is an orphan. All his family died in one of those fevers that occasionally decimate the country ; by some accidental combination of circumstances little Corney fell to me ; I did what I could for him in the way of education, sir. He is a smart lad, and is no shame to me."

"Well, I have no vacancy in my office at present," said Mr. Taylor, "but I'll bear him in mind."

"What," said Vincent, eagerly, catching the last part of the conversation—"does Corney want a situation? Why, there will be a vacancy in our office. Duggan is about to emigrate. He'll suit us to a T. I'll speak to the governor at once."

"I am exceedingly thankful to you, Mr. Vincent, exceedingly thankful," replied Mr. Lynch. "You were kind enough to take a good deal of notice of Corney, and you know he is a good lad, a very good lad. If I mistake not, ye incited each other to many a mischief some years back. *Par nobile fratrum*, Mr. Vincent, but you can answer for his being a good lad."

"Why, I'd swear by Corney O'Brien," said Vincent ; "there isn't an honest fellow born. I'm very glad he is thinking of following in my footsteps still."

"Well, he is, sir," answered Mr. Lynch. "You see, the poor old nest was getting full, not but there was room for him—for a house is as large as the heart of its owner—lots of room ; but he began to think differently, and I could not blame the boy for loving, as the poet says, 'the glorious privilege of being independent.' I admired him the more, sir."

"Where is Corney this evening?" asked Vincent.

"Well, to tell the truth, he is outside the door yonder," said Mr. Lynch, "anxious, ladies and gentlemen, to be informed as to

the probability of getting what he has set his heart on. He is a presentable lad, too, if the ladies would deign to look on him; Miss Ethna knows him well."

Mr. Lynch gravely walked to the door, and, in response to his call, Corney presented himself, standing at least six feet high, with a handsome, honest, sunburned face that was a recommendation in itself. He advanced bashfully, holding his hat in his hand, but brightened considerably, showing all his white teeth, when he perceived Vincent, and received his cordial greeting.

"By Jove! if this is your little boy, what size is your big one?" said Henry Moore, laughing.

"He was little enough when he came to me, your honour," answered Mr. Lynch—"a mere infant, I may say, six years old."

"And have you provided for him since, may I ask?"

"Well sir, for years he has provided for himself. He assisted me in my agricultural labours and in my mental ones. He was an assistant in my school, and was favourably noticed by our inspector; and no child could be more dutiful than he has been to me."

"He would make a good soldier," said Philip Moore, regarding critically the mountaineer's fine proportions. "You ought to enlist, my boy; you would do well in the army."

"We have no army to enlist in, your honour," answered the young man, hesitatingly.

"No army! Why, no later than Saturday there was a recruiting party in town."

The boy made no reply.

"Did you know it?" continued Philip, mockingly.

"Yes, I did, sir; but I don't care to enlist."

"What a peaceful giant," said Philip, mockingly.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will no longer trespass on your valuable time," and Mr. Lynch took off his hat when he saw Vincent had concluded a conversation with Corney. "We return you our humble and sincere thanks for bearing with us with such admirable condescension. Our desideratum is accomplished, please the Almighty. Good evening to you all, ladies and gentlemen. And, as for our worthy landlord's happiness, I have only to say *esto perpetua*. God bless you, God bless you all. Go on, boy."

Mr. Lynch bowed separately to each, and, when he came to

the door, turned to give a last salutation and benediction.

"What a fine soldier the fellow would make," said Philip Moore. "Courage seems to be dying out of the Irish; we cannot get many recruits just now."

"I don't know about the courage," replied Mr. Taylor. "I think they have enough of pluck; but the class that enlisted formerly emigrate now, and do better for themselves and their families."

*(To be continued).*

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## SORROW.

I SAID to Sorrow, once when all the land  
Was dim because of that pale smile she wore,  
—Wraith of past hopes that smile, alas! no more—  
"How can they call thee of His kin, whose hand.  
Is lifted never but to bless and save?  
Lo! in His path are life and life's increase,  
The rose of joy, the lily of sweet peace,  
While thou dost dwell in shadow of the grave!"

Then spake the Spirit: "Yet am I His own;  
Nor from His vision do I walk apart,  
Nor live but in the beating of His heart.  
This hath He left as dower to me alone:  
The gift of love that all earth's dole can leaven;  
The night that broadens into dawn of heaven!"

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

## CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

## A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

## IV.

THOSE who do not know how to solve a Double Acrostic, and who wish to understand this page, must turn back a month or two for the explanations given at the beginning of this series.

Besides the solvers whose initials were given in May, J. S. has sent us his solutions all the way from Bombay. Meanwhile our May Number has shown him that he guessed correctly the acrostic-words, "blue book," and "solo," but blundered badly among the subsidiary "lights."

This month Moy Mell, the great Bazaar for the Children's Hospital described so charmingly by Lady Gilbert in our May Number, is, we suspect, responsible for the inaction of at least one of our most skilful solvers. As it is, no one has sent the proper answers for No. 5 and No. 6.\* For the former the "uprights" are *slap-bang*, and the "lights" are *sub*, *Lara*, *artizan* and *pig*; while for the latter the uprights are *flirt* and *waltz*, and the lights are *few*, *Laura*, *interval*, *regret* and *Topaz*. The last of these I spell with an initial capital, because it refers not only to the precious stone of that name but to Shakespeare's Sir Topaz. The first two of these lights suppose us to be acquainted with Thackeray's *Pendennis* and to remember the famous line:

"Like angels' visits few and far between."

When "O'B." fixed on *regret* as the fourth light, did she recall the old song:

Who can school the heart's affection?  
Who can banish its regret?  
If you blame my deep dejection,  
Teach, oh! teach me to forget.

This cure for regret is very ingeniously condensed into the line:

"Ah me! Nepenthe let me sip."

The dictionaries tell us that nepenthe was among the ancients an

\* Too late J.M. has sent his solutions. Right for No. 5, but No. 6 ingeniously wrong.

Egyptian drug which had an exhilarating effect, and was supposed to obliterate all sorrow from the memory of those who partook of it. Some imagine that it was opium. But it is about one of these anodynes that the warning was given—"think of your head in the morning."

We now leave, without another word, to the ingenuity of C. T. W. and Co. the next two in order of "*Dublin Acrostics.*" The initials appended show that they are by Mr. Robert Reeves, Q.C., and Judge O'Hagan.

## No. 7.

## I.

Not pitch, though tossed.

## II.

Hoof's sound is lost.

## III.

I'm ever crossed.

1. How brays my blast!
2. A maiden fast.
3. Poor Rembrandt's last.

R.

## No. 8.

A god thou wert, and nations bowed  
 In silent awe and worship loud  
 To thee my first, and at thy feast  
 The naked sacrificial priest  
 In wild procession swept along,  
 With cymbals' clash, and rhythmic song.  
 These vain unhallowed rites are o'er,  
 Yet votaries still almost adore,  
 And eager myriads greet the hour  
 They feel thy vivifying power.  
 My all hath many a deep recess  
 Where treasures lie in uselessness,  
 Until thy glowing circle warms  
 Their plastic elemental forms.  
 My second is a spell-word known  
 To all who scale achievement's throne.  
 That monosyllable is fraught  
 With all the wisdom Bacon taught.

1. I am of all improvidence the goal.
2. Can I the page of destiny unroll?
3. Or wizard spell evoke the parted soul?

O.



## THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

*Translated from the French.*

## XVII.

It is well to do our duty, but sometimes this is not enough for the happiness of others and our own. We must do our duty with joy, with eagerness, with love. We must not keep count of what we do, nor stop strictly and sternly at the exact limit of duty. Let us learn to devote ourselves generously, above all when there is question of fulfilling certain obligations of our state, position, etc., by which we do good to our brethren. Let us learn to show always a smiling face, although our work is distasteful to us or overwhelms us. And after having worked hard let us take care not to recall in conversation the pains we have taken, the fatigue that we have imposed upon ourselves. Then our duty accomplished will please every one : God first, then men, and, last of all, our own poor heart.

*Woe to the happy ones of this world if they are not religious in proportion as fortune smiles upon them. There are people who do not pray and who prosper : it is a bad sign. They have done a little good in the midst of much evil, and our good God rewards them in this life.—Curé d'Ars.*

## XVIII.

Let us love much the Blessed Virgin Mary. Why has not this name been written sooner in this little book ? It distils balm, it radiates happiness. Never has a soul truly devoted to Mary been unhappy, and we know persons who reckon the degree, more or less, of the interior peace which they enjoy according to the degree, more or less, of their devotion towards the Queen of Heaven. They have experienced in fact that when they were perfectly calm, when no cloud dimmed the serenity of their souls, they felt themselves irresistibly drawn towards the Blessed Virgin. In this state they could not satisfy their longing to pray to her, to testify their affection for her, and to read books composed in her honour. If, on the contrary, their conscience came to be troubled, there was immediately a chill in their devotion towards the

Blessed Virgin : the Rosary badly said, pious practices neglected, weariness and coldness before the statue of the Madonna. "When I feel myself growing cold in my love to the Blessed Virgin," some one said, "I get afraid." God grant that we may never have reason to feel this fear, but that our love may go on increasing towards our good Mother, towards her whom the Church has called *Causa nostrae laetitiae*, "the source of all our joy."

*Yes, 'tis in thee my hopes repose,  
And I will hope in thee always ;  
O Virgin, help me in the days  
That lie before me till life's close.  
If sometimes, while with pain I smart,  
I feel my courage fail me quite,  
Let but thy image greet my sight,  
And heaven descends into my heart.*

TURQUETY.

### NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Bound Together. Six Short Plays for Home and School.* By Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert) and Clara Mulholland. (John Murphy and Co.: Baltimore).

The table of contents shows that these are not mere closet dramas but meant for practical business: for we are told that "Miss Carnduff's Next-of-kin" is a comediotta in two acts with nine characters, while "Pat" is a miniature farce in five scenes with only six characters. Miss Clara Mulholland seems to have looked more fixedly to the requirements of a convent theatre, even than her sister, Lady Gilbert; for the *dramatis personæ* of her very lively comedy, "Aunt Maxwell's Return," are exclusively feminine; and the same might be said of her other drama if the family solicitor did not come in. The masculine element is present in greater force in Lady Gilbert's four contributions to this volume. They are all most vivacious and witty, and we need not say that the literary merit is much above the ordinary level of such plays. But fun is a rather melancholy thing, and we should be curious to see in this dramatic form something serious and pathetic from the skilful pens of the sister dramatists who are "bound together" in this pleasant volume.

2. The Catholic Truth Society increases rather than diminishes its activity in producing excellent books large and small. The second series of "Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case" by the Rev. George Langton Vere, contains eleven very interesting stories exceedingly well told; and the book is brought out with the pleasantest type and paper. Another publication of the same society is "A New England Convert, or the Story of the Rev. John Thayer" by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Father Bridgett with his usual diligence has collected a great number of most interesting details about this American Convert, who died at Limerick more than eighty years ago, although Boston was the first scene of his labours. We are not trying to arrange in proper order the new publications of the O. T. S. We may next name four penny pamphlets: "Rome and the Bible" by the Rev. T. Donnelly, S.J.; "Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament" by the Rev. George Bampffield; "The Gunpowder Plot" by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J., who gives in twenty pages the gist of his famous book, which Mr. S. R. Gardiner has tried to answer. No. 25 of the Catholic's Library of Tales costs only a penny also and gives us two excellent little stories by Aimée Sewell and Magdalen Rock. There are several useful leaflets "Go at Once," "Time Enough," etc., which cost much less than a penny. The "Catholic Servant" (price fourpence) by the Rev. G. E. Howe is an excellent little book about the trials and duties of servants as exemplified in the life of their patroness and model, St. Zita.

Another publication of the same Society is a seventh revised edition of "Authority, or a Plain Reason for joining the Church of Rome, by Luke Rivington, M.A., Magdalen College, Oxford, now priest of the Archdiocese of Westminster." This was the first of Father Rivington's writings as a Catholic; and the late Father Morris, S.J., said of it, "It comes from the heart, and what comes from the heart goes to the heart." A very interesting preface is prefixed to the present edition, which could not be brought out more tastefully than it is.

3. *Vie de S. Nicolas de Tolentino de l'Ordre des Ermites de St. Augustin.* Par le P. Antonin Tonna Barthet, O.S.A. (Desclée De Brouwer et Cie.)

A French Augustinian Father has lately published in a large octavo volume a very full Life of this illustrious saint of his Order, Nicholas of Tolentino. Every particular is described with loving minuteness, and the pages are illustrated by twenty-five engravings, many of them derived from ancient sources. Some of our convents may be glad to utilise Father Barthet's work as a premium. Though

it contains two hundred and fifty of the amplest pages finely printed and copiously illustrated, it is very cheap, especially those copies which are content with merely an ornamental paper cover. Cardinal Rampolla and the Bishop of Nantes have given their approbation to Father Barthet's pious labour.

4. The Art and Book Company of Leamington and London have issued the second volume of the Rev. Henry Gibson's "Short Lives of the Saints for every day in the year," containing the months of May, June, July and August. A third volume will complete this admirable work.

5. Another literary undertaking which is approaching completion is the Centenary Edition of the Ascetical Works of St. Alphonsus Liguori. The twenty-second volume has just been issued by Benziger Brothers, being the fifth volume of the Saint's Letters. The general Editor of the series is the Rev. Eugene Grimm, of course a member of the Redemptorist Order founded by the Saint. We notice that on the present title-page this German name is replaced by an Irish name, "the Rev. Thomas W. Mullaney, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer." Very properly, a full index of 38 pages refers to all the topics discussed in the five volumes of the Saint's Correspondence. Two more volumes devoted to the Saint's Biography will complete the entire series, which is a splendid tribute of filial piety sure to draw down new blessings on the Saint's children.

6. Two editions of the "Roman Missal for the use of the Laity" have been sent us at the same time by Messrs. Burns and Oates, and by another London firm whose name will be less familiar to our readers, B. F. Laslett and Co., 245 Brompton Road, S.W. The title-page of the latter edition describes the work as "The Missal for the use of the Laity; with complete Benedictine, Jesuit, and Oratorian Supplements, and Supplement for Ireland, arranged and in great measure translated by the late Very Rev. F. Husenbeth, D.D." Dr. Husenbeth's edition appeared first in 1871. The present new edition professes to contain all the new feasts. It is very agreeably printed in good readable type, on very thin but very strong and opaque paper, and it is beautified by good engravings of a dozen of Frederick Overbeck's exquisite sacred pictures. In this respect at least it has the advantage over the Burns and Oates edition which contents itself with a single very Frenchy picture that seems quite out of place. Perhaps it is not the same in all copies. This edition is in much smaller type than the other and contains several additional items; but it has especially the advantage in the versions of hymns, for instance the *Stabat Mater* of the Friday in Passion Week and the *Lauda Sion* of Corpus Christi. Unfortunately Provost Husenbeth attempted versions of his own, very

inferior to the better known translations given by Messrs. Burns and Oates.

7. *Journal of the Waterford and South East of Ireland Archaeological Society*, April, 1897. By far the most valuable article in the excellent number of this learned periodical which has just been issued—and, we may add, admirably printed by a Waterford firm—is the opening paper by the Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J., F.R.U.I. We are glad to see that not only is this article unfinished, but, even when finished, it will be merely the first of a series to be devoted to the worthies of Waterford and Tipperary. Father Hogan begins with the "Life of Father Stephen White, S.J., Theologian and Polyhistor." With his usual research, he has collected particulars about this remarkable Irishman, from all printed and unprinted sources, including the Archives of the Society of Jesus, in Rome and in other places. No other writer could have put together so minute a record of a career so far removed from our day, every paragraph bristling with names and dates, and every page ending with exact references to original authorities. Southey's *Life of Nelson* grew out of an article in the *Quarterly Review*; Dr. O. W. Russell's *Life of Mezzofanti* grew out of an article in *The Edinburgh*: the present article in like manner will develop into a book.

8. Messrs. Burns and Oates, Limited, of London and New York, have sent us two little books price two pence each: one is "The Children's Bible History from the beginning of the world to the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul;" the other is "The Explanatory Catechism of Christian Doctrine chiefly intended for the use of children in Catholic Schools." Of the former one million and fifty thousand copies have been printed; the latter, issued six years later, has as yet only passed its half million. And some of us, poor authors, never reach our first thousand!

9. *A Dream of Lilies*. By Katherine E. Conway. (Boston: The Pilot Publishing Co.) This is the third edition of a beautiful volume prized by many of our readers. A great many of the poems are on sacred themes, and most of them could be read on one's knees before the altar. Their high inspiration as poems is worthy of their deep piety as prayers. Miss Conway's literary reputation as a writer of prose bespoke public favour for her poetry; but even with the large audience that she has secured, especially on her own side of the Atlantic, we are astonished that a volume, so daintily and therefore so expensively produced, should have reached so soon a third edition. We hope that in the next edition a lower standard of mechanical perfection will be aimed at, and that these beautiful poems will be given to a still wider circle of readers, printed on every page and on

less sumptuous pages. Of works that are well worth reading often, we prefer plain, work-day editions to *éditions de luxe*.

10. We mentioned in a previous paragraph a new penny tract published by the Catholic Truth Society—"Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament" by the Rev. George Hampfield. We mention it now again in the hope of inducing many of our readers to become its readers. It is a very exquisite devotional treatise which, brought out in the ordinary way, would cost, not a penny, but at least a shilling. We think that we have seen nothing so good from the pen of its clever author. It explains very attractively the object and nature of a religious rite very dear to all pious hearts. For the practical reason just given for mentioning this little tract a second time, we cannot refrain from mentioning for more than a second time the astoundingly low price set upon the third edition of Father Gallwey's "Watches of the Passion." With well executed pictures, plans, and maps; with excellent paper, printing, and binding; each of the two volumes of this learned and very pious work, containing each more than seven hundred pages, is now given for three shillings. At least every convent should supply itself with a copy.

11. The German Publisher, B. Herder, of Freiburg, has houses also in Vienna, Munich, and Strassburg, and across the Atlantic, in St. Louis, Missouri. It is chiefly for the United States that he issues his English publications. The latest of these that have come into our hands are two of "The Tales of Foreign Lands" by Father Joseph Spillman, S.J., one being a tale of Japan, the other a tale of the Caucasus—"The Queen's Nephew," and "Children of Mary." Both are interesting and of course edifying; and Miss Helena Long has done the German Jesuit justice in her very skilful translation.

12. Another German-American Firm which we have occasion to name very frequently in these book-notes—Benziger Brothers—have issued an illustrated edition of the New Testament, with clear type, a hundred really good pictures, and strong neat binding. It can be had from Burns and Oates and also R. Wasbourne in London; from M. H. Gill and Son in Dublin; and indeed from all Catholic booksellers.

13. As regards the increase of their accidental glory in heaven, none of the blessed can fare so well as the Founders of Religious Orders. Their children never forget them. A remarkable example of this is St. Alphonsus Liguori. We have frequently spoken of the fine Centenary Edition of his ascetical works brought out by the Redemptorist Fathers in the United States, and indeed we have returned to the subject in an earlier paragraph of these present Notes. Another less costly tribute is paid to the Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer by one of his Irish sons, the Rev. J.

Magnier, C.S.S.R., who has already issued sixteen penny Numbers, containing the smaller select works of St. Alphonsus, which may also be had in two shilling volumes well printed and well bound. These pious treatises have never been given so fully before in English, though Father Magnier most properly begins his work by expressing his profound gratitude to the late Dr. Nicholas Callan of Maynooth, who translated, and the late James Duffy of Wellington Quay, Dublin, who published, many of the devotional writings of Saint Liguori. The present series is issued by the representatives of that great Irish Catholic publisher, Messrs. James Duffy & Co., Limited, 15 Wellington Quay, Dublin.

14. The Firm just named are the publishers also of a volume which would have been placed first in this month's list if it had come into our hands soon enough. "The Spouse of Christ, or the Church of the Crucified." It is "a dogmatic and historic poem in four parts," of which two parts only are here given; and the author is the Very Rev. James Canon Casey, P.P., well known in the diocese of Elphin as a zealous and edifying priest, and well known on both sides of the Atlantic as the author of "Verses on Doctrinal and Devotional Subjects" and as an ardent advocate of Temperance in theory and practice. His various volumes, though all in metre, have all run through two or three editions. The same fate will speedily befall "The Spouse of Christ." The first part describes the nature and attributes of the True Church of God; and here the poet seems to us more successful than in Part II., which is a metrical history of the Church down to the time of St. Antony the Hermit. There is more unity of subject in Part I., and indeed we doubt if Canon Casey's Muse made a judicious choice when she undertook a metrical chronicle of ecclesiastical history, even from the special point of view which shows to us in that history another proof of the divinity of the one Church Catholic. Many of the episodes and personages of that history would be admirable themes for poetry, when taken separately; but it would be a perilous undertaking to versify Alzog or Rohrbacher. Thomas Davis's scheme for a complete and consecutive Ballad History of Ireland would have been a failure, however admirably certain battles or certain vivid moments of her story might be sung. At any rate we are glad that the Poet-Pastor of Athleague has not waited to complete his design, but has given us at once this excellent metrical summary of the treatise *De Ecclesia* which is sure to be studied with pleasure and profit by a wide circle of readers. It can only be by design that so skilful a master of the smooth heroic couplet allows such names as "Maximinian" to disturb its harmony now and then; but the eleventh line of page 83 has been shorn of two syllables. But few of Canon Casey's readers will scan

15. "Disunion and Reunion" is a volume of 170 pages, brought out by Messrs. Burns and Oates with their usual good taste, and containing the substance of twenty-four lectures by the Rev. W. J. Madden in the *Catholic Standard* of Auckland. The work goes back farther than most of the controversial treatises of the day, discussing the causes which led to the lamentable disunion prevailing amongst those who call themselves Christians. A small space is given to the Greek Schism and Photius, and of course a much larger space to Luther and Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. The true reformation wrought by the Church herself is the subject of the two concluding chapters of this useful, interesting, and well written book.

16. *The Death of the Blessed Virgin, and her Assumption.* From the Meditations of Anne Catherine Emmerich. By George Richardson. (Dublin: James Duffy and Co.)

We question the utility of publishing detached portions of these contemplations; we should prefer to have the whole edited by a theologian. The little book has been very neatly brought out; the binding is particularly tasteful.

17. A pleasant sixpenceworth of humour, wit and wisdom, is the new edition of "The Book of Modern Irish Anecdotes" edited by Patrick Kennedy, and published by M. H. Gill and Son, 50 Upper O'Connell Street. Mr. Kennedy, who died several years ago, was the author of "The Banks of the Boro," "Evenings in the Duffrey," and many other most entertaining and most meritorious works. The present compilation does not consist of inane jokes but of interesting anecdotes that for the most part concern persons remarkable in Irish History or Literature. But as Swift, Sheridan, Curran, Moore, and O'Connell figure largely in these pages, they are of course brimful of fun. Although the index is in very small type, it cannot, in four pages, indicate the treasures contained in two hundred pages.

18. No publisher's name is given on the title-page of "Belfast To-day," a clever brochure written on behalf of the Mater Infirmorum Hospital in Belfast which is under the care of the Sisters of Mercy. It is so cleverly done as almost to belong to Literature, and is sure to enlist the sympathy of many in favour of the noble institution which it champions.

19. We must reserve for fuller appreciation next month a new volume of Conferences by the late Father Dignam, S.J., and three stories, "A Long Probation," "Dorothy Close," and "The Taming of Polly." This last comes from the United States, as do also three admirable Periodicals, "Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia," "The American Catholic Quarterly," and "The American Ecclesiastical Review" which furnishes its priestly readers with 120 pages per month of excellent and instructive matter. We hope that our own "Irish Ecclesiastical Record" makes its way into every parish in Ireland; but we are sure that its most attentive readers would have a welcome also for "the American Ecclesiastical



JULY, 1897.

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## THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF O'CONNELL'S DEATH.

**E**XACTLY half a century has gone by since Daniel O'Connell died at Genoa on the 15th May, 1847. The dead are soon forgotten, and nations have short memories ; but O'Connell is *not* forgotten, and Ireland loves him still. A Jubilee is usually held in commemoration of joyful events, such as births are supposed to be ; yet in the Christian Martyrology the *natalis* of a martyr is the day of his death, the day of his birth into true life. Thanks be to God, we are justified in hoping and believing that the holy death of our great Catholic Liberator was but his passage into everlasting life. The circumstances of it were thus referred to in the Cathedral of Armagh by Father Keane, O P., during the celebration of its fiftieth anniversary :—

“ In Genoa the Superb, this very week fifty years ago, when the midnight chime was tolling, there went through the streets a procession of surpliced clerks with lights and tinkling bells, and prayerful groups of the faithful. They who met it on its way perceived with surprise that it was not one of the ordinary parochial Clergy who bore the Adorable Sacrament, it was the Cardinal Archbishop himself, and pomp was there such as they had not seen before in the carrying of the Holy Viaticum. They soon learned that the greatest man in the world the famed Irish Chief, was dying in their historic city. There and then he expired, and may the Lord have mercy on his soul ! He took his last look at his native land, when, supported on the steamer's deck by the arms of his chaplain and his medical adviser, his tearful eyes saw the beautiful Emerald Isle with the sad cloud of the Famine louring over her. When he shall see her again—not her verdant fields, her lakes and dells, her mountains bold, for all these shall pass away ; but her people—the Irish race for whom he toiled and died—when he shall see it again, may it be enthroned and crowned in Heaven ! ”

It was not, however. in the north of Ireland but in the south that the memorial words were spoken which we desire to preserve in our pages, so often enriched by the orator's skilful pen, and now by the echoes of his eloquent voice. In the fine Cathedral that towers high over the harbour of Queenstown, its spire the last object seen through tears by many an exile departing from the Irish shore—a solemn celebration was held in honour of the Golden Jubilee of O'Connell's death; and to the Very Rev. Patrick Augustine Sheehan, the pastor of Doneraile, was entrusted the high and arduous duty of interpreting the lesson of what may be called the festive Requiem of Ireland's greatest son.

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"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel? Not as cowards are wont to die, hath Abner died. Thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet loaden with fetters; but as men fall before the children of iniquity, so didst thou fall." And all the people repeating it, wept over him (II Kings III, 33, 38)

These were the words in which David the king announced to his people the death of a Prince in Israel; and these might aptly have been the words, which, wafted from Genoa to Ireland, would have told a mourning people how the greatest of their leaders, and the most eloquent of their tribunes had passed from labour unto rest. And after the lapse of half a century, in which this people has passed through many vicissitudes that have not lessened nor dimmed their grateful memory of him who was their deliverer, might we not say to-day, "Know ye not that a prince and a great man had fallen in Israel?" And if we do not lift up our voices like the king, and weep, at least we must renew our grateful remembrance for priceless favours that were won for us by the indomitable courage and the transcendent gifts of our great Catholic leader. But here let me change the application of the text, and instead of apostrophising the dead Tribune for a personal prerogative of liberty, let me say to the Irish people, "Your hands are not bound, nor your feet loaden with fetters;" for it was the hands of the dead that struck the shackles from your limbs, and gave you, the Irish people, that highest and noblest privilege of conscience—the right to serve your God according to those principles which you deem more precious than your life.

There is put before us, therefore, to-day, this great luminous

figure, that, rising out of the darkness and dismal abysses of Irish history, has not made the darkness more profound, but dissipated it; for it is the privilege of small minds to accentuate their importance by comparisons, but of great minds to be lost in the brilliancy and magnitude of their work. To those who knew O'Connell, he is the memory of a grand personality, whose transcendent greatness has not grown less in the perspective of time; to us, who never saw him, he is a vision of heroism and power, passing victorious over the frauds and violence of malignant enemies; to future generations he will still be the embodiment of great power, used for rightful principle, and his name will be invoked by generations yet unborn as a watchword for civil and religious liberty.

It would be presumptuous to investigate the motives which influenced the Vicar of Christ in suggesting to Irish Catholics the propriety of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of O'Connell's death. Perhaps they will be indicated as we proceed. But it is a consoling reflection that the arms of Pius IX. were extended to welcome to the capital of Christendom the champion of religious liberty, and that his great successor, whose finger appears to be on the pulse of nations, has thought right, amidst the threatening of great revolutions, and the trembling expectation of nations, who ask one another, "What's next?" to signalise the closing years of a great Pontificate by prayer for the soul and praise for the memory of him who was a great lay-pontiff, and who understood best of all men, how to reconcile the principles which the world is always placing in antagonism—loyalty to God's Church and fidelity to our country.

It is the teaching of all history, that every race, and principally the chosen ones, had to pass through alternations of slavery and deliverance; and it has passed into a proverb that it is only in the very extremity of their distress, that a Deliverer has been sent. When the tale of bricks was doubled for the captive Israelites, Moses appeared. And surely if ever a saviour was needed by a nation, it was when, in the dawn of this century, Ireland lay bound hand and foot at the feet of her mistress and conqueror. It is difficult for us, who enjoy comparative freedom, to understand the despair and the smothered anger of our people when after the disbanding of the Volunteers, the Insurrection of '98, and the passing of the Act of Union, all the disabilities of Irish Catholics,

in spite of hopes previously held out, were accentuated by sworn protests of Kings and Ministers that, come what would, these disabilities should never be removed. Once and again a great, generous mind like Grattan's strove to enfranchise the Irish people; but every effort was doomed to defeat, and every defeat only riveted more closely the fetters of the conquered race. Strong, vigorous protests were made by prelates and those in power, who felt the shame of their subjection and the stigma of their slavery; but in vain. A Government, always tenacious of ill-gotten privileges, steeled itself against plea of orator and prayer of prelate, until one of the latter, the great Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, declared that "if an insurrection raged from the Causeway to Cape Clear, no Catholic prelate would fulminate a sentence of excommunication;" and another, the gentle Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Murray, declared in his cathedral in Marlborough street: "The contemplation of the wrongs of my countrymen makes my soul burn within me." When grave prelates spoke so strongly, you may imagine how the less reposeful spirits of the people flamed up, for one instant, into the heat of red revolution and revenge, and then died away in the ashes of despair.

It was just at this crisis that a young Dublin barrister who had been educated in a French Seminary, and had studied law at Lincoln's Inns, London, saw two careers opening before him. The one had every promise of success; the other every sign and omen of failure. The one beckoned to wealth, honour, dignity. The other to poverty, disgrace, possibly a prison. There was every reason to hope that the name of the young barrister might be enrolled with such immortalities as the names of Flood, Grattan, Yelverton. There was every reason to fear that it might go down to posterity with only the dim aureole that hangs around the memories of our patriot dead. It was a question of law or liberty—the law of the land or the liberty of the people—a selfish career culminating in perishable glory; or a self-sacrificing career ending in defeat and the immortality of honour. It was a critical moment for Ireland—that in which the young barrister balanced these alternatives. Thank God, like the prophet of old, he heard the voices of eternity, and, disdaining all lower and lesser ambitions, he flung in his lot with the destiny of the conquered and martyred race. It is true that choice spirits had walked the rough way before him. It is true that all the consecrated and canonised spirits of the earth have

had to choose the bitter before the sweet, ignominy before honour. But we must remember, when calculating the nobility of O'Connell, that all natural ambition would have led him to walk the easy ways of honour and preferment rather than the narrow ways of thankless toil and unrequited sacrifice.

And, if ever a soul might have been daunted by the difficulties of the task it had undertaken, it might have been O'Connell's. He undertook the task, which only the angels in Scripture performed, of rolling back the stone from the sepulchre of a martyred people, and summoning the dead to life. And to do so, he had to cancel the history of three centuries, and to face a most inexorable despotism, that was pitiless in its barbarity and unscrupulous in its ministers and instruments. The very names of O'Connell's worst opponents, even history, which loves evil things, has willingly blotted out. On the other hand, was a nation not sick unto death, but already clothed in the cerements of the grave. It needed all the faith of the prophet of old to believe that these dead bones could live again. Had he a strong, virile people behind him, O'Connell would have still appeared to have been desperate to undertake the task of wresting their rights from the Government; but, with a bloodless and famished race behind him, nothing surely but an inspiration from heaven could have justified him in undertaking the work of their emancipation. He succeeded, and we measure the greatness of his success by the difficulties he had to surmount. He succeeded, and we calculate his prowess by the magnitude of the obstacles he overcame. He succeeded in spite of the awful malignity of his opponents, who had recourse to every vile subterfuge to discredit him and supplant him. He succeeded in spite of the almost incurable indifference of the prostrate people. And his success was absolute and perfect. The dead bones did clothe themselves with flesh and became a disciplined and irresistible army. His voice rang through the land like the trumpet of the archangel, and faces were uplifted to him, radiant with hope; a new light dawned in eyes that had only seen the blackness of despair, fettered hands were lifted up to him, and the voice of the nation grew from a wail of despair to a shout of defiance and triumph. But you who remember, and we who imagine, his triumphal marches through the land, the majesty of his figure, the ring of his voice, the inspiration of his words, the magnetism of his great personality, as he swayed the vast multitudes

that hung upon his lips ; ah, we can form no idea of the heart-burnings of the great Leader when in the silence of his closet every taunt came back to burn him, every vile epithet of the English Press stung him ; and he had to measure and to cope with the criticism of his own people and the treachery of small minds who could never rise to the lofty stature of his genius or nobility.

Twenty-five years of such labour and sacrifice rolled by, and the year 1828 found O'Connell as buoyant and hopeful as when in 1803 he began his glorious Crusade. Nay, more so. For surely it was a hopeful spirit that contested Clare in that year, and a dauntless spirit that won it. And when, armed with the mandate of the electors, he strode into the very citadel of the enemy and defied them, it was felt that half the cause for which he struggled was won.

There have been two great historical, because revolutionary, scenes witnessed in the House of Commons—the one was dramatic, but valueless ; the other was dramatic, but it entailed vast consequences. The one was when Cromwell strode into the House with an armed mob, and bade his soldiers “take away that bauble,” meaning the Speaker's mace ; the other was when O'Connell took up the Oath of Apostacy, read it, tore it in shreds, and declared that “one part of it he knew to be false, the other he believed not to be true.” The House was startled from its staid respectability, ministers stormed, the Press thundered, there were threats of treason and the tower. O'Connell went back to his constituents, returned armed again with their mandate ; and in the following year he saw the whole edifice of British intolerance crumbling before him, and a reluctant Minister demanding and obtaining from a still more reluctant king the Charter of Catholic Emancipation.

It was a victory greater than that of Blenheim or Waterloo. And it was a victory won unaided. But I am wrong. O'Connell had two invisible allies besides the powers that were working with him from above. The great ones of the earth had heard, in the dawn of the century, two voices that could neither be despised nor ignored. The one was the voice of the American, the other the voice of the French Revolution. The one uttered its solemn protest against injustice, and its solemn demand for liberty, with all the reverence and decorum that the great crusade for freedom demanded ; and even amidst the thunder of cannon and the fury of fight, the patriotism of America enforced, but bounded its claims

with all the reserve demanded by the principles of religion, and the traditions of their race. The other was a truth "clad in hell fire." The sacred voice of liberty was drowned in wantonness and libertinism, as the sacred figure of liberty was profaned and polluted on the altars of Notre Dame. Yet, both were voices whose meaning could neither be mistaken, nor ignored. The ark of freedom was carried by enthusiastic people around the walls of ancient despotisms; and they were heaving and trembling before it. Even British institutions, that are supposed to be impregnable in their cohesion and solidity, felt the effects. Then, at the voice of the Irish people, heard from monster gatherings, caught up by the Press, and thundered in the ears of Englishmen by O'Connell, the citadel of British intolerance was shaken and fell; and Irish Catholics had the glory of winning back the priceless heritage of religious liberty for themselves.

Yes, and for the world. For I do not think it is generally understood how far-reaching in its consequences was this measure of Catholic Emancipation. You can generally limit such charters of freedom to a race or a particular period of history. The liberation of the negroes from slavery, the removal of Jewish disabilities, have hardly affected the general interests of the human race. But this measure of Catholic Emancipation was the initial step towards the broad toleration which the world enjoys to day. For fifty years the ideas of the world have been deepening and broadening towards the freedom of thought, which has now become the characteristic of our dying century. It is quite true that irreligious governments in Catholic countries have shown a tendency towards retrograding to persecution. France has warred against the religious communities, and is carrying on a petty guerilla struggle against nuns and children. Italy has marked its secession from the paternal authority of the Holy Father by imprisoning him and confiscating Church property. Germany, a Protestant nation, has tried to smother the free speech of Catholic bishops, and has been shamefully worsted in the conflict. But all this is recognised as being in direct defiance of all modern principle, and those politicians know that these petty persecutions are not only futile in themselves but an insult to the progressive spirit of our century.

Under the English flag, let it be said, we have little cause to complain in this respect. Whatever reforms are still needed in

civil affairs, and they are many, we enjoy religious freedom. If we are not fostered, we are tolerated, and no British statesman dare appeal to his nation to-day for support in any measure that would tend to limit the liberty of the people in the profession of their creed or the form of their worship. One by one the ancient prejudices are disappearing. Wider knowledge and more charitable interpretations of opinions and principles are drawing closer together men who were supposed to be hopelessly estranged. And Catholics and Protestants to-day can meet and co-operate on the broad platforms of charity, education, social science, temperance. The spirit of religious vindictiveness has been exorcised, and the angel of Christian charity has come to take its place.

But, furthermore, Catholic Emancipation was the setting free of a race destined to mighty conquests. It was the equipment of an army that was destined to overrun the earth. For it gave at least a few years of preparation to that race that was destined, under Providence, to evangelise the infant nations of the world. Its Pentecost had not yet come—that awful Pentecost of death and famine and fiery tongues, which scattered the Apostles of Ireland over the earth just at the time when the surplus populations of the older nations were pouring out to found new empires under unfamiliar skies. In those twenty years of emancipation the population leaped up to eight millions, and the excitement of political agitation and the newly developed systems of education were sharpening the faculties and elevating the ideas of the people for that exodus that was the prelude to the spiritual conquest of the globe.

Did O'Connell see the vast results of his labour? Did he calculate the stupendous issues that were to flow from his work? No! We who are but puppets in the hands of Omniscience can never measure the vast consequences that issue from our acts. The heresy of Arius poisoned six centuries of the Church's life and the souls of millions. The quarrels of the Crusaders have left the tomb of Christ even to-day in Moslem hands. The apostacy of Luther has torn whole empires for three centuries from the sacred unity of the church. Thank God, the principle holds for good as for evil, and we cannot forecast the immensity and importance of work done for God, however trivial it may appear. Did the world know that those half-starved emigrants that left your shores in the coffin ships of '48 and '49 were the evangelists going forth



without scrip, or purse, or staff, to conquer the world? Did the world suspect that they were leaving their mud cabins to build the stateliest cathedrals of the earth, and that out of the rags of their poverty would be woven the chasubles of cloth of gold that clothe half the high priests of the Church? Did the academic debaters of Oxford and Cambridge, when the question of Catholic Emancipation was discussed in their halls, dream that in a few years the voice of the emancipated slaves would penetrate those halls and beckon forth their choicest spirits? Did the Catholics of England, hiding in ancient castles, and trying to keep the holy fire burning during their political exile, foresee that in a very few years every city and town and village in England would swarm with votaries of the ancient creed, who would preach their faith in the market places, and marshal their solemn processions with bands and banners through the public streets, not only tolerated but envied by their Protestant brethren? Did O'Connell see that in a quarter of century after his death, that huge fabric of intolerance and inequality, the Established Church of Ireland, the cause of so much heartburning, and even bloodshedding, would come toppling down? Did he dream of the re-establishment of the English hierarchy; of the vast influences of the Tractarian movement; of Catholic colleges planted in the very centre of the great English Universities; of Catholic military chaplains recognised by the State? Would he have believed it if he had been told, that England would be a refuge and home for persecuted priests flying from the evil laws of France and Germany, and that her southern coasts would be dotted with monasteries and convents, filled with refugee monks who are envious for the toleration of England, contrasted with the angry despotism of the continent? Would he have believed it possible that in thousands of English Protestant churches to day, the old Catholic doctrines are preached, the ancient rites renewed, the schism with Rome deplored, Catholic symbols brought back, the Reformers repudiated and condemned; and whilst a remnant of penal times still subsists in the coronation oath of the sovereign, thousands of Anglican ministers perform daily what we must regard as a travesty of the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass? Nay, did O'Connell think that the day would dawn when the Archbishops of Canterbury and York would be taunted by their co-religionists with having hauled down the flag of the Reformation; and that the day has come when tens of thousands of English

hearts are yearning for union with Christendom, for the one fold and the one Shepherd, that was foretold by our Father, Christ?

One would have supposed that such a victory would have sufficed for a lifetime. But there are souls that cannot tire. Some are carried on by the lust of fresh conquests; some by the desire of perfecting their work; some by the revelation, that dawns upon us all at one time or other in our lives, that the activity of evil powers is always more effective and vigorous than the most strenuous efforts after the things that are pure and good. O'Connell found that when the glitter and the tumult of his great victory had passed, and men had ceased to speak of the King who broke and trampled the pen that signed Catholic Emancipation, and the sword that fell from the statue of Walker in Derry, that still the people were galled by all the petty tyrannies that will last even through great revolutionary changes. The tenantry were crushed with rackrents; were ruined by that tax—that was an insult to their religion and an injury to themselves—the tax of tithes, wrung from unwilling hands by the ministers of an alien religion. He saw then that single measures were of but little avail to sweep away the vast mass of injustice that still burthened the people, and that it were better to concentrate the energies of the nation in effecting a complete and radical change of Government than in attacking the myriad injustices that had their origin in the system, and not in individual acts of legislation. Then he raised the war-cry—Repeal of the Union. And then he organised what was perhaps the most perfect system of agitation the mind of man ever evolved. Every parish had its branch, every branch its offices; there were wardens and stewards, all obeying implicitly the great central mind, and the people flushed with victory, and animated with new hopes, rose up and corresponded bravely with the splendid efforts that were being made for their freedom, until from Mullaghmast to Mallow, and from the wilds of Galway to the Hill of Tara, multitudes, numbering from 100,000 to 350,000, gathered together, and by their enthusiasm and devotion gave O'Connell not only some of the prerogatives of royalty, but also a higher and loftier commission than even his ambitious mind contemplated. A vast meeting was summoned to the plain of Clontarf. Four hundred thousand men would be there. The last word would be said for Ireland. Alas! the last word was never said. The meeting was proclaimed a few hours before the time appointed. O'Connell had to face the alternative

of the massacre of the people and the defiance of the Government, or the honourable defeat that consulted for the safety of the people. He chose the latter, and he has been censured for it. This is not the place to defend a memory which has been now placed beyond cavil or criticism. But from that moment O'Connell's power waned.

Two years later, one dismal summer, the odour of death hung over the land—the Angel of Death was there. The verdict of the last great Assize will tell who was to blame for the awful holocausts of '47 and '48. The country threw the blame on the Government, and verdicts of wilful murder were brought in by coroner's juries against the Prime Minister. In the midst of the horrors, a grey-haired broken-hearted man passed out over the Irish seas, as the Irish chieftains of old, to see Rome and die. But, before he reached it, in the very sight of its minarets and domes, and whilst the Eternal City was *en fête* for his arrival, he died. He never received the welcome, he never passed under the triumphal arch. So much the better. It is well to find the laurels of eternity on the Cross. O'Connell died a broken-hearted exile, and his wrongs, silently endured, demand our compassion, whilst we give him our reverence and gratitude; and from that day until now his figure stands forth in all its beauty and grandeur. The people of his own day gave him their love and admiration, and that love and admiration are transfigured into worship with us, who have inherited with his memory the fruits of his labour and sacrifice.

Shall we close here with barren admiration for O'Connell's genius and courage; or shall we say that his life has a lesson? Certainly the latter. And our first thought shall be surprise that for fifty years O'Connell has had no successor. No great Catholic layman has arisen in Ireland, strong and firm in his faith, strong and firm in his determination that the twain interests of faith and fatherland shall not be sundered. And yet it is only what we have a right to expect. A great Catholic nation has a right to a great Catholic leader. For remember we are a Catholic nation. Catholicity is the dominant note in our history. Catholicity is the first characteristic of our race. Take away our fidelity to our Church, which was fidelity to our country: and the history of our nation is a squalid record of internal struggle and impotent efforts to shake off foreign domination. But our history is glorified by that one principle: nay, it is rendered unique in the history of the world.

Now, if the history of our race has been a history of supernatural patience and tenacity of principle, the destiny of our race is also a supernatural one. I am quite well aware that this position may be controverted. We have become so imbued with the materialistic spirit of the age, that finds its expression in books and pamphlets, in the entire literature of the country, that many are dreaming of the time when Ireland shall become a great mercantile nation, competing for success with half the globe. God grant that her children may flourish on her soil in the full numbers that her natural resources fit her to support; but I hardly think or hope that Ireland will ever rank amongst the great Powers, that her armies will be invincible, or that her navies will sweep the seas; neither would I desire it. I had rather see her mountains crested with monasteries, from which God's praises ascended by night and by day, than see her valleys blackened with the smoke, and her rivers polluted with the slime of great factories. And, surely, there is no true Irishman who would not rather see your harbour ploughed by the emigrant ship, carrying your evangelists over the world to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, than to see its waters blackened with the hulls of warships crammed with deadly instruments of destruction for the annihilation of the weaker nations of the earth. No! Ireland has one great mission—that of Christian teacher and apostle; and Irish Catholics should have one great ambition—that of liberty enough to preserve the traditions of the motherland and to strengthen and consolidate the mighty race to which they belong—in a word, to make Ireland once more what she was from the fifth to the tenth centuries, the home of religion, the sanctuary of learning, the Pharos of the Western seas.

I do not know whether there may not be in Ireland some chosen soul to whom God is speaking now, as He spoke to His Prophets, as He spoke to O'Connell, and revealing the future of the race. I wonder whether in the class-room of some Irish seminary, in the hall of some great college, in some lonely Dublin attic, or walking the streets of our cities—in the dust of our towns, or dreaming on the purple mountains—I wonder whether there may not be, even one, who, gifted with fine genius and instincts, is looking into the future, and beholding possible conquests greater than those of Alexander and Napoleon, more stupendous and epoch-making than even their victories? If so, he has a vast

vocation, a mission that belongs but to the genius of sanctity—that of drawing the world to the feet of Christ and his Vicar. If I may suppose such a great Catholic leader, full of the Church's philosophy, enthusiastic for the Church's rights, proud of the Church's history, I say he has a magnificent theatre before him, and such an audience that the greatest of orators or dramatists might envy. France would inspire him with the example of De Maistre, De Bonald, Montalembert; Spain with the example of Donoso Cortes; his own Ireland with the example of O'Connell. He would have to contend with the materialism of the age, the spirit of indifferentism in religion; that evil genius of France, the anticlericalism that is the badge and token of Freemasonry on the Continent and of secret societies at home. He would have to contend, in Parliament or out of Parliament, for the material interests of the people—for these are bound up with their spiritual well-being—and to labour for liberty without licence, and progress without perversion of principle. The great questions of Catholic education, temperance, social purity; the elevation and refinement of the home circle, the revival of the ancient religious spirit of Ireland, that filled her valleys with convents and her convents with saints, would pass into his special programme. He would preach the splendid socialism of the Gospel, the dignity of labour, the sacredness of poverty, the obligations of wealth. His armoury would be the Acts of the Martyrs, the philosophy of St. Thomas, the Encyclicals of the Roman Pontiffs, and every brave precedent and episode in the history of Christianity from the days of the Catacombs until now. His allies would be all great and good men, who only want a strong voice to reawaken the slumbering instincts of a people of God. And, as it is human to err, he would have the spiritual insight to guard himself against grave mistakes of policy by looking habitually towards the centre of immutable truth, the chair of Peter. And thus armed and thus safeguarded, he would speak through press and from platform to the Irish race, and, through them, to the world. And as his voice echoed from colony to colony of our fugitive people, the exiles of Ireland would turn to us once more, and say, "Thank God, our motherland is not dead, nor stricken. Behold, in her old age, she has brought forth a Samuel or a Baptist, and the nations are hearkening and wondering at the preachment of the old Gospel of peace through the truth."

But, perhaps, you will say : " We want no more leaders ; we want no watchers on the mountain heights, but workers in the valleys." Well, be it so. Nevertheless, there is need of some power to bind up your strength and direct it. We want a voice to embody your feelings and declare them. We want a soul to touch your souls as with a flood of light, to be reflected back in an illumination of words and works. Meanwhile, we give you the inspiration you seek, the model you require, the counsel you need, in the life and words of him whom we commemorate to-day, and we tell you in a word, the secret of his success in life, his immortality in death, when we say that O'Connell loved his country with all the warmth of his great Celtic heart, but, above and beyond his country, he loved his God.

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#### MESSAGES.

GOD loosed His shining flock at even,  
And every little gold bird came winging  
Into the dim, blue heaven,  
Sailing and singing,  
Swift and eager in luminous flight  
Through the breathing dark o' the summer night.  
Ah, little birds  
With bright wings palpitating over the blue,  
Whither go you,  
Journeying by æry hill and hollow ?  
I fain would follow  
Through the ways of heaven,  
I the caged swallow,  
I the man bereaven,  
In whose heart is a wound as of a thousand swords.

On your heavenly road  
 You are so high, so high,  
 Can you see my true love's face  
 By the crystal lattices,  
 When the gates of the House of God  
 You go faring by?  
 Her hair is a mist of light,  
 Her eyes are the eyes of a dove,  
 Her vesture is maiden-white,  
 She is my beautiful love!  
 I know you will find her, for sure,  
 Walking by Mary's side,  
 My lady lily-pure,  
 My saint all sanctified!

Tell her I bring a daffodil in March  
 To her grave under the larch,  
 And a lily in summer's prime,  
 And a golden leaf in the harvest-time,  
 And red, red berries in the rime;  
 When desolate and chill  
 The winds moan on the purple hill.  
 In through the fretted bars  
 Whisper my messages, wingéd stars!  
 Tell her no maiden's face doth pleasure me  
 Save in its dear-resembling of hers,  
 For any maiden's voice on land or sea  
 My sad heart never stirs.  
 No rose may blossom on *her* dead young cheek,  
 Out from *her* grave no voice shall ever speak.  
 O birds of God,  
 Tell her I am with nor hope nor succour  
 Since the day He took her  
 Into His rest.  
 Yea, the wolf of pain hath gnawed  
 To the very quivering core of the living heart in my breast.  
 Say unto her these things,  
 O birds of the shining wings!  
 Hie away!  
 Blue in the east is the dawn o' the day,  
 And the eagle of the sun  
 Would reign alone.  
 Out of his road!  
 Little star-birds, fly home to God.

## A NEW BATCH OF TRANSLATIONS.

THE twenty-second day of July is the feast of St. Mary Magdalen. We have seized on this circumstance as an excuse to insist on finding room in the present Number for certain fresh samples of translated verse, one of which is in praise of her to whom much was forgiven because she loved much.

But why is this paper called "a new batch of translations?" Because our Magazine has at sundry times given to the world, singly or in groups, new translations of old poems, especially some of the great classical hymns of the church. For instance the *Dies Irae* and the *Adoro Te devoté* have never been rendered more successfully than by our illustrious contributor, the late Mr. Justice O'Hagan; and Denis Florence MacCarthy also enriched our pages with several admirable translations from the Irish and the Spanish. Indeed a portly and very precious volume of translated verse could readily be selected from the two dozen annual volumes now ranged upon our shelves; and this store might have been indefinitely increased if our poets had been less importunate in their demands for space to set forth their original inspirations.

And so it happened that our tribute to St. Mary Magdalen sought hospitality elsewhere, namely in the Journal in which the original Latin hymn which called it forth had appeared.

About the feast of St. Mary Magdalen in July, 1894, the following poem in her honour by J. H. W. (of whom we know only the initials) was printed in *The Tablet* with the title, *De Sanctâ Mariâ Magdalenâ juxta crucem Jesu stante* :—

## I.

Te, Maria Magdalena,  
Qualis hæc affligit poena,  
Qualem te respiciam  
Juxta crucem Jesu stantem,  
Tam amantis redamantem,  
Tam dolentis consciam!

## II.

Clavis laesi pedes isti  
Quos tu lacrymis lavisti  
Et tersisti crinibus;  
In quod nardum pretiosum  
Effudisti caput fossum  
Spinis est crudelibus.



## III.

Multis quod amabas multum  
Est reatibus indultum,  
Hic pro reo plectitur;  
Sicut lilium auratum  
Quod protervis violatum  
Manibus decerpitur.

## IV.

Ecce bonam elegisti  
Partem secus pedes Christi:  
Qualis fit mutatio!  
Pro Bethaniae beata  
Ista sessione data  
Haec ad Crucem statio.

## V.

Cujus ut domi sedebas  
Verbi verbum audiebas,  
Is ut agnus voluit  
Mutus ad mactandum duci,  
Nec tondente coram truci  
Os suum aperuit.

## VI.

Audin' Cruci quo sermone  
Fixus agat cum latrone,  
Matrem det discipulo,  
Matri filium clientem?  
Te vox adit assistentem  
Nulla de patibulo.

## VII.

Quis dolori dolor isti  
Compar tuo? praestitisti  
Quod praestare sufficis;  
Nunc cohortem illudentem,  
Jesum tuum sitientem  
Stans a longe conspicias.

## VIII.

Tui fratris flevit mortem,  
Parem subit Ipse sortem,  
Ipsa Vita moritur;  
Lazarum qui suscitavit,  
Qui sepulchrum reseravit,  
In sepulchrum conditur.

## IX.

Poenitentium, Maria,  
 Impetres, patrona pia,  
 Istam pro me veniam,  
 Ut a mortuis victorem  
 Tecum Dominum adorem  
 Valde mane obviam.

At the next recurrence of the Saint's feast in July 1895, the following version of the foregoing poem was contributed to the same newspaper by M. R.—of whom we know something more than the initials. For the convenience of comparing original and translation, we have resorted to the somewhat obsolete expedient of numbering the stanzas.

## I.

O Mary Magdalen, what pain  
 Is this which smites your heart amain !  
 I see you full of woe,  
 Standing where Jesus hangs above,  
 Returning love for so great love,  
 While all His griefs you know.

## II.

The nails into those feet they drave  
 Which with your tears you late did lave  
 And wiped them with your hair,  
 Whilst that divine beloved head  
 On which your precious nard was shed  
 The thorns so cruel tear.

## III.

For that you much have loved, your sin  
 Will from God's love forgiveness win ;  
 Guiltless for guilty alain,  
 Like to a golden lily flower  
 Which wanton hands may overpower  
 And scatter o'er the plain.

## IV.

Again you choose the better part—  
 To nestle close to Jesus' Heart  
 And at His feet to lie ;  
 But ah, how sad the change you meet !—  
 Not Bethany's most blissful seat,  
 You stand the Cross anigh.

## V.

When you at home received the Lord,  
You heard the words of Him the Word ;  
    But now the end is come,  
And like a lamb too rudely shorn,  
All mute unto the slaughter borne,  
    His lips divine are dumb.

## VI.

He speaks : the dying Thief is blest,  
To the Disciple loved the best  
    His Mother dear He lends,  
And Him to Her He gives in turn.  
You too for tender greeting yearn—  
    None from the Cross descends.

## VII.

What grief is equal to your grief?  
Whate'er of solace or relief  
    Was in your power you gave ;  
And now your Jesus parched with thirst,  
Amid that mocking crew accursed,  
    You see and cannot save.

## VIII.

He wept at your dear brother's death :  
Himself like lot encompasseth,  
    And Life itself is dead.  
He who woke Lazarus from the tomb,  
Who burst the sepulchre's dark gloom,  
    To sepulchre is led.

## IX.

O Mary, patroness most meek  
Of penitents who pardon seek,  
    This grace for me implore—  
With you at dawn the Lord to meet  
O'er death victorious, at His feet  
    For ever to adore.

There have been translations that excelled their originals : for instance, I think, some of Father Prout's from the French, and some of Clarence Mangan's from the German. But generally translations give only a faint idea of the original poem ; and this makes it more remarkable that so many of the Latin hymns of the Church are very effective even in English. One of the first of these

that children used to learn by heart is the Ambrosian hymn of Compline, as given in the night prayers of many old prayer-books, beginning thus :—

Before the closing of the day,  
 Creator, we Thee humbly pray  
 That for thy wonted mercy's sake  
 Thou us into protection take.

This inversion of the pronouns is very stiff and awkward ; but an anonymous writer in *The English Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (1869) very properly thought that he could not improve upon the first line as a translation of *Te lucis ante terminum*. This line he adopts, and changes all the rest :—

Before the closing of the day,  
 O Thou, our Maker and our Lord!  
 For Thine own mercy's sake we pray  
 That o'er us Thou keep watch and ward.

Afar may dreams of evil flee,  
 And all the nightly phantom train ;  
 And hold in check our enemy  
 That so we may not suffer stain.

O Thou, our Father, hear our prayer,  
 Who, with the One-begotten Son,  
 And Holy Ghost the Comforter,  
 Dost reign while endless ages run.

“R.O.K.”, whose initials will ensure the benevolent attention of many of our readers, sent us, too long ago, the following version of the same which has never before been in print. It does not aim at the scrupulous fidelity which has become the fashion with translators, especially of short poems.

Before the beauteous day is done,  
 Before the light its course hath run,  
 Look down, O Lord, from Heav'n we pray,  
 And bless us at the close of day.

Oh, bless our homes, and bless our rest,  
 No phantom wiles our sleep molest,  
 That, lulled in peace and purity,  
 Our dreams may be of heaven and Thee.

Great God, whose Word made all we see,  
 And giveth life to all that be,—  
 At holy twilight, free from blame,  
 May we for ever bless Thy Name.

Some unknown poet of the seventeenth century composed this impressive sonnet on *La Mort du Christ*.

Lorsque Jésus souffrait pour tout le genre humain  
La Mort en l'abordant au fort de son supplice  
Parut tout interdite et retira sa main,  
N' osant pas sur son Maître exerner son office,

Mais le Christ, en baissant la tête sur son sein,  
Fit signe à la terrible et sourde exécutrice,  
Que, sans avoir égard aux droits du souverain,  
Elle achevât sans peur le sanglant sacrifice.

L'implacable obéit, et ce coup sans pareil  
Fit trembler la nature et pâlir le soleil,  
Comme si de sa fin le monde eût été proche.

Tout gémit, tout frémit sur la terre et dans l'air,  
Et le pécheur fut seul qui prit un cœur de roche,  
Quand les roches semblaient avoir un cœur de chair !

I have made the following attempt at a fairly literal translation :—

While Jesus suffered for man's sinful race,  
Death, drawing near Him at His torment's height,  
Shrank back appalled at the fearful sight,  
Not daring on his Lord his hand to place.

But Jesus, bending down His meek, pale face,  
To him, dread Executioner, gave sign  
That, heedless of the Master's rights divine,  
The bloody Sacrifice should speed apace.

Stern Death obeyed. The Saviour's parting cry  
Made Nature tremble, sun grow dark on high,  
As if the ending of the world were nigh.

On earth, in air, all shuddered and made moan—  
While the stones seemed a heart of flesh to own,  
The sinner only showed a heart of stone.

When Mr. Justice O'Hagan, as we mentioned a moment ago, sent his beautiful *Dies Irae* to this Magazine,—though *Kottabos* begged for it,—he called it expressly “a new translation in the original metre,” (*IRISH MONTHLY*, Vol. II., page 136), and he was somewhat disappointed to find that he had been forestalled by Philip Stanhope Worsly, who had published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, of May, 1860, an excellent translation with the same trochaic metre and dissyllabic endings of the Latin hymn. Judge

O'Hagan's dear friend, Denis Florence MacCarthy, also published several "Hymns of the Church in the original metres." Yet some ten years later the translator of "The Song of Roland" did not observe this fidelity as to form in translating a poem which links the canonical hours of the Divine Office with the successive mysteries of the Passion. The Latin, with the Judge's version, will be found at page 212 of our thirteenth volume (1885). We may repeat, as a specimen, the quatrain for Tierce as it was written in Latin six hundred years ago by some unknown saint, and then as it was turned into English twelve years ago by the first Head of the Irish Land Commission.

Horâ vero tertiâ diré flagellatur,  
 Purpurâ induitur, spinis coronatur,  
 Crucifigi petitur, quod mox demandatur;  
 Crux ad locum Golgotha sibi ferri datur.

At the hour of Tierce they scourge Him, clothe Him in a purple vest,  
 While a crown of woven thorn is on his sacred forehead pressed.  
 "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" is the cry that fills the air;  
 Then they lay the Cross upon Him unto Golgotha to bear.

It will be noticed, as we have said, that the dissyllabic endings of the Latin are not reproduced here. But by a curious accident we have discovered a version in which this peculiarity is preserved. These Hours of the Passion are given in a devout book of Litanies taken from Catholic sources by that strangely Catholic "Anglican" clergyman, the Rev. John Mason Neale, once Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead. Judge O'Hagan had already warned us in a note to the page of this magazine that we have referred to, that in Mone's great collection this hymn is given in several different forms; and this accounts for the discrepencies between the two English versions. The Anglican translator also omits Lauds, and what Judge O'Hagan assigns to Lauds is set down for Prime.

#### *At Matins.*

Circled by His enemies, by His own forsaken,  
 CHRIST, the LORD, at Matin hour, for our sakes was taken:—  
 Very Wisdom, very Light, Monarch long expected,  
 In the garden, by the Jews, bound, reviled, rejected.

#### *At Prime.*

At the hour of Prime the LORD entered on His Passion,  
 And blasphemers, standing round, railed in bitter fashion;  
 There with spitting, and with shame, ill for good they render,  
 Marring of that Face, which gives Heaven eternal splendour.

*At Tierce.*

“Crucify Him!”—for His love is their bitter payment,  
When they lead Him forth at Tierce, clad in purple raiment;  
He a crown of woven thorns, King of glory, weareth,  
And a Cross to Calvary on His shoulder beareth.

*At Sext.*

He upon that Cross at Sext for our sake was mounted;  
By the passers-by reviled, with transgressors counted:  
Vinegar and gall they gave to His thirst to slake it,  
Which when He had tasted of He refused to take it.

*At None.*

At the hour of None, the strife, long and sharp, was ended;  
Gently to His FATHER's hands He His soul commended;  
And a soldier pierced His Side, whence is our salvation;  
And the Water and the Blood heal'd our condemnation.

*At Vespers.*

When it came to Vesper time, from the Cross they take Him,  
Whose great love to bear such woes for our sake could make him.  
Such a death He underwent, sin's alone Physician,  
That of everlasting life we might have fruition.

*At Compline.*

At the holy Compline-hour holy hands array Him  
In the garments of the grave, where the mourners lay Him;  
Myrrh and spices have they brought—Scripture is completed—  
And by Death the Prince of Life death and hell defeated.

Wherefore these Canonical Hours my tongue shall ever  
In thy praise, O CHRIST, recite, with my heart's endeavour;  
That the Love which, for my sake, bore such tribulation,  
In mine own death-agony may be my salvation.

Shame upon us the children of the Kingdom if we do not avail ourselves of the treasures of holiness that are at our disposal, while many earnest souls who seem to be without strive earnestly for mere fragments of what we possess in its fulness. O Priest of God, discharge with reverence and delight that daily duty which is truly called a divine duty, “*Divinum Officium.*”

M. R.

## THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT.

OR,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE MADAM AND MR. TAYLOR HAVE A SERIOUS CONVERSATION.

THE evening shadows gathered softly in the lowlands; the lake was turned into a pool of golden light in the declining rays of the sun; the clouds in the distant horizon, that seemed beneath the level of the watcher's feet, melted and changed into a thousand shapes and colours. Now, a gorgeous city of supernatural beauty, with a thousand burnished spires and minarets, and great gates of pearl, sails over an illimitable azure sea; it dissolves, and a mighty bridge is flung across a shining river; ships glide over sunlit oceans; horsemen gallop over smiling plains; beasts of preadamite proportions open their gigantic mouths, and softly fall away into fragments that float out on amber, purple, and crimson seas.

It was time to depart, the Moores said, the ponies were ordered, and soon the tinkle of their bells gave notice that they were in waiting. Henry Moore asked Mr. Taylor and Vincent to join them on the hills next day, and dine with him afterwards, but much to Vincent's regret, he declined the invitation; they should be in town before court hour to-morrow. The parting ceremonies were performed, Miss Butler and Philip sat in front of the phaeton; Henry Moore and his wife behind. Philip carefully wrapped a soft white shawl round the neck of his companion, out of whose cloudlike folds her fair face and laughing, dark eyes looked very attractive. He shook hands with Ethna after that indifferent fashion as if he was not quite conscious of her personality, and took his seat beside the heiress, and the party drove away.

"It is all over," said Ethna mechanically.

"By Jove it was a delightful day," replied Vincent. "That officer fellow is a snob, and he is no end of spoons on the heiress; didn't give me a chance."



"Which accounts for opinion number one," said Mr. Taylor.

"Spite never spoke well," answered Vincent. "Listen how those ponies trot; well-bred looking ones, and matched like twins."

"Let us come in," said Ethna. "It must be almost six o'clock. I suppose mother is looking after dinner."

That evening the Madam had the unwonted pleasure of an undisturbed conversation with her son-in-law, in whom she had the most entire confidence. They sat before a very cheerful fire in the dining-room. Mr. Taylor was taking his glass of punch; the silver sugar-bowl, glasses, and water-jug were reflected in the polished table on which the attorney had his elbow; a sedate and well-to-do looking cat rested on the hearth-rug, bearing with calm indifference the assaults of Nora's kitten, who would make its advances with the most appalling caution and circumspection, and then suddenly pounce upon the enemy's tail fling itself on its back and work its paws with the most creditable energy.

Its attention was occasionally distracted by Nora, who was running in and out, getting a sip of punch from her father, or a tiny lump of sugar out of the bowl. Ethna and Vincent were at the piano in the drawing-room, a fact proved by the volume of sweet sound issuing from it.

The Madam was speaking to Mr. Taylor about some money she wished to invest.

"Well," said he, after a pause, "perhaps it would be as well to leave it where it is for the present. You will be thinking of settling Ethna, and the ready money comes handy. She will have no bad fortune in this place when it comes to her. Ethna ought to do well."

"Yes, thank God, she won't be badly off," answered the Madam. "And she need be in no hurry to marry."

"Why, no, of course. But as a rule, girls like to get married," said Mr. Taylor, smiling.

"Ethna is an exception, I think," replied the Madam. "I doubt if she ever had a preference for any one. I often laugh at her for her great notions about love and marriage."

"Do you know, I did not like to have that Moore hanging about the Lodge all the summer," said Mr. Taylor. "Girls take fancies in lonely places to good-looking fellows that pay them compliments, and Ethna is a very fine girl. Might tempt a man to talk nonsense."

"Ah, no. I don't think Philip Moore is that sort of man," answered the Madam. "And, as for anything like a flirtation, I was civiler to him myself than Ethna was. They did not seem to agree at all."

"Well, perhaps so; but you can never be sure. Her letters to Mary some time ago were full of him."

"Ah, yes, of course. A strange young man is an object of interest to a girl for a while. The only one she seems to care about is Vincent, and they are more like brother and sister."

"Well they say the strongest and most enduring feeling is where love rushes in after friendship," said Mr. Taylor. "I would not be sorry if it happened in this case. Old Talbot's child is no bad match, I can tell you, and he is anxious to have Vincent settled down; he thinks it would steady him."

"Why, he is not unsteady, is he?" she asked.

"No, not what we call unsteady. He is a little too fond of horses, and that sort of thing. Being an only son, perhaps he got more of his way than was good for him; but there is not a more upright or honest fellow breathing. No one can assail his moral character, and he is as temperate as Father Matthew."

"I feel for Vincent almost as if he were my son," said the Madam, "and no wonder, I have known him since he was a baby."

"A good friend you were to him, poor motherless child," answered Mr. Taylor; "but I don't see why he shouldn't be your son, and that is what I am coming at, not to be beating about the bush. I may as well tell you at once, that old Taylor is anxious that we should arrange matters and make a match of it between him and Ethna."

"Does Vincent know anything about it?" she asked.

"No, not a word; but that will be all right. He will be glad enough to get a handsome wife and an establishment of his own. Tolbot has an idea of setting him up in the Dublin office; he doesn't care to be running up there now himself. Time tells on us all, dear madam; but likely if he do not marry things will go on as they are."

"I could have no objection," said the Madam thoughtfully, "only she is my last child."

"She will continue more yours if she marry the boy you knew all his life than if she were taken away by a stranger. I think

you ought to consider the matter seriously."

"We cannot keep our children," said the Madam, with a sigh; "they weary of the nest; I was thinking latterly that Ethna was not so contented as she used to be."

"Natural instinct, my dear madam; they like to have a nest of their own. Natural instinct. You may as well let Ethna in with us in the morning; of course you need not tell her of this conversation. For the present let things take their course for a while."

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## CHAPTER XV.

"In visions of the dark night,  
In dreamed of joy departed;  
But a waking dream of life and light  
Hath left me broken-hearted."

While the elders were discussing gravely the weighty subjects of way and means consequent upon matrimonial alliances, the young pair whom they so nearly concerned had a confidential conversation also. In fact Vincent was initiating Ethna into the mysteries of racing matters, and divulging secrets that were to be carefully kept from the parental ears. He was half owner of the mare George Martin had in training, and was going to ride her at the September races at Beltard.

"If the governor finds it out, Ethna, there will be no end of a row," he said, "but Daisypicker is bound to win; she was never in such form; I was up at daybreak yesterday and out at Martins to see her. I'd back her to any extent."

"Ah! 'tis a shame for you, Vincent," replied Ethna, "you'll get your name up about horses, and no one will believe you have an atom of sense. 'Tis only those who can afford to lose money by racing that ought to speculate on winning money by it."

"Oh! I know what I am about, Ethna. The mare is a good one, thoroughbred, own sister to Babbling Fanny; the only thing I'm afraid of is that gripe at the second last jump, but by Jove! doesn't she take the fences without laying irons on them?"

"Well, the idea of your keeping a racehorse!" said Ethna.

"Shut up now, I must make her pay if I can after all she cost; not but we bought her for a song at Kinsley's auction twelve

months ago. Kinsley never tried her. She was only three off. I knew her pedigree and saw she was a good one, and I am no bad judge, Ethna, I can tell you."

"Is there anything in the world that you don't think you are a good judge of?" said Ethna.

"Well, except about the weather and a few other small matters, I think my perceptions are unusually accurate," answered the young man complacently. "But, Ethna, you're to stand to me and palaver the governor if he inclines to make himself disagreeable, which I regret to say is possible. An attorney in a crimson jacket and cap will outrage all his preconceived ideas of decorum; but you can smooth him down, Eth; he swears by you. We shall have no end of fun at the race and ball; and if I come in front, won't I be in humour for a dance? I wish you came into town at once; haven't you to get your 'tulle illusion ong robium ong flower for harium?' You have only ten days to goad your dressmaker. Mind the races come off on the first."

"I have not made up my mind to go at all," said the girl.

"What is coming over you?" he asked in astonishment. "Is it to lose a race and a dance? You don't feel grim death approaching, do you? Make up your mind at once then; you haven't such a gigantic one that it should take much time, for I won't leave the house until your coming is one of the settled questions of the day. Why, Eth, I would not have you miss seeing me in my silk jacket for anything, and that jacket leading, mind you. Say the word you'll come."

"I'll see about it," said the girl.

"Why, there's no seeing about it. What the mischief is there to see about but your dress. I'll settle it."

The young man jumped with his usual impetuosity, and in three steps was in the other room.

Ethna followed him. Mr. Taylor backed Vincent with great emphasis, and told the girl to get her things together and go in with them in the morning to see after her dress, and remain till the ball was over. The Madam, smilingly, advised her to yield to their wishes, as it was certainly time to order her dress.

That night Ethna shut the door of her own room, exclaiming to herself: "Thank God, I can cry enough now!" She flung herself on the bed, and passionate sobs shook her, the outcome of love, disappointment, and wounded pride. Philip had been

making a fool of her, amusing himself with one he thought an inferior during his summer holiday. Oh! no wonder he made a fool of her, when she made such a fool of herself, letting him see every thought in her brain, every emotion in her weak, throbbing heart. Why was she not strong like other girls? Why did she not keep him at a distance until he had spoken to her mother? But he never intended speaking to her. He was secretive, because he was not in earnest. She covered her burning face in an agony of shame and humiliation, when she thought that a couple of times she had permitted him to kiss her. How could she ever lift her head again, or be the old spirited girl she had been, with, as she had boasted, nothing to conceal in her life? In the deepest self-abnegation the girl passed a few hours, weeping remorseful tears, as if her feeling for Philip had been a guilty passion, instead of that most pure and exquisite emotion, an innocent girl's love for a lover she imagines worthy to be loved.

"She would never recover it," she thought, "never. Her heart was dead; life would henceforth be weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable. But she would not let him see how he had ruined her happiness. She would bring her pride to her aid; she would go into town, appear at race and ball, and be the gayest of the gay. It would be time enough to indulge her grief when he was gone away altogether. She would first show him she could forget their summer wooing as quickly as he did."

Her paroxysm of despair exhausted itself. She got up, packed her trunk for the morning's journey, and then retired to rest. Long-drawn sighs parted her red lips. She consoled herself by thinking of the pretty dress she would get, and how he would see her at the ball, surrounded by partners. She fell asleep, and wandered away again into that witching love-land where there was neither deception nor doubt, and Philip Moore was the truest knight that ever won a woman's heart.

The sun was shining brightly through the yellow blinds in her room when she awoke next morning. She returned to consciousness with that vague sense of sorrow that makes the sufferer turn with loathing from the light and loveliness of the new day. The cheery voice of Mr. Taylor and a laugh of Vincent's aroused her fully; she got up, dressed herself quickly, and was in the parlour at eight o'clock. All traces of last night's struggle had vanished; her cheeks had their usual fresh colour, and no one

could dream as she sat to breakfast that any tender convulsion had shaken her nature, or any but the pleasantest breeze had rippled the laughing current of her days.

The morning light was radiant on the hill-tops as they drove down the mountain. Vincent and Ethna sat in the front of the trap. Mr. Taylor had no particular faith in his own driving capacities, so he usually resigned his reins to anyone that would relieve him of them.

When they were passing the road that led to the Lodge, Philip Moore appeared with his gun on his shoulder.

"Hullo," called out Mr. Taylor. "The early bird catches the worm. Off to the hills, eh?"

"No; just returning," answered Philip, taking off his hat, as Vincent pulled up. "I thought I'd have a few hours this morning, as I have to be off by-and-by on business."

"You'll be back for the races," said Vincent.

"Yes, I dare say I shall. Not for the races exactly; such meetings seem rather slow after one has seen the Derby and Oaks, but I have promised Henry to stay while he stays."

"Well, *au revoir* then," said Vincent, touching the horse. "Gypsy is getting impatient."

"Give us a call when you come to town," said Mr. Taylor; "and don't tell anyone of this elopement."

Philip lifted his hat as they drove on, called to his dogs, and proceeded on his way.

"Is there any woman in the world worth considering?" he muttered to himself. "It is well I didn't make an entire fool of myself."

For some time past Philip Moore had gone through unusual mental action and disquiet. He had been playing with fire and found himself badly scorched. The stolen half-hours a-wooing in the sunshine, in the moonlight, in the starlight, had impressed him more than he fancied possible, and he smoked a good deal of tobacco in the effort to tranquillise his nature, and enable him to take cool and dispassionate views of his critical situation. Had he been rich, he would have married the girl there and then; had she been rich, he would have acted with equal decision. But *there* was the drawback; neither of them happened to be in that desirable state of prosperity. Ethna would be a desirable match for a young attorney, but not for a dragoon officer, whose brother had married

an heiress. Philip Moore had spent a considerable amount of money inherited from his father ; he had a few hundreds a year private property, but as he had a propensity for gratifying his fancies before he counted the cost, he was pretty generally in debt. Henry often stood to him, for they were strongly attached to each other ; but Henry was now a married man, and should take enlarged views that would embrace posterity.

It was a case of "love *versus* prudence," and the young man did not see his way out of the slough of despond he had quietly walked into. Sometimes he would make up his mind to tell all to Ethna, and show the impossibility of their marrying ; but his resolution would vanish when he went to Mona and received her glad welcome. Another time would do. Even if I did tell her, he would say to himself, she would not understand, women go in for self-sacrifice and all that sort of thing ; she would tell him she would live on nothing, as if he could have his wife appear in worse style than any other lady in the regiment ; or, perhaps, say she would wait for the next ten years, as if he would be much better off at the end of them. And yet it was hard to break the spell, and cast aside the summer idyl ; so hard, that he made no attempt to do it. He was somewhat surprised, and not quite pleased, to see this other handsome and familiar person of the masculine-gender appear on the scene ; he felt emotions not unlike those supposed to have agitated the manger quadruped, and felt thoroughly disgusted with what he felt to be the levity and lightness of Ethna ; yesterday was bad enough, and here she was now driving into town with him, looking as happy as though she had not a care on earth, and he working himself into a fever thinking of her, and speculating about the future. What a fool he was ! Men are always fools where women are concerned ; they are all the same—fickle, inconstant, humbugging one man after another with their sickening blandishments ; they are all the same. Philip ate his breakfast that morning in a temper that would not have been pleasant, only it was well controlled ; he was not a man who gave way to vulgar displays of passion, but gradually he permitted himself to be amused by Miss Butler's merry banter, and repeated internally that he was a fool, but with decreased bitterness.

Ethna parted with him, and feared Vincent would hear her heart beating. The only words that passed between them were, "You are taking a drive ?" and "I am going into town for the

race and ball." How glad she was to have it to say, particularly now that she found he was going away ! It would show him she would not be watching and waiting on the hill for him, or that all the spirit had not gone out of her. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Confound his impudence," said Vincent. "The Derby and the Oaks indeed ; he won't look at the stars, I suppose, because they are not all moons I saw the Derby as well as he, and that won't destroy my enjoyment of Beltard, I hope."

"My dear boy, I verily believe you would get excited over a race between two broken down asses," answered Mr. Taylor. "Don't be too hard on other men who have not such a large capacity."

*(To be continued).*

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## FROM THE ARABIC.

BY THE LATE PROFESSOR PALMER.

A FOOLISH Atheist, whom I lately found,  
Alleged Philosophy in his defence.

Said he, "The arguments I use are sound"—

"Just so," said I, "all sound and little sense.

"You talk of matters far above your reach,

You're knocking at a closed-up door," said I.

Said he, "You do not understand my speech."

"I'm not King Solomon," was my reply.\*

\* An allusion to the Mahometan tradition that Solomon understood the language of beasts.



## AMONG THE PEAR BLOSSOMS.

" Sweet is his note as the rose in June,  
 Quainter than any old poet's rune,  
 Wild as the water that wanders o'er  
 Hill and dale to a far sea-shore ;—  
 Softly, oh ! softly he says his say,  
 'Twixt the dawn and day, 'twixt the dawn and day ! "

" My Blackbird," by Rosa Mulholland.

OUR garden is not very large but is full of fruit trees, and some fine, wide-leaved sycamores cast a pleasant shade at the further end where there is an open stretch of smooth, green turf powdered with daisies. In the spring this lawn is surrounded with a border of delicately coloured flowers, every sweet and early blossom, and its velvety greenness lies in the midst of an encircling crowd of swaying, nodding flower heads. Daffodils and jonquils, hyacinths of "purest virgin white, low bent and blushing inward," lilies of the valley, the light of tremulous bells shining through broad sheltering leaves of tenderest green, narcoissi rising above, tall and slender, their starry flowers opening wide petals and disclosing rings of ruddy gold, sweet alyssum spreading in drifts of whiteness, auriculas and anemones.

At this season our garden seems all green and white, for not only have delicate pale flowers the pre-eminence, but the cherry and pear trees are now in fullest bloom, whilst leaves unfold on every side in sprouts and shoots of exquisite freshness. It is beautiful to see the waving branches covered with blossoms, white as driven snow, yet full of the warm life and promise of the Spring ; and when in early morning a dewy mist hangs above the garden there is something almost unearthly in the loveliness of those floating sprays of fairy-like flowers, in the vague and tender verdure.

The cherry-trees lift themselves high against the greyness of the vaporous, low lying clouds, their graceful blossoming boughs glimmering with a pearly radiance, the blossoms of the medlar open singly, shining in soft crumpled whiteness from the midst of downy leaves, many-stamened plum blossoms make frostwork, as it were, upon the walls, whilst great pear trees with unpruned, far-up

reaching branches, and wonderful masses of bloom, crown them with living beauty.

There is something strangely fascinating about our garden at this time, and those fresh Spring robings of purest white and green have always seemed the best of all robings; but another delightful feature is the constant twittering and chanting of the birds, and indeed it has become impossible to dissociate the thought of blossoming fruit trees from the airy, happy chirruping of the robins, sparrows, titmice and bullfinches who so persistingly haunt their flower-laden boughs.

Very early in the morning are they to be heard drowsily murmuring their songs; but nothing ever made so great an impression on my mind as the clear, sonorous singing of a black-bird, coming direct from among the pear-blossoms and beginning whilst all the smaller birds were still asleep.

For many hours I had been lying awake, suffering both in mind and body, and, when the active suffering was over, an almost complete discouragement and depression had taken possession of me. The obscurity of the night had entered, as it were, my very soul; no faintest gleam of comfort or of hope could be discovered anywhere; and with aching, sleepless eyes I watched for the coming morning which would indeed bring me neither happiness nor relief, but which would at least make a change in the monotonous outer darkness.

Slowly, very slowly, the hours passed by, but at length a sort of luminous greyness appeared in the horizon and almost simultaneously a burst of melody rang through the stillness, startling me from my apathy.

At first I almost thought I must be dreaming; but still the song was continued, and, listening in awe and wonder, it seemed to me that no bird had ever sung before as this bird was singing.

There were thrilling, gurgling notes of deepest tenderness—low murmurs of joy—and now and again came strange, whistling, flute-like cries of rapture long drawn out, and full of soul-piercing sweetness. No lark ever sang more exultantly or nightingale warbled a tenderer love song.

“Also into the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind is weak, wild, useless in sweetness, is knit together in its song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird’s wings, so the

wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice ; unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lisping and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake, and ruffle the petals of the wild rose." \*

The singing I was listening to surely combined all these characteristics : for sometimes it rose strong and high, keen and pure as the mountain wind blowing over the mountain tops or stretches of wild moor, and, whilst again it would sink into a low, rich warbling key, gentle as the breezes sweeping through fields of clover. But so fearful was I of disturbing the sweet singer that I scarcely dared to breathe, and, as I stood at the open window drinking in the almost angelic strains, the whole sky was gradually illuminated with a pale glow that was neither like moonlight or sunlight, but which just enabled me to distinguish the whiteness of the pear blossoms crowning the garden wall, the dim outline of the sycamore trees in the distance and of the lilac bushes with their pointed clusters of flowers.

The scent of the jonquils mingled with the indescribable and most ethereal fragrance of the blossoming trees, the cool air laid calm, reassuring touches upon my forehead ; and still the wonderful song rang on through the dewy quietude of the garden, seeming to breathe a new meaning into life, and filling the grey dawn with warmth and colour.

Like a glow worm golden

In a dell of dew

Scattering unbeholden

Its aerial hue

Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view :

Like a high born maiden

In a palace tower

Soothing her love-laden

Soul in secret hour

With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a poet hidden

In the light of thought,

Singing hymns unbidden,

Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

It is difficult to explain all that the song of a bird may mean to one—difficult to explain it even to oneself—yet it is quite certain that the most ordinary and prosaic people, as well as those who are highly poetical and imaginative, have been strangely moved, and are still moved, to joy or sadness by the carolling of some wild, woodland creature.

On this particular morning I gave myself up to the delight of listening to the sweet singing of the hidden blackbird, and it was wonderful what new feelings and thoughts were aroused. Each moment I became less depressed—each moment the weight of care and anxiety seemed easier to bear.

Only a bird singing. But so much was expressed in the throbbing ecstasy of those liquid notes—such boundless joy, such exultation and rapturous anticipation. It was impossible not to feel the cheering influence of that happy song—the very spirit of hope seemed, as it were, to have become embodied, to be uttering its message and to be drawing all hearts upwards.

A more precipitated vein  
Of notes, that eddy in the flow  
Of smoothest song, they come, they go,  
And leave their sweeter understrain  
Its own sweet self—a love of thee  
That seems yet cannot greater be ! \*

The understrain of the blackbird's song was the hope of the coming summer—the promise of the shy brown-plumaged mate—of the tender fledglings in their warm hidden nest. Feelings, instincts such as these were swelling the heart of my bird as he sang among the pear blossoms, but as his song came to me it was translated into a higher, wider meaning and became, as it were, the utterance of a Credo belonging to all the world.

It has been said that there is nothing in this world so necessary as hope—the hope anchored in eternity—and it was of this wonderful hope the bird was singing. I felt it through and through me! The passion and the life whose fountains are within found utterance—and the hope given to a bird became my hope, in this higher degree, whilst the dismal despairing thoughts of the night were banished as I realised that it was after all only temporal things that were giving me so much anxiety,—that it was but the frail, evanescent hope of the passing moment, the friendship of an

hour—even if that were lost, infinite hope, infinite love were still mine.

Very sweet and holy thoughts came to me as the bird sang on—

In mellow fluency and dulcet phrasing  
 In pœans of passing beauty :  
     As a chanting priest  
 Chanting his matins i' the wane o' the night  
 While great slow waves of vibrant light  
     Sweep up the lilled east. \*

One thing suggesting another, a memory came to me of a certain dark and chilly chapel, once heard of if never seen, and where doubtless at this very moment the monks were chanting their morning hymns of praise. In imagination I could see the sombre interior—the sanctuary lamp gleaming and flickering, the solitary spot of brightness—whilst white-robed figures were dimly revealed, prostrate in adoration. But presently there came the solemn sound of strong men's voices upraised to Heaven in prayer and song—the noble and melodious utterance of the soul's highest convictions and aspirations ; and although all earthly joys had been banished for ever from the lives of these men, never was heard a song of greater and more complete thankfulness. No doubt or hesitation—no shadows of sadness or of fear were there—but the most unfaltering trustfulness, the most boundless faith were expressed in every deep and steadfast tone.

*In Te, Domine, speravi, non confundar in æternum.*

"In Thee, O Lord, I have hoped, I shall never be confounded." Their hopes were set above.

"Everything below God is mutable, imperfect, full of change and vicissitude, God and God alone is immutable in His bliss, and and He beatifies immutably all those who are united with Him. All other things sweet as they may be, precious as we count them, happy as we may be in them for a time, all must change and pass away. God alone is changeless because God alone is eternal ; and if we live for any end that is not changeless and eternal, we shall be disappointed of our hope."†

Hope is indeed the very breath of life to all of us, poor struggling human creatures, from saintly Carthusian to the humblest pilgrim

\* Alice Furlong.

. . . † Cardinal Manning.

just beginning his upward journey ; and no one even amongst the most desolate and degraded, need feel themselves shut away from all hope, for the gates of heaven, we are taught, are open to all—the love of God denied to none.

“The God of hope fills the soul with all joy and peace in believing that it may abound in hope.”

*In Te, Domine, speravi, non confundar in æternum.*

The vision of the Carthusian chapel faded away with the pale lamp of the sanctuary glimmering star-like through its obscurity, but still the echo came of the monk's majestic chanting, and over and over again I repeated those words of deepest meaning, whilst overwhelming memories surged into my mind of all that had been done for me in the past. Feelings of the deepest shame were aroused at the thought of my despondency, my ingratitude,—my want of faith ; and looking down into the awaking garden, with its tremulous, dewy leaves swept by the soft warm breezes and glowing with fresh beauty in the beams of the rising sun, it seemed to me as if nature itself was crying out against the want of confidence that had been shown—the entire task of trustfulness.

“If we behold the order, harmony, and concord of this world, what excuse canst thou allege, O my soul, not to be presently lifted up, and wholly fixed unto thy God ? This is such a tunable music with such a wonderful concord and proportion, that if thou wert not deaf it would make thee forget all things created and be transformed into the Creator. Every string of this instrument soundeth sweetly, but they all together do make a most pleasant and heavenly melody. . . . Arise up therefore, O my soul, open thine eyes and awake ; and if the dimness of thy sight will not permit thee to see the divine power which worketh these things behold at least His works, which declare what He is that made them, that thereby He may be known that cannot be comprehended. Hereupon saidst Thou, O Lord, to certain blind men who, having thee before them, knew thee not, ‘If you believe not Me, believe My works.’ They told what Thou wert if they had eyes to consider them, and as it would be impossible to consider them and not to know Thee, so it would be impossible to know Thee and cease for to love Thee.” \*

One hardly knows how such things happen—how the blessed

change comes—but I remember so well feeling as if the sunshine, that was flooding the garden was flooding my soul as well; and as if the blackbird, still joyously singing among the pear blossoms, was no longer suggesting but was now echoing the thankfulness welling up in my heart.

From the break of morn  
Herein the blackbird is God's courtier,  
His gold tongue ever a-stir  
Piping and praising  
On his beaked horn,  
To do his Seigneur duty. \*

The fragrance of the newly-opened flower-buds filled the air, and the jonquils and narcissi bloomed, white and lovely, about the lawn with its tender greenness and drifts of daisies; the delicate snow-wreaths of the cherry blossoms lay against the soft blueness of the sky, and from every side came the warbling of the birds. But my blackbird's voice rose high and clear above the rest, and I shall never hear his song without feelings of gratitude and affections nor shall I ever forget the morning when, listening to his sweet singing, hope came back to me.

C. H.

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## CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

### A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

#### V.

J. W. A. has succeeded in guessing both the uprights and lights of Nos. 7 and 8, except that *Atalanta* was a faster maid than *Andromeda*, and *Rembrandt* did not end in ruin. See the full solutions a little further on.

P. S. D. has solved No. 8 correctly, except that the improvident do not suffer "punishment" but go to "pot."

C. T. W. is right all through, except in suggesting "tempest" in place of "trumpet" and "post-obit" as the goal of improvidence—both very meritorious failures, if failures. Mr. Reeves himself gave "astrologer" as the second light of No. 8;

\* "The Trees," by Alice Furlong.

but I have it corrected into "augur" in the handwriting of the author of the acrostic, Mr. Justice O'Hagan.

The answer to No. 7 is *tartan*. Mr. Reeves, Q.C., indicates very tersely and ingeniously its constituent parts *tar* and *tan*, and then in the third place *tartan*. Thus, *tan* is spread before a house where some one is sick, to subdue the noise of the cars passing; and this is expressed cryptically and concisely by the line, "Hoof's sound is lost." The first of the lights is *trumpet*, beginning and ending with the first letters of *tar* and *tan*. The second is the swift-running maiden *Atalanta*, concerning whom some may like to consult Lempriere's Classical Dictionary or some such book. The last of the three lights is certainly not very enlightening. How does "Rembrandt's last" begin with R and end with N? Rembrandt was a baptismal name only; the painter used the initials R. H. for "Rembrandt Harmenszon," that is, son of Harmen; but he is often known by the local affix Rembrandt van Rijn, "by the Rhine," living on Rhineside. Is he called "poor" because he was once a bankrupt? When Mr. Reeves had to choose a word beginning with R and ending with N, he certainly did not give much help to the solvers of his Double Acrostic.

No. 8 is another example of Judge O'Hagan's wonderful skill in versification and mystification. Who else could make so much out of *pantry*? First, the god Pan is finely described in eight lines; and then there is a sudden transition to "pan" spelled with a small p—namely the frying-pan. The second acrostic word is try—

"A spell-word known  
To all who scale achievement's throne."

If we did not know that the whole is "pantry," we should be greatly puzzled by this statement:

"My all hath many a deep recess  
Where treasures lie in uselessness  
Until thy glowing circle warms  
Their plastic elemental forms,"—

that is, until the pan has cooked the steak or the pudding. The three lights which begin and end respectively with *p* and *t*, with *a* and *r*, and with *n* and *y*, are "pot," "augur," "necromancy." Remembering that a thriftless man goes to pot, could these three be more ingeniously adumbrated than by the following

??



" I am of all improvidence the goal.  
Can I the page of destiny unroll?  
Or wizard spell evoke the parted soul?"

We next leave for a month in their subtle obscurity No. 9 and No. 10 of this series. The signature of the first stands for Mr. George B. Thompson; and we know already who "O" is.

No. 9.

The knight rides on in armour dight,  
His casque at saddle-bow,  
The steed returns, but not the knight,  
My first has laid him low.  
I ride the stream, all gaily clad,  
With plumes and silken garb,  
And bear, though seeming light and glad,  
Sure death upon my barb.

1. The cottier loves my piping lay.
2. The lawny Hindoo's dye.
3. Of fickle love and counted gay.
4. Bad play's apology.

T.

No. 10.

Blest be the woodland way,  
And the well which the alders hide,  
And the steed which I reined that day  
To drink in the warm noontide.  
My steed, he drank of the well,  
But a dearer draught was mine;  
'Twas my second bestowed the spell  
That flushed in my veins like wine.

Though my first, in those days as now,  
Belonged to my practised tongue,  
Yet there the unspoken vow  
In formless accents hung.  
But oft as again we stole  
To meetings more fond and free,  
The first far glimpse of my whole  
Was fever and trance to me.

1. A gushing thing.
2. I close a spring.
3. Admire my wing.

O.

## SAINT JOSEPH.

*With the Spring in verdure dressed,  
 Father, came your mild request.\*  
 I, a 'prentice of the Muse,  
 All unskilled, cannot refuse.*

TO sing the praise of Mary's Spouse  
 And of that Galilean house,  
 White-walled, vine-garlanded,  
 Angel-encompasséd,  
 Might well a seraph's powers employ ;  
 But as the shepherd-boy  
 To ease his spirit plies an oaten reed,  
 While, moving slow, the cropping wethers feed,  
 So I in rude untutored verse  
 Saint Joseph's worth rehearse.

And first, the Saint's thrice-holy dread  
 The spotless Maid to wed.  
 She of our tainted race  
 The one sole Miracle of Grace,  
 Predestined for the Spirit's Bride,  
 He thought to put aside.  
 Not long  
 Did Heaven permit unconscious wrong.  
 'Twas in a dream an angel spake,  
 "Joseph, fear not to take  
 Mary,"

And at th' angelic word  
 The Saint's strong faith, as did the Prophet's gourd,  
 Sprang vigorous in the night ;  
 But no fierce sun by day could smite  
 Its spreading canopy.

One glorious burst of song,  
 Prophetic, strong,  
 Then silence golden as the pause between  
 Celestial melodies from choirs unseen,  
 Such was our Lady's legacy ;  
 But he  
 With never a word  
 The deeper silence stirred,  
 Pleased to play subject to so sweet a queen.

\* See the preface to "Saint Joseph's Anthology," by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

Engulphed in the white splendour,  
At once so strong and tender,  
Of his moon-sandaled Mate,\*  
What wonder that his high estate  
Was dimly seen by mortal eyes !  
For God is swift to teach, but man is slow to learn,  
And the great truths we recognize  
It took the race long centuries to discern.

Dear Foster-Saint !  
Thy earthly home knew little of earth's taint.  
Though poor, it held earth's choicest treasures—  
None other  
Than sinless Babe and sinless Mother.  
Patron of home and all its chastened pleasures !  
Head of the family !  
The favour that was thine  
Win for us of thy boundless charity—  
To breathe our souls out in the Arms Divine  
With Mary's prayerful eyes  
Bent on us, shedding balm of Paradise.

T. H. WRIGHT,

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SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

THE very full and elaborate account of Virgil in Dr. William Smith's large Dictionary of Classical Biography and Mythology might very well have included the anecdote which the above title will recall to many readers, even although the anecdote should in the same breath be pronounced utterly apocryphal. The anecdote tells us that before the feast-day of the Emperor Augustus it rained all the night, and that this rainy night was succeeded by a sunny day which allowed the feast to be celebrated with great splendour ; the night being thus dedicated to Jupiter Pluvius and the day to Cæsar Augustus. A poet expressed this by the following couplet :—

Nocte pluit totâ, redeunt spectacula mane ;  
Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet. .

This distich was set up in a public place, and Augustus was

\* Apocalypse, XII., 1.

extremely anxious to discover the author of it. No claimant presenting himself, a certain poetaster called Bathyllus thought he might come forward to get the credit of it and he was honoured and rewarded accordingly. Whereupon the real author wrote up in the same place four words as the beginning of four pentameter lines :

Sic vos non vobis  
 Sic vos non vobis  
 Sic vos non vobis  
 Sic vos non vobis

The Emperor invited Bathyllus to prove his skill again by completing these lines ; but he and many others tried in vain. Then Virgil came forward with his claim and with the proof thereof by completing as follows the four pentameters :

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.  
 Sic vos non vobis nidificatis, aves ;  
 Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves ;  
 Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes ;  
 Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra, boves.

The injustice of which Virgil was here the victim has often been inflicted in modern times on the authors of certain poems. Many consider "Waiting for the May" the most beautiful of the lyrics of Denis Florence McCarthy. It has always been published with his name, and yet "The Modern Elocutionist" of David Charles Bell, and "The Lyrics of Ireland" by Samuel Lover, give Clarence Mangan as the author of these "Summer Longings." I consider this a piece of gross and cruel negligence.

Another careless blunder of the same kind has just been committed in the United States, of which the uncomplaining victim is a daughter of Denis Florence McCarthy. S. M. S. whose name we may write in full as Sister Mary Stanislaus, wrote some simple and devout lines to Our Lady of Good Counsel to whom this appeal is addressed many times, "Mother, tell me what am I to do." This hymn has just been printed at Brooklyn with music by a Sister of Mercy, but it is stated on the title-page that the words were written by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly. Such carelessness is very unfair and almost dishonest. Miss Donnelly herself is in no way to blame, and indeed it is she who indignantly called my attention to the matter.

From the same centre of civilization comes another amusing sample of this species of theft of which I am myself the not uncomplaining victim. In the English *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, a quarter of a century ago I printed these verses to the Queen of May :

O Mary dearest Mother,  
 Thy month is come again,  
 Of all the months most welcome  
 'To angels and to men—  
 The month of birds and blossoms,  
 The flowery, sunny May,  
 When earth and sky, dear Mother !  
 To thee fond tribute pay.

And so, O dearest Mother !  
 Before the simple shrine  
 Which we have decked with flowers  
 Because we call it thine,  
 We kneel to scatter incense  
 And prayer and song for thee :  
 Look down, O dearest Mother !  
 Look down to hear and see.

Look down on us thy children,  
 O Mother dear ! look down ;  
 The mother's face beams kindly  
 When other faces frown.  
 Though thou art Queen of Heaven,  
 And reign'st in joy above,  
 Yet still, O dearest Mother !  
 Look down on us with love.

Ah ! we have forced thee often,  
 All loving as thou art,  
 To turn in sadness from us,  
 Thine eyes—but not thy heart !  
 In grief but not in anger,  
 Though we have tried thee sore :  
 Yet smile again, dear Mother !  
 We'll vex thy heart no more.

By Him who calls thee Mother,  
 And bids us do the same—  
 By Him, thy Son, who gives us  
 A brother's tender name—  
 By all the love that yearneth  
 Within thine own pure heart,  
 O Mother ! be a mother.  
 And act a mother's part.

In Heaven's eternal May-time  
Whose sunlight is the Lamb,  
In the gladness and the glory,  
The rapture and the calm—  
We'll praise thee, and we'll bless thee,  
With happy saints above,  
If now, O mighty Mother,  
Thou look on us with love.

This May-song was reprinted in the little volume called *Madonna*, and also in Mr. Orby Shipley's noble collection of "*Carmina Mariana*," and quite recently with very sweet music in *Lyra Cordis*—which I hope will not be overlooked by convent choirs. In all these cases the authorship was fully avowed; yet, in 1893, in an elegant volume called "*Angelus Domini*" containing legendary lays and poems in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and published in New York by "*A Daughter of the Church*"—evidently a very unprotestant Protestant—this poem is assigned to some supposititious Michael Russell, who, in the Index of Authors, is stated to have been born in 1781, and to have died in 1848, whereas the author of that poem has certainly survived to the present moment of the present year of Our Lord, and his name-saint is not an archangel but a publican. *Sic vos non vobis.*

M. R.

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## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *The Wicked Woods*. By Rosa Mulholland [Lady Gilbert], Author of "The Wild Birds of Kileevy," "Marcella Grace," "A Fair Emigrant," "Banshee Castle," etc. (London: Burns and Oates).

In the remarkable catalogue of volumes of fiction, two dozen in number and the product of one pen, which has sometimes been advertised on the back of the titlepage of our monthly parts, the third in order, the two-volume novel, "The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil," has hitherto been marked "out of print." It has just reappeared in a very attractive form; for, though it is issued in a single cheap volume, the type employed is large and pleasant to read. Indeed, nothing could be better than the printing and binding; and the new edition is moreover enriched with an excellent portrait of the author as frontispiece, while a perfect autograph of her signature slants across the cover. Of those other works of Lady Gilbert that are named on the titlepage of the present tale, it is most closely akin to "The Wild Birds of Kileevy" with the strain of poetry and romance that runs through them both; whereas "Marcella Grace" and "Hester's History" approach nearer to the ordinary novel of every-day life. The exquisite refinement and purity of Lady Gilbert's style have seldom been displayed more strikingly than in disentangling the strange variety of difficulties which delay till the right moment the happy union of Paul Finiston and May Mournie. May is one of the sweetest heroines of fiction, with her simplicity, sincerity, and unconscious charm. One carries away a clear idea of even the people that are introduced only incidentally; and, though the story is told right on without wasting time on descriptions and digressions, all the places and scenes, and especially the "wicked woods" themselves, are realised with wonderful vividness. *The Morning Post* was quite right in characterising "The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil" as "a tale exceptionally bright, powerful, and striking."

2. *The Irish Wolfdog*. By the Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J., F.R.U. I., M.R.I.A. (Dublin: Sealey, Bryers and Walker; M. H. Gill and Son).

We introduced this work to our readers somewhat prematurely in May. A delay occurred in the last stages of publication, but it has now for some weeks been in the hands of the public. Further study of the volume increases the admiration already expressed for the patient and persevering researches of many years which have amassed such a wealth of materials. Father Hogan complains somewhere of the

paucity of references to authorities furnished by writers on the Dog. Certainly the historian of the Irish Wolfdog is not obnoxious to such a charge. A florin is a moderate price for a well bound book of 170 pages with ten full-page illustrations.

3. No less than eight stories have come to us this month across the Atlantic, all from the firm of Benziger Brothers, and all without exception of high literary merit. The largest and most important is a full-length story of 250 pages, "The Taming of Polly," by Ella Lorraine Dorsey, who is, we believe, the daughter of the veteran Catholic writer, Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, lately deceased. A very interesting story did Polly live through before she was tamed. Irish girls especially will find some of the situations very original and out of the common; but we must not make our own experience the standard of the possible. Miss Dorsey's style is bright and clear; and without preaching too much, she teaches many useful lessons very effectively. Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, an excellent judge of the literary merits and the moral influence of a book, has nothing but the warmest praise for "The Taming of Polly." The next two in size of Messrs. Benzigers' batch of tales, are "A Summer at Woodville" by Anna T. Sadlier and "Three Girls and Especially One" by Marion Ames Taggart. Miss Sadlier, like Miss Dorsey, inherits literary traditions. Her new book has no very subtle plot, but is taken up with a variety of pleasant scenes and talks. Miss Taggart's very beautiful story will make us look with interest for every new product of her pen; and indeed a smaller story of hers, "The Blissylvania Post Office," pleases us even more. It is as brightly written a tale for young people as has crossed our path for many a day. "An Heir of Dreams" by Sallie Margaret O'Malley is another very interesting story with plenty of plot in it. Mrs. O'Malley allows herself the use of more peculiar Americanisms than the other writers under notice. At page 69 'Lias—whe never once from the beginning gets his full name—finds the "clean comforts and spreads" of bed very inviting: and his friend at page 100 is "all of sixteen years of age." The three remaining books that we have grouped together are smaller than the rest, and the writers are much better known—"Boys in the Block," by Maurice F. Egan, "My Strange Friend," by Father Francis Finn, S.J., and "The Fatal Diamonds" by Miss Eleanor Donnelly. The last is the most romantic of the three; and indeed, though good and edifying, is not quite suited for the series in which it now appears. We trust that the Catholic public in the United States, assisted by some in the British Isles, especially the Emerald Isle, will show due appreciation of the efforts made by the authors and publishers of these eight volumes to provide wholesome and pleasant fiction. The books are all attractively bound and printed very readably.



4. Messrs. Burns and Oates of London have published a very long and a very short story. The first is rather ominously called "A Long Probation" and consists of 750 closely packed pages. The name of the author, Mr. Henry Gibbs, is quite new to us. There is a great variety of characters, of scenes, and of incidents, ranging from France to England and back again to France. There is even a good sprinkling of French phrases: and here the author (or probably the proof-reader) is more at home than with the three Latin phrases which are all wrong: for we have "*docendo dicimus*" a dozen times, and "*sanitas sanitatem*" and "*requiem aeternam dona ea, Domine.*" The book is written in an excellent spirit and has considerable merit; but somehow as a work of art, as a piece of literature, we cannot praise it as warmly as we should wish to praise so well-meaning an Author. Besides a general want of inspiration and charm, there are positive faults every now and then. We notice that one of his critics credits Mr. Gibbs with "leisurely grace." The leisureliness of his style is quite as apparent as its gracefulness. The small story which we paired with "A Long Probation" is "Dorothy Close" by Mary T. Robertson, which the same Publishers have brought out very neatly and even elegantly. If Mr. Gibbs's book has matter enough for a three-volume novel, Miss Robertson's on the contrary is short enough for a magazine story, and has not very strong claims to its present dignity. It is well written, and will probably interest young readers such as the convent girls to whom it is first supposed to be read.

5. *Conferences given by Father Dignam S.J., with Retreats, Sermons, and Notes of Spiritual Direction.* (London: Burns and Oates)

This volume, which is introduced by a preface from the pen of Cardinal Mazzella, has been most correctly printed at Rome, and is another proof of the devotion shown to his memory by some of his spiritual children, Poor Servants of the Mother of God Incarnate. Father Dignam displayed great zeal in assisting in the establishment of this pious congregation, and its members have certainly not been wanting in gratitude. The present volume is fully worthy of being joined with the others which have been published since the death of this holy and zealous priest, and which have already been received with much favour in religious communities. The instructions it contains are earnest, solid, plain, and practical.

6. Messrs. Burns and Oates have brought out a very tasteful edition of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's brilliant novel "Grantley Manor," the most interesting perhaps of all her stories. Here at least is a harmless novel which no one can accuse of dulness. The plot is quite exciting, and the literary merit is very high.

The same publishers have also issued an extremely neat and

readable edition of "Angels' Visits" by the Author of "Tales from the Diary of a sister of Mercy." There is indeed no indication on the title-page that this is a reprint; and, as there is no date, it may pass as a new book ten years hence. This is not quite fair. The catalogue at the end of the volume mentions a seventh edition of "Angels' Visits" by C. M. Brame. If her career is over, like Lady Georgiana Fullerton's, we should, for our own part, like some notice of her to be prefixed. But of many books edition after edition is issued after the author's death without any such information being furnished.

7. James Duffy and Co. of Dublin have published for the Cistercian Abbey, Mount Saint Joseph, Roscrea, a guide and popular history of Mellifont Abbey, Co. Louth. These are perhaps the most interesting ruins in Ireland. The remains are described in these pages as they now appear, and their history and associations have been traced out with the utmost diligence. A formidable list of authorities is given in the introduction. For this well printed volume of 150 pages, with a picture of the ruins and with maps and plans, the price is only a shilling. Our readers should apply for it at once to Mount St. Joseph, Roscrea.

8. *Swift's Tale of a Tub and other Early Works.* Edited by Temple Scott. (London: George Bell and Sons).

This is the first volume of a new edition of the prose works of Jonathan Swift, D.D., which is to be added to Bohn's Libraries, now published by the firm just mentioned. Mr. Lecky, M.P., contributes a biographical sketch of the great Dean of Saint Patrick's. The present issue is very well printed and bound, and is very cheap.

9. *Legend of the Blemished King and other Poems.* By James H. Cousins. (Dublin: Bernard Doyle, 9 Upper Ormond Quay).

This is the second volume of "The Little Library" edited by M. J. Keats, and printed at the Franklin Works, Dublin, which we have never before seen named on a title-page, and therefore we hasten to pronounce the printing excellent. The Editor of the series has a name of good omen, though we suppose he claims no kinship with the Author of "Endymion." The Reader will hardly be impressed favourably by the Editorial Note prefixed to Mr. Cousins' poems. The poet's themes and his treatment of them display a poetical temperament, but there is none of them to which we can conscientiously give the warm welcome that we should wish to give to the work of a young Irishman of refined feeling and high aspiration. There is no piece that, even if our space allowed, we could quote with much pleasure. Starting with the Prologue, Swinburnian alliteration is rampant; "the bacchanalian bee blusters by with strident shout," and "foamy flanks" rhyme with "rattling ranks." There is indeed

a good deal of poetical feeling in this opening poem and in others; but the diction seems to lack correctness and directness and that refined simplicity which is the chief characteristic of poetical language. There are good phrases in most of the poems, and much lyrical skill in the legendary part of Saint Mahee—where, by the by, Mr. Cousins uses “lethal strain” as if the epithet were derived from *lethe* “forgetfulness,” whereas it comes from *lethum* “death” and means “mortal,” “fatal.” Yet, even so, we prefer it to “dalliant,” “iterant,” “fluctuant,” and some other novelties. “The palimpsest of earth” is an ingenious phrase. The item that pleases us best is on the whole “The Railway Arch,” though one is not sure at the beginning how it “has stood, theme for bards and theme for seers.” The present bard has made a good deal out of it. There is dignity and boldness of thought also in the sonnets on Copernicus and “On some Twentieth Century forecasts”—in which last “the imperturbable and silent years” have to be content all through with the singular pronouns *thou* and *thy*. Wordsworth told Aubrey de Vere that the first requisite of poetic diction is perfect grammatical correctness.

10. The admirable work of the Rev. William Stang D.D., Vice-Rector of the American College, Louvain, upon Pastoral Theology, to which we have already given a cordial welcome, has reached a second edition in a very short time. This edition has been revised and enlarged. We earnestly recommend it to any priest who has not yet procured a copy. The publishers are the Benzigers of New York, Chicago, and Cincinnati; but of course copies can be obtained from the chief Catholic booksellers in Dublin and London.

Another second edition is the three-penny book on the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin by Father Wilfrid Lescher, O.P. (London: Burns and Oates.) It contains the Encyclical Letters of Leo XIII., and a great quantity of excellent matter about this queen of Devotions.

The newest tribute of devotion to the popular Saint Antony of Padua may be procured from the Abbé Buquet, La Chapelle Montligeon, Orne, France. It contains his life, prayers, and hymns, in a neatly bound book of ninety pages for five pence or 4/6 a dozen.

11. The Jesuit Fathers in charge of the Association called “The Apostleship of Prayer” in New York have issued a very complete and beautiful Manual of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. “The Ceremonies of Holy Week” by Father Herbert Thurston S.J. is compiled with his wonted thoroughness and accuracy, and will be fully in time for the Lent of 1898. At the same price as the last mentioned—namely, sixpence—Mr. Washbourne of Paternoster Row has published “The Catholic Church in England: An Answer to the Anglican Claims to Continuity,” by Nicholas S. Murphy.

It is an excellent essay marked by no little learning and originality. *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, of which we have more than once expressed our admiration, published as a supplement to its May Number a "Manual of Ceremonies for the Episcopal Visitation of Parishes, and the Administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation." It contains complete directions about the things to be prepared, the ceremonies and offices of the Visitation and Confirmation, together with special directions for Solemn Mass in presence of the Ordinary.

12. It is very pleasant to be able, by means of a few drops of ink, to ensure that many hours will through many future years be spent more profitably and more happily by many of our fellow-creatures than they would have been if those few drops of ink had not flowed from the tip of our steel pen. Please God, this is the consequence of any conscientious batch of notes on new books; for, though many let them in through one eye and out through the other—a process more usually assigned to ears—there are others who act upon our hints and get for themselves or for those under their care the books that we are able to recommend. This will be the case this month with at least one Irish story and two or three American stories; but the book that suggested these last remarks belongs to quite a different category, and we have not the slightest doubt that our account of it will determine many readers to secure a copy. Though it has 630 pages of rather large and very clear type, it is small enough to be carried conveniently to church. "Manual of the Holy Eucharist: Conferences on the Blessed Sacrament and Eucharistic Devotions, with prayers for Mass, Holy Communion, the Hour of Adoration, etc." The publishers are the American firm we have occasion to name so often, Messrs. Benziger Brothers of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. This very practical and devout manual has been prepared by the Rev. F. X. Lasance, spiritual director of the Tabernacle Society of Cincinnati, and is earnestly recommended by the Director General of the Priests' Eucharistic League, which, beginning in France, is organised in all the dioceses of the United States, having as its organ the pious little periodical *Emmanuel*. All the instructions and prayers regard the Blessed Sacrament. Thus thirty-five pages are given to different methods for the devotion now practised by many pious persons, the Hour of Adoration. Not only is help suggested for each quarter of the Holy Hour, but each quarter is divided into three portions, and each five minutes provided for.

13. It is hardly within the scope of these book-notes to express an opinion on the Speech delivered by Mr. Edward Blake, M.P., in the House of Commons, March 29th, 1897, on the Over-taxation of Ireland. It has been published as a sixpenny pamphlet by Sealy, Bryers and

Walker of Dublin, and admirably edited by Mr. Alfred Webb, who has prefixed an index and affixed twelve most useful tables showing the comparative population, capital, revenue, emigration, births, deaths and marriages, etc. of England, Ireland and Scotland, at different dates during the last century. We extract one sentence. "Though Ireland still has a population of between one-seventh and one-eighth of Britain's, the number of her railway passengers is but one thirty-seventh; of tons of railway freight, one-seventieth; of telegrams one-eighteenth, and of money and postal orders, one nineteenth—facts which prove her comparative stagnation."

14. We must end by merely announcing the most important addition that Irish Literature has received for many a day—Dr. Sigerson's "*Bards of the Gall and the Gael, Examples of the Literature of Erin done into English according to the Metres and Modes of the Original.*" Dr. Sigerson dedicates his work to Sir Charles Gavan Duffy as representing the Gael, and to Dr. Douglas Hyde as representing the Gall. The publisher, Mr. Fisher Unwin, has produced this most valuable and interesting volume elegantly, and even sumptuously. It is fully worthy of the care bestowed upon it. Happy and ingenious beyond the common is the choice of mottoes that adorn the first pages and of the colophon that winds up the whole.

Finally, Messrs. Browne and Nolan of Dublin have published "*Another China: Notes on the Celestial Empire as viewed by a Catholic Bishop.*" It is called "*Another China,*" as the country with which it deals is in many respects distinct from the China of book-making travellers. Monsignor Reynaud is a Vincentian Bishop and an enthusiast in favour of the capabilities of the Chinese race. His account has, with great skill, been partly translated and partly edited by Miss M. T. Kelly. There are eight full-page illustrations, curious and interesting. The price is 1s. 6d. The comparison between Catholic and Protestant missions is interesting.

15. We had brought these book-notes to an end for this month when Messrs Brown and Nolan of Nassau Street, Dublin, forwarded to us a stately royal octavo volume too important and too interesting to be left unmentioned till our next Number: "*The Irish University Question, the Catholic Case—Selections from the Speeches and Writings of the Archbishop of Dublin.*" These selections have been made by His Grace himself, who has prefixed an historical sketch of all the vicissitudes through which the University Question has already run up to the present. Except these fifty pages, and an introduction of twenty pages dated March 13, 1897, which brings the discussion down to the present moment, the work consists of the public discourses and letters in which the Archbishop of Dublin has treated of the claims of

Irish Catholics to University Education since his appointment in 1885 down to the present time. The order of arrangement is chronological, though unfortunately in the admirable table of contents—which occupies nine compact pages—the very first speech is by a mistake of the printer, dated 1895. Extracts from the speeches of Mr. Morley and Mr. Balfour, and other documents are given when necessary to explain the practical bearings of the Archbishop's arguments. It is evident that this important volume must needs be studied by every public or private person who aspires to understand the actual state of the question of the Higher Education of Catholics in Ireland.

## THE DEATH OF FATHER CLORIVIERE.

**L**ONGFELLOW begins one of his ballads in this businesslike fashion :

“ In Mather's *Magnalia Christi*,  
Of the old colonial time,  
You may find in prose the legend  
That is here set forth in rhyme.

On the contrary, the death which I am now going to describe in prose was the subject of a little poem which I published in the *English Messenger of the Sacred Heart* more than a quarter of a century ago under the title of “ The Death of Claude Clorivière.” But that name was a mistake. Perhaps the Apostle of the Sacred Heart, the Venerable Claude Colombière, who lived more than a hundred years earlier, was running through my head, for I gave his Christian name to Father Peter Joseph Picot de Clorivière.

Father Clorivière lived from 1735 to 1820 and was in France what Father Betagh was in Ireland, the link between the Fathers of the Society of Jesus who flourished before and those who flourished after the Suppression of the Society and the revolutionary era. His life, full of interesting vicissitudes, and bristling with interesting names, has been written by Father James Terrien, in a fine volume of more than seven hundred royal octavo pages ; but we are only concerned with his death.

It occurred in the first month of the year 1820, when he was 85 years old. His health was good. In the evening of January

8, he joined gaily in the community recreation, performed his usual exercises of piety, and received sacramental absolution from his ordinary confessor, Father Ronsin. The next day, Sunday, he rose as usual—so Father Terrien states explicitly—a little before three o'clock made his meditation, and at four o'clock in spite of the cold which was very severe, he went to the domestic chapel to visit the Blessed Sacrament with the community. It was remarked afterwards that, instead of placing himself in a corner near the window as he had been in the habit of doing, he knelt down in front of the Tabernacle, leaning on the altar rails, his head bent within his hands, as he went on praying fervently. After quarter of an hour, two lay brothers who were kneeling near heard a slight waile—his crucifix had escaped from his hands. One of them, Brother Pelissier, from his attitude grew afraid that the old man had fainted, went over to him, placed him in a chair, and gave the alarm. His confessor and the other Fathers were soon around him. It is not mentioned whether Father Ronsin tried to administer Extreme Unction.

The bench at which he prayed his last prayer has been preserved as a precious relic, and bears this inscription :

*Hoc in Schemate  
Coram SS. Sacramento  
Summo mane hora diei quarta  
Summa hieme die Januarii nona  
Anno MDCCCXX  
Obiit  
R. P. Petrus Picot de Clorivière  
Annos natus 85.*

I had at first written at the top of this little paper, "A Happy Death;" and was it not a happy death? But, as I mentioned at the beginning—

'Tis full a quarter century  
(Ah me! how quick time goes!)  
Since I told in verse the story  
I have now set down in prose.

In transcribing the verses I have omitted the mistaken Christian name, Claude, and I have changed fifty years into seventy—strictly it ought to be seventy-seven.

The good old Father de Clorivière

Went to his God some seventy years ago ;  
Full many a holy deed and fervent prayer  
Had filled his busy lifetime here below.  
Serenely faded out his eventide—  
Serenely still the blessed death he died.

Long years before, a keen-eyed, clever youth,  
He linked His fate unto that earnest band  
Named by Ignatius from his Lord. In sooth  
That was their darkest day, and close at hand  
Loomed death and ruin : but the fearless lad  
Would fall with them. Was he a saint, or mad ?

The dark day darkened. He who willed not spake  
The word which scattered all that gallant host.  
Our orphaned Novice thought his heart would break  
Beside the grave of her he loved the most.  
Moving his lips in meekest prayer, we weeps :  
“ She is not dead, she is not dead—she sleeps ! ”

So pined he on through those unholy years  
With stealthy zeal and solitary strife,  
In loyal trustfulness ; nor dried his tears  
Till at the Voice Supreme she sprang to life.  
With joy he flung himself into her arms—  
His mother still, with all a mother's charms.

With fresher, gayer zeal he laboured then,  
And with far ampler blessing, we are told,  
To force God's law on lawless, selfish men—  
Till he had grown blind, frail and very old.  
His toils now o'er, with heart serene and gay,  
He prayed the twilight of his life away.

The old man, blind and frail, would rise from bed  
Before the young and healthy were awake,  
And grope his way, each morn with feeblar tread,  
Down to the altar-home, where, for his sake,  
The Lord, Whose will the winds and lightnings do,  
Had watched in loneliness the long night through.

One early dawn, his face within his palms,  
He leans him so upon the sacred rails,  
Blessing Emmanuel in silent psalms ;  
And o'er his sinfulness he meekly wails.  
Sinful ? The Sacramental Hand but now  
Was raised in pardon o'er his snowy brow.

When thus too long the saint was wrapt in prayer,  
A Brother whispered : “ Come, it is the hour.”  
But other messenger was earlier there,  
And he had drooped as droops an altar-flower.  
They loved him well, yet no one sighed or wept ;  
They could but envy ; in the Lord he slept.



AUGUST, 1897.

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UNPUBLISHED RELICS OF FATHER PROUT.

EVERYONE who knows anything about Irish literary people is aware that Father Prout was in reality Francois Sylvester Mahony. We happen to have in our possession some papers relating to him which have never yet found their way into print. Nearly all the accounts of his life are full of inaccuracies. The fullest, perhaps, and most accurate is that which is given in the *Dictionary of National Biography* from the pen of its present Editor, Mr. Sydney Lee, who derived some of his information from Mrs. Mahony of Ardfoile.

He was the second son of Martin Mahony and Mary Reynolds of Blarney and Cork, and was born in the year 1804. He was just old enough to leave home for school when Father Peter Kenney, restorer of the Society of Jesus in Ireland, opened Clongowes Wood College with such immediate success that its second year saw two hundred students within its walls. It is not known exactly how his schoolboy years were divided between Clongowes and two other Colleges of the Society at Friburg and Paris, Rue de Sévres. Before he reached manhood, he offered himself to the Society and entered the Novitiate at St. Acheul near Amiens. In due course he returned to Ireland and served on the college staff at Clongowes. Although his superiors finally decided that he was not called to the religious state, he parted with them affectionately and ever after showed his esteem and regard for the Society.

We may well regret that at this crisis the brilliant young Corkman did not at once transfer his allegiance to literature; but he showed a strange persistence in his ecclesiastical aspirations.

To this period the first of our unpublished relics refers. We found it amongst the papers of Dr. Michael Blake, Bishop of Dromore, who was engaged at the time in refounding the Irish College at Rome.

Cork, July 8th, 1827.

My dear Dr. Blake,—Just proceeding on the Visitation of this Diocese, I have leisure only to introduce to you Mr. Francis S. O'Mahony of this city, who wishes to embrace the ecclesiastical state. He has made his philosophy and some little theology. It is with my full approbation he proceeds to your College as a pensioner. Whenever you may think fit, you are authorised to present him for Holy Orders.

I have every reason to hope that his moral conduct and talents will reflect honour on your new Establishment. It is unnecessary to add more than that I commit him to your paternal care and remain with sincere affection,

Very Rev. Sir,

Your faithful Servant in Christ,

✕ John Murphy, Bishop of Cork.

We happen to know the impression made upon each other by the two persons whom this letter was intended to bring together. In a series of papers upon Dr. Blake of Dromore,\* we published extracts from the diary that he kept at this time in Rome. The following passage throws light upon our present subject. It is dated October 20th 1827:—

"I wrote to-day to Right Rev. Dr. Murphy of Cork. His lordship had sent by Mr. Francis Mahony a commendatory and introductory letter, in consequence of which I was willing to receive Mr. Mahony into this college, although his age (23) would have disqualified him for any place among the students who have yet to finish their ordinary theological course. I expressed to Dr. Murphy the regret I feel in being obliged to inform him that Mr. Mahony has not thought proper to enter this college unless under conditions which I could not admit. I gave a detailed account of my short intercourse with Mr. M. I related the expression of our Cardinal-Protector as to receiving him. Finally I remarked that allowances must be made on behalf of Mr. Mahony, which, if they cannot go to the full length of justifying his conduct, may serve to excuse it to a charitable mind."

Such was the impression made by the young candidate upon the austere President. On the other hand Father Prout lets us know what he thought of Dr. Blake, in one of his letters to the *Daily News*, when he was Roman correspondent to Charles Dickens. When O'Connell's heart, in a silver urn, was deposited in the Church of St. Agatha, beside the Irish College, the newspaper correspondent takes occasion to say of the latter:—"The Seminary

itself is far from realising the character of a national institution ; it was got up a few years back by a Dr. Blake whose impracticable temper it had to contend with until his removal, and the appointment of the present mild and considerate President Dr. Cullen ; but it is by no means an improvement on Maynooth."

We may next give the letter by which the Bishop of Cork acknowledged Dr. Blake's unfavourable report which his diary summarized for us a moment ago :—

Cork, November 11th, 1827.

My dear Abbate,—This day I received your kind favour of the 20th ult, and regret very much that any misunderstanding should exist between you and Mr. Francis S. O'Mahony. My object in recommending to him the continuation of his studies at the Collegio Ibernese was twofold : to place him under an Ecclesiastical Superior for whom under every respect I entertain the highest consideration and affection, and to serve our young establishment by furnishing it with an alumnus whose talents and previous studies might render him in due time highly useful. You are acquainted with Mr. O'Mahony's history : he has spent ten or twelve years among the Jesuits as pensioner, novice, &c. He left that body not for immorality, as they themselves informed me. Freed from his obligations to the Society, he still wished to become an Ecclesiastic. Well acquainted with his truly pious and highly respectable family, I considered he would be an acquisition to this Diocese. After many conversations with him, as to the place in which he would wish to pursue his studies, I recommended to him, for the reasons above stated, to enter the Collegio Ibernese. His first cousin, Denis, was ordered for his health to the Continent ; it was here fixed that they were to proceed together to Rome, and that after making arrangements for Frank's entering College they were to proceed to Naples, so that their return thence should be about the beginning of November, when the different classes were to open. I received a letter from F. O'M. dated Rome, Oct. 10, in which he states that his age was an objection to his being received, that he did not admire the situation, that it was in a narrow street, that there was no garden, that he would prefer hearing the Professors of the Sapienza to those of the Roman Seminary, that he came to the conclusion of not deciding until his return from Naples. I received from him a second letter dated Oct. 13, in which he states that since the date of his former letter he had a conversation with you, in which he intimated his intention of proceeding to Naples, and that he would return to Rome by the 5th of November ; he further added that you had refused to return his Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation. Your statement of all these facts which I firmly believe to be accurate *ad amussim*, is now before me ; prior to the receipt of your favour, considering his entrance into your College as highly improbable, I sent him his Certificates of Baptism, Confirmation, and attestation of studies, and advised him to put himself into such respectable College, under the guidance of a pious Superior, as he may think fit to select. Upon the Testimonials of such Superior and his Professors will depend my calling him to Holy Orders. I regret very much that he should have been wanting in respect to you, whom I so highly and cordially esteem. This young man pays for himself all through, and, should he become a priest, will be independent of ecclesiastical emoluments. He is placed in very peculiar circumstances, and my knowledge of those circumstances will guide my conduct towards him. The kind and charitable manner in which, notwith-

standing what has occurred, you express yourself towards him, is worthy of you and edifies me much. You make excuses for youth and inexperience ; there are other causes in all probability. I suspect there are individuals in Rome who would wish to prevent him from entering the Collegio Ibernese : individuals who feel the greatest annoyance at the success which God has given to your exertions in re-establishing our Seminary in Rome. I am here called off and must conclude by assuring you of the sincere affection with which I remain,

Rev. dear Sir,

Your faithful Servant in Christ,

✠ JOHN MURPHY.

Any one reading this letter, especially in the elegant penmanship of the original which lies before us, will not be surprised to hear that the writer was a man of refinement and an enthusiastic bookworm, who filled his house from top to bottom with his beloved volumes. Where did he get *Ibernese* (instead of the usual *Irlandese*) as the equivalent for "Irish?"

This correspondence corrects a mistake committed in most of the accounts of Father Prout. It is evident that his connection with the Jesuits had ceased before he began to study for Holy Orders ; whereas Mr. Alfred Webb in his *Compendium of Irish Biography*—which I can never quote without expressing my admiration for its conscientious and most laborious research and for the generous, impartial spirit which characterises it—implies that he returned as a priest to Clongowes. On the other hand, Mr. Charles Kent, in the sympathetic sketch prefixed to the volume in which George Routledge and Sons by means of small but clear type crushed into five hundred pages a sufficiently complete edition of "The Works of Father Prout"—Mr. Kent falls into a different error and denies that Francis Mahony ever performed priestly duty in Ireland ; whereas he laboured zealously as a priest for a few years in his native city after his return from Italy, where he had been ordained by the Bishop of Lucca. In his short career in Cork he distinguished himself as a preacher and still more by his lavish charity to the poor and by his extraordinary courage and devotedness during the cholera panic of 1832. Indeed his excessive zeal was the immediate cause of his break-down : for he persisted in undertaking the building of a chapel of ease in the North Parish, contrary to the judgment of his indulgent Bishop. This and other circumstances mentioned in Mrs. Atkinson's *Life of Mary Aikenhead* are the more to be relied upon as the biographer's informant was Father Prout's sister, Mrs. Ellen Woodlock, to whom we shall refer presently.

Another sister died soon after the too brilliant young Priest removed from Cork to London. When he was dying in Paris some thirty years later, he tore up and burned all his correspondence except this little note which was found on his desk after his death. The original is before us: we found it among the papers of the dear and revered friend whom we have named, Mrs. Sarah Atkinson:—

North P. Convent, Dec. 28th, '32.

"My Dear Brother,— 'All things are ready, come to the Wedding.' Thursday next is fixed for the immolation of the victim. Come and assist in offering it to the Lord. It is, to be sure, mean, and unworthy of the notice of *man*, much less of his Creator, but the sincerity and unreservedness of the oblation may, perhaps, move Him to regard it. Come and add your entreaties to those of his other faithful servants, and who knows but for the sake of the petitioner the Lord may accept the offering.

Believe me, your fond sister,

MARY F. XAVIER.

Sister Mary Xavier died as we have said, in a few years; but a younger \* sister, Ellen, lived long enough to help her brother to die. She is still remembered in Dublin as Mrs Woodlock—the associate of Mrs. Atkinson in very many of her holy works of zeal, and herself almost entitled to be called the foundress of the Children's Hospital, now carried on so successfully by the Sisters of Charity, Temple Street, Dublin.

From Father Prout's published writings, amidst all their rollicking and extravagant humour, many extracts might be culled to prove that to the end he was influenced by deep and serious religious feelings. For instance he seems to acknowledge in himself what he attributes to Petrarch, "something unworthy his profession as a clergyman," for which Petrarch made his act of contrition in the form of a sonnet paraphrased as follows by the more diffuse Irish muse:—

Bright days of sunny youth, irrevocable years!

Period of manhood's prime,

O'er thee I shed sad, but unprofitable tears—

Lapse of returnless time:

Oh! I have cast away, like so much worthless dross,

Hours of most precious ore—

Blessed hours I could have coined for Heaven, your loss

For ever I'll deplore!

\* The most interesting portion of Mr. Charles Kent's biographical introduction is the account of Father Mahony's long and careful preparation for death, given almost in the words of the good priest, Abbé Rogerson, who was constant in his ministrations to the last. His remains were brought home by his pious and devoted sister and buried in the Shandon graveyard.

Contrite I kneel, O God inscrutable, to Thee,  
 High Heaven's immortal king !  
 Thou gavest me a soul that to thy bosom free  
 Might soar on seraph wing :  
 My mind with gifts and grace thy bounty had endowed  
 To cherish thee alone—  
 Those gifts I have abused, this heart I have allowed  
 Its Maker to disown.

But from his wanderings reclaimed, with full, with throbbing heart.  
 Thy truant has returned :  
 Oh ! be the idol and the hour that led him to depart  
 From thee for ever mourned.  
 If I have dwelt remote, if I have loved the tents of guilt—  
 To thy fond arms restored,  
 Here let me die ! On whom can my eternal hopes be built,  
*Save upon Thee, O Lord ?*

We do not know at what period of his career Father Prout forestalled Father Faber in singing "Faith of our Fathers." I got this unpublished poem from the zealous and gifted priest the late Father Reffé, long connected with the great educational establishment popularly known as the French College of Blackrock, Co. Dublin. Father Reffé wrote to me thus on the 3rd April 1883.

"I am sorry Father Prout's poem is so imperfect. He has on the same sheet a Latin poem quite in his usual style. The sheet bears his signature, so there can be no doubt as to the authenticity of the poem."

We have not been in a hurry to put this hymn into print, for it is marked more by religious than by poetical feeling. It was probably written to order for some festive occasion in Frank Mahony's youth, and adapted to the sweet tyranny of some tune, which accounts for the metre :—

When the brightest dew of Heaven  
 Bathed our infant brows of old,  
 When restored, redeemed, forgiven,  
 In the skies our names were told,  
 God then sued from us  
 Pledges which another vowed ;  
 To-day renews that Promise,  
 To-day our anthem swells aloud.

Faith of our Sires,  
 For which ages saw them bleed  
 We believe what Heaven inspires,  
 We believe that Heaven inspired their Creed.

Years have rolled by, since, appearing  
Amid Tara's kingly crowd,  
Patrick named his God to Erin,  
And adoring Erin bowed.

Faith's sacred Science  
Spread its light, and our land was blest.  
Then Heaven made a long alliance  
With its well-beloved Isle of the West.

Faith of our Sires, etc.

Planted here at the dawn of ages  
Erin's Faith pervades the soil ;  
Still see the boar of the forest rages,  
And now plies his barren toil ;

Vain the endeavour !

Erin's Creed has defied the Danes,—  
Shall the Saxon change it ?—Never !  
He shall pass ; but Erin's creed remains,

Faith of our Sires, etc.

Tell not of the Conqueror's glory  
And of freedom cloven down ;  
We have learnt our fathers' story,  
How they withstood the tyrant's frown ;  
Scorn and Defiance

On their torturers returned ;  
Served their God with fond reliance,  
And the Creed of the stranger spurned.

Faith of our Sires, etc.

Long may our Mother Erin merit  
Of Isle of Saints the glorious name,  
And may her latest sons inherit  
Their fathers' dearly purchased fame !

Such thoughts be cherished

By our hearts in gloomiest hours,  
While the plains, where our sires perished  
For their country and their God, are ours.

Faith of our Sires, etc.

Though to darkest days we are born,  
And we drink the dregs of time,  
Erin's eve, pure as her morn,  
Shall illumine this age of crime.

Faith's orb descending  
On the world shall beam no more ;  
But, a farewell splendour lending,  
It shall linger on this western shore.

Faith of our sires

For which ages saw them bleed !

We believe what Heaven inspires,  
We believe that Heaven inspired their creed.

But these effusions are too grave to be our last relics of the Laureate of the "Bells of Shandon." And yet our echo of those famous stanzas will be an elegy. It was in this felicitous form that the kindred genius of Denis Florence MacCarthy paid its affectionate tribute to the memory of Father Prout. Of course the third line alludes to the fact that "The Prout Papers" appeared first in *Frazer's Magazine*:—

In deep dejection, but with affection.  
 I often think of those pleasant times,  
 In the days of Frazer, ere I touched a razor,  
 How I read and reveled in thy racy rhymes;  
 When in wine and wassail, we to thee were vassal,  
 Of Watergrass-hill O renowned P. P. !  
     May the bells of Shandon  
     Toll blithe and bland on  
 The pleasant waters of thy memory !

Full many a ditty, both wise and witty,  
 In social city have I heard since then—  
 With the glass before me, how the dream comes o'er me  
 Of those Attic suppers, and those vanished men !  
 But no song hath woken, whether sung or spoken—  
 Or hath left a token of such joy in me—  
     As "The Bells of Shandon"  
     That sound so grand on  
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

The songs melodious, which—a new Harmodius—  
 "Young Ireland" wreathed round its rebel sword,  
 With their deep vibrations and aspirations,  
 Fling a glorious madness o'er the festive board;  
 But to me seems sweeter, with a tone completer,  
 The melodious metre that we owe to thee—  
     Of the Bells of Shandon  
     That sound so grand on  
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a grave that rises o'er thy sward, Devizes,  
 Where Moore lies sleeping from his land afar,  
 And a white stone flashes over Goldsmith's ashes  
 In the quiet cloisters by Temple Bar;  
 So where'er thou sleepest, with a love that's deepest  
 Shall thy land remember thy sweet song and thee;  
     While the Bells of Shandon  
     Shall sound so grand on  
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

Some other admirer of Father Prout had borrowed his own style to "blarney" him in the following ode addressed to Mahony during a prolonged tour that he made in Turkey and other outlandish lands:—



Hail ! mighty janius,  
Whose jokes spontaneous,  
So simultaneous,  
All tastes delight ;  
Whose rich translations,  
Like constellations,  
With coruscations  
Are ever bright.

Oh ! your Latin rhyme, sir,  
With its lovely chime, sir,  
Might make you climb, sir,  
To Parnassus so high :  
Sure 'twould be a poser  
To great Cicero, sir,  
To make them flow, sir,  
So gracefully !

And, as for Horace,  
There's Pat Fitzmaurice,  
Parish clerk at Borris,  
Says he never wrote  
With half the wit, sir,  
With which you are flit, sir,  
Like a mountain Switzer,  
Or a chamois goat !

And then your French, Sir,  
Faith 'twould be a clencher,  
And a mighty quencher,  
To a larn'd abbé ;  
Or if Telemaque, sir,  
Himself came back, sir  
Och ! you've got a knack, sir,  
Would put him astray.

Your Italian metres,  
Too, the purty crature,  
They'd be perfect slaters  
To Boccacio ;  
Why, that wag Tassoni,  
And the queer Goldoni,  
With their Macaroni,  
Could no farther go.

If on attic honey,  
With Colocotroni,  
You live, or your money  
Spend with the Turks ;  
Or in Asia Minor,  
Cross-legg'd you dine, or  
Do something finer—  
Or write more works :

May fame surrender  
 To you her splendour,  
 And Phœbus tender  
     His laurel crown ;  
 And Minerva, too, sir,  
 That learned blue, sir,  
 May she on you, sir,  
     Confer renown !

Pray send me word, sir,  
 By a carrier bird, sir,  
 If 't isn't absurd, sir,  
     Where you now hang out ?  
 To your health in Wise's,\*  
 Which no water disguises.  
 Faith my spirit rises,  
     As I quaff—great Prout !

The only other member of the Mahony family that has displayed literary gifts of a similar kind is Mr. Martin Mahony, a nephew of Father Prout. When the late William Woodlock, barrister, Divisional Magistrate for Dublin, and a most worthy man, drew up a list of Irishmen who had been (like himself) pupils of the Jesuit College at Friburg, he wrote after Mr. Martin Mahony's name "*Homme de Lettres*." He was born at Cork in December, 1831, and died there April 1, 1882. Satire is fortunately of ephemeral interest ; and Mr. Martin Mahony's very brilliant political satires—"The Misadventures of Mr. Catline, Q.C.," "Cheap John's Auction," &c.—are already forgotten by most of those who read them with keen appreciation some twenty years ago. But his strangely gifted kinsman will never be forgotten as long as the Bells of Shandon ring, or as long as the beautiful city of Cork is washed by "the pleasant waters of the River Lee."

M. R.

\* A famous Cork distiller.

## THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT.

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE RACE DAY.

THE next ten days passed quickly. Mrs Taylor and Ethna were busy with the mysteries of their toilets. The Madam wrote a few lines occasionally, but had no news. She heard Philip Moore had been away and had returned again; but he had not come to see her, and all the Moores were going to the ball.

This intelligence put Ethna into the best possible spirits. She would meet Philip there—and who knows? Mr. Talbot was very attentive to her. Vincent was in and out at all hours of the day and night, and all went merry as marriage bells. The two attorneys had several solemn conversations, but they decided to say nothing of their matrimonial project until the race was a thing of the past.

The momentous day arrived; from the early dawn the town was full of life and evident expectation; small boys were in a state of wildest excitement, and did not think anybody would overtake anything; all things progressed with such unnatural and irritating slowness.

As the day advanced, a stream of people flowed out towards the race-course; men with tables on their shoulders, preparing to tempt the unwary countryman into the costly mazes of "trick-of-the-loop;" cars with prostrate tents; women with baskets of cakes and fruit; jarvey cars dashed recklessly about, seeking and carrying fares; soon came the stirring notes of a horn; a four-in-hand woke the echoes of the town, scattering the foot-passengers to right and left; and gradually carriage after carriage drove by, containing what the local papers called "the rank and fashion of the country."

In one of them Ethna was seated with Mrs. Taylor beside her, the two attorneys opposite, and Mr. Taylor's eldest son, a bright

little fellow of four, sat beside the coachman and goaded that grave personage into conversational activity. The day was lovely, with the shadow and shine of soft September. As they whirled along the hard, dry roads, the cows in the wayside meadows lifted their calm eyes in quiet surprise at the unwonted commotion; young colts reared their heads, erected their tails, and galloped wildly around the fields; dogs rushed out of the little cabins barking furiously; little children, too young to feel any sporting impulses, stood transfixed with wonder; and sun-browned women, whose hard lives had stolen the softness from face and figure, gazed at their sisters whose lives had fallen in pleasanter places, whose fair complexions were protected by lace-covered parasols; who were clothed in silk and velvet, and who had the agreeable consciousness that luncheon was not a thing dependent upon chance, but a certainty that one might rest upon. There was the usual look at the custom gap, out of which maelstrom vehicle after vehicle was extricated, and passed with an occasional jolt into the green field, wheeling into line along the course. Mr. Taylor with the assistance of some of the stewards, got excellently placed near the winning post, where they had a good view of almost all the jumps. The horses were taken from the carriage, and all was settled.

From an early hour that morning Vincent Talbot had been astir. Daisypicker looked like a picture, and the boy sat to his breakfast in too irrepressible a state of mind to be damped by fears of parental displeasure. Mr. Talbot spoke of the day he was going to waste in a tone of mingled patience and resignation. He made comments on the horses, and then diverged from them to their respective owners, whom he spoke of with that pity akin to contempt a hard-working, prosperous man naturally feels for those who trust their fortunes to the capricious issues of chance or accident.

"As for that unfortunate Morony," said Mr. Talbot, "I have not common patience with him. That horse has brought him to the verge of ruin, and I'm told he has sold his last cow to try her this time. He will owe a year's rent in November. If the mare comes to grief, so will he. I'm sorry for the poor fool. He was an honest fellow until this racing played the deuce with him."

"They say she is in great form," answered Vincent, "and Cecil Morris is coming to ride her."

"How did he get Morris?" asked the father. "His only

chance is to have her well ridden."

"Morris was staying at O'Grady's last spring," replied Vincent. "He is no end of a fellow to ride. Morony is lucky to get him. Lady Clare has no bad chance, I think. Might make a good second to Daisypicker."

"Well, I wish she were first. Martin can afford better to lose a race. I pity the poor devil, though he does not deserve it. But 'tis neck or nothing with him. Out he will have to go. The land could not be left to him for nothing, because he chose to go on with this absurd speculation; and his landlord was not hard on him either. Racing, indeed, I never saw anyone make a decent living by it; 'tis just throwing money into the river; they'll count the gain, but they never count the loss, and beside the loss of money there is the loss of time, brains, and honour. A set of blacklegs."

Mr. Talbot stood up from the table.

"I shall step over to Taylor's," he said, "to see what hour they will start; 'tis ten now. I suppose not until half-past twelve. I can get over a bit of business in the meantime. I suppose 'tis useless to expect you'll turn your thoughts to anything. I wish you had more sense."

"If you keep Ethna waiting, she will be in an awful way," answered Vincent.

"There is no fear I'll keep her waiting," said the father. "I'm not like some of the young men of the present day, who think themselves too fine fellows to be polite to women, and I have too much regard for her mother's child to spoil the girl's day. Ethna is a good girl—a very good girl."

"Take care, father, don't get inside me. I'll be jealous," answered Vincent, laughing, as he left the room.

"Have sense, boy, have sense," said the old gentleman, with a repressed smile, as he walked out.

Vincent, taking three steps at a time, dashed up stairs to his room. A pair of top-boots underwent rigid scrutiny; they had cost him considerable anxiety; for it was only a few minutes ago they arrived. He packed his bag; his blue silk jacket and cap were of the loveliest shade and perfectly suited to his fair complexion. He crushed everything in with a manly disregard to creases, and ran down stairs again, hailed a passing car, tossed the bag into the well, and was whirled away to the course as fast as a fired and spavined animal could bring him.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## VINCENT WILL NOT RIDE DAISYPICKER.

Daisypicker was in an outhouse belonging to one of the farmers near the course. She whinnied when she felt Vincent's caressing touch on her soft muzzle. He intended to dress himself here and keep very much in the background until after the start, lest he might attract unpleasant notice from his father.

There were many loiterers about with faces full of interest; for Daisypicker was known to be one of those backed to win.

Vincent was coming out, after seeing that the groom had everything as it ought to be, and had only got out of the yard when he met a pale, elderly countryman with a most sorrowful countenance.

"Oh, Morony, is this you?" said Vincent. "Why, man, you look down in the mouth; anything the matter with Lady Clare?"

"Nothing, Mr. Vincent. She's better than ever she was; but the misfortune is down on top of me. I have no one to ride her."

"What," said Vincent, "is it possible Morris disappointed you?"

"He couldn't help it, sir. Read that."

The man handed Vincent a letter. Morris had been thrown from his horse and was laid up in bed.

"I only got it this morning," said Morony, "and you see it was posted two days ago. I'm a ruined man, Mr. Vincent, I'm a ruined man."

"Ah! nonsense, man, someone will turn up that will ride her. Did you look for anyone?"

"I did, sir, and there isn't one to do it. Not one that knows how. Johnny Lynch itself isn't to be had, an' sure 'tisn't everyone that can handle her at all, for she has the temper in her. She would have won in Belmullet, everyone said, if she was rightly ridden. Oh! God help me, my last stake is gone."

"I needn't tell you I would ride her and welcome," said Vincent "only for Daisypicker."

"I know that, Mr. Vincent, you're ready an' willin' to do the good turn, you needn't tell me; oh! great heavens, if you rode

her for me," the man continued, in a despairing voice, "you'd save myself and my little family from beggary. My last cow is gone 'Biddy,' says I to herself, 'it may as well go along with the rest, an' who knows but it would bring back the whole of 'em?' An' now, an' now." His voice choked, and he turned away.

"I wish to God I could help you," said Vincent, fully realising the man's critical position.

"You are the only one that could help me," answered Morony, "the only one. Oh! Mr. Vincent, what is a race to you? 'Twon't take the bit or sup out of your mouth, or the roof from over your head. If you rode for me"—

"Why, man, you wouldn't expect me to give up my own horse or at least a horse partly my own," exclaimed Vincent.

"Shure that's true," said Morony, hopelessly, "no one would do it; but despair and trouble has me a'most out of my mind; oh! glory be to God, how'll I face back to night? I haven't the second feed of oats to give her when I take her home, an' more than that, the second meal to give the childher."

"If Daisypicker were all my own, I'd withdraw her," said Vincent; "but Mr. Martin won't do it; he is sure of her winning and has her heavily backed."

"May God bless you, sir. You'd stand to me if you could. But if you or Mr. Morris were on Lady Clare, Mr. Vincent, she'd give Daisypicker enough of it; she never was so fit. Oh, Lord! to think of it. An' what harm, only for Biddy and the childher?"

"Who on earth could you get?" said Vincent, running all his sporting acquaintances through his brain in a vain attempt to discover some suitable jockey. "Mr. Creagh or Fielding would do it, but they are overweight, and Castlewood is away. If we only knew it yesterday!"

"There is no one to be got," answered Morony: "'tis too late. I may as well face home with her. Sure, I suppose 'tis the will of God to punish me. I deserve it all, an' more. But what will Biddy an' the childher do? God send you luck, at any rate, sir. May you never see such a miserable day as this is to me."

"Look here, Morony," said Vincent, after a pause, "'tis true what you said. A race here or there isn't much to me. I'll pitch it to the mischief, and ride Lady Clare for you. But here comes Martin, and there will be the devil to pay. Hello! Martin. This way. There is a change in the programme, old fellow: I'm

not going to ride Daiy\_picker."

"What the deuce do you mean?" replied Mr. Martin, using a still rougher word familiar to horsey men.

"I have changed my plans, that's all," said Vincent. "I'm ready to pay forfeit and all the charges of the race."

"I'll pay them, sir," whispered Morony, trembling with excitement.

"What game are you up to?" asked Martin passionately. "Don't you know the mare must win, for a dead certainty? The only horse that had a chance of beating her must be withdrawn. Morris is not able to ride Lady Clare."

"Well, that's just it," said Vincent. "I am going to ride her."

"Ride the devil! What do you mean, man?"

"I have no desire to mount his satanic majesty," said Vincent, calmly. "But I'm going to mount Lady Clare; and win on her, if I can."

"Against your own horse?"

"No; I'd advise you to withdraw her," said Vincent. "We can run her next week in Kiltumper. The loss won't be much, and I am willing to bear the brunt of it all."

"Are you a complete idiot?" asked Martin. "This race is as sure to us as if we had the money in our pocket. There is nothing in it to beat us. Let this man get some one else to ride for him, and put his mare in after for the Consolation Stakes. I'll ride her myself if he have no one else."

Morony looked wistfully from one to the other.

"Lady Clare would win if she was rode fair," said he. "No one could ride her like Mither Vincent."

"Confound yourself and herself," exclaimed Martin. "Look here, Talbot, you won't think of making such a Don Quixote of yourself. 'Tis infernal folly. The man can get some one to ride her. It is not on the cards his mare can beat us."

"She has a good chance if she was rode fair," repeated Morony.

"Ah, go to the d——!" shouted Martin. "What do you know about a horse?"

"You may as well take yourself easy, Martin," said Vincent, quietly. "Whatever you are going to do, I am going to do as I tell you. A race is not much to us. It is prosperity or beggary



to this poor man, and I will do my best for him."

"And beat your own horse?"

"Certainly; my own horse, or any other horse. You're not afraid but I'll ride fair, Morony?"

"I'd trust my life in your hands, Mr. Vincent. I'd b'lieve in you as I'd b'lieve in the priest."

"Oh, do as you like, my dear fellow," said Martin in a voice of lofty contempt. "I don't want to force any man. I have to ride Daisypicker myself, I suppose. Though I'm not in training, it is hard if I don't pull her through, and when you're beaten I fancy you will get few to believe but that that was what you intended."

"I don't care a hang what anyone says," answered Vincent, beginning to lose his temper. "I'll win with Lady Clare if it is in her."

After a few more warm words, Daisypicker's owners separated, each determined to pursue his course regardless of consequences.

"Come on, Morony, let me have a look at the mare," said Vincent, and they proceeded to Lady Clare's stable. There was a crowd of countrymen hanging about who were greatly interested in the fortunes of their neighbour; a whisper ran through them when he and Vincent were seen approaching, and when the excited Morony exclaimed:

"Death or glory, boys, Mither Vincent has given up his own horse to ride for me," a cheer burst from the men, and prayers and blessings were poured forth with delighted vehemence.

"Let some one go up to Clancy's for my bag," said Vincent.

Two boys started at breakneck pace, as if the success of the day lay in haste, and returned panting in ten minutes.

Lady Clare was stripped, and Vincent's courage rose as he looked critically at her. She was the picture of a racer, long and low, her arched neck showing a crest as hard as steel, while every movement threw out a muscle like whip-cord beneath the polished chestnut hide; her clean hocks, and smooth, well-formed hoofs were faultless.

"There she is, your honour; she doesn't look like a cocktail," said Morony, in tones of pride and joy. "An', if you can't make a hand of her, nobody can."

"She is no bad one to look at," answered Vincent.

He passed his hand over her neck and shoulder, mentally

instituting comparison between her and Daisypicker. That morning he had smoothed down the latter with joyous confidence; he was almost sure to win, but the possibility of losing did not cause him any uncomfortable sensations; he took a more serious view of his new mount; a man's prosperity or ruin hung upon her; and perhaps his own honour; for he quite realised the truth of Martin's enraged remark. Many a one might say, if he were beaten, that there was an understanding between him and Martin. However, he had only to do his best; he got all the information he could from Morony concerning her habits, and the best way of managing her temper if she happened to display it.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE RACE.

At one o'clock this first race was to begin, and soon the riders, in their silken jackets, galloped up and down the course, conscious of the admiring bright eyes that watched them, and looking, as every man does, their very best, in that most becoming of all masculine toilets, a racing costume.

Before one o'clock, it was whispered over the course that the owners of Daisypicker had had hot words, and that Vincent Talbot was going to ride Lady Clare.

"By Jove, Vincent is a brick," said Mr. Taylor, coming up to his carriage from the weighing-yard; "he is to ride Lady Clare for Morony; the unfortunate fellow was in the deuce's own funk; Morris couldn't come."

"What! Vincent!" exclaimed Mr. Talbot, "is it possible he is going to make such a fool of himself? I thought I was done with such—such"—

"Ah, sir, you ought to be proud of him," answered Ethna; "proud to find him willing to help a poor neighbour."

"Help a neighbour, indeed!" said the old gentleman, testily. "What a notion he has of it; no, but to show himself off in a silk jacket, making a fine fellow of himself."

"Well, and is he not a fine fellow?" replied Ethna, laughingly. "Just what you were yourself at his age, according to mother."

"Your mother is a sensible woman," said Mr. Talbot, with a grim smile; "I wish I could say the same of her daughter. But I don't know where the young people of the present day will stop—riding races, indeed, instead of minding his business."

"He will mind his business, too; he will take after you in that also. Here he is now, and doesn't he look handsome?" answered Ethna.

Vincent rode up, looking certainly to the greatest advantage. He gave a quick glance at his father.

"A very sensible proceeding—very sensible," said that gentleman, calmly; "birds of a feather flock together. You're just the person to help that fool, Morony—just the person."

"I couldn't refuse him, sir," replied Vincent; "he would have to withdraw the mare. And the way you spoke to him yourself this morning determined me. 'Tis neck or nothing with him."

"He deserves it richly," said Mr. Talbot, "the like of him keeping a race-horse, 'tis monstrous. Is she any good, do you think?"

"It will be between herself and Daisypicker," answered Vincent, "bar accidents, she's fit enough."

"Oh, I hope you will win, Vincent," exclaimed Ethna.

"If he were on any other horse, I'd wish him to lose," said Mr. Talbot; "riding races indeed!"

One o'clock came, there was general commotion, getting on the tops of carriages, running to walls and ditches, and scrambling on to every possible elevation.

Everything was ready, the bell rang, the flag fell, and five horses started.

Beside Daisypicker, the favourite, and Lady Clare, there was Sunbeam, a fine raking strider, belonging to Captain Hawkes; Mountain Dew, and Waterwitch, first-class hunter horses, ridden by their owners.

The first to show from the start were Daisypicker and Sunbeam, but on settling to the work the former assumed command and made play in front of him, Mountain Dew, and Waterwitch. Going round the hill after the second fence, Lady Clare closes up. Waterwitch refuses at the next fence, and falls behind. On, on, they come round the hill, where they are lost to sight, out again into view of the breathless spectators. Sunbeam and Daisypicker in front. They near the gripe. With one tremendous stride,

Daisypicker is over it, Sunbeam rises in the air and falls with his rider a struggling mass at the other side; Lady Clare is on his flanks. Vincent pulls the off rein to avoid the fallen man, the mare bumbles, but she answers instinctively to her rider's master hand; in a moment she is over it and flying in the wake of her only opponent; she gains in every stride. Martin is using whip and spur; they reach the last fence, they take it side by side; on, on, neck to neck, past the carriages, past the winning-post, the flag falls; it is a dead heat between Lady Clare and Daisypicker.

There was great cheering. Bookmakers gazed at each other, while the riders were led into the weighing-yard.

Morony, speechless and exultant, led his reeking horse.

"You've saved us, Mr. Vincent," he cried. "I have an offer for her already—an offer of a hundred and twenty. Oh, Lord! I thought it was all up when I seen her at the gripe."

"What did you think? Did you see me pull her?"

"Sure I knew the reason," said the man; "I knew 'twas to keep clear of Sunbeam."

"Perhaps others would impute a different motive to me," answered Vincent. "I'm glad 'tis over. I suppose the stakes will be divided."

"Do as you like, sir; I'm a made man, glory be to God, this day," said Morony, "an' may I never die till I can do a turn for you."

But the race was not settled by the division of stakes. Martin pitched the proposers of such an arrangement to the special keeping of that personage whom it was his wont to invoke on all occasions of excitement. He would have no divisions, no drawn bets. They should run the race again, and let the best man have it. Except to the persons most concerned—Vincent and Morony—this proposal met with most approbation. It would be an exciting contest, the mares were so well matched; but Morony would like to let very well alone. The horse may come to grief, or make such a race that would injure her sale; and Vincent, on his part, was more than ever conscious, if he were beaten, of possible comments of such defeat. However, it was decided. They were to ride the match after the next race, and Vincent had only to hope that Lady Clare's staying powers were as good as Daisypicker's.

The next race passed off without any particular excitement. French baskets were unpacked, knives and forks were in requisition,

corks were drawn, sandwiches were distributed, and cold punch was pleasantly discussed.

"Here, Vincent, my boy, take a glass of sherry to steady your nerves," called out Mr. Taylor. "If you don't come in victorious, we won't lose another by you to-day. I'd give a five pound note to take the coal off Martin's pipe. An ill-tempered brute he is."

"Well, I tried his temper, I must confess," answered Vincent, "but he is a good man to ride himself, and he knows every turn of Daisypicker. I doubt if I could have done better on her."

"He sent her along a bit too soon," said Mr. Taylor.

When the hour arrived for the deciding race between the two rival mares, there was intense excitement; everyone knew that Vincent Talbot was riding against his own interest. Some sneered, others looked knowing, but all were interested. The spectators got into as good a position as possible.

"Come up here, Biddy," said Morony to his wife, "an' we'll have the best view."

They got on a car that was leaning against a wall, and which was already crowded by countrymen.

"Where's my use, Paddy, ashore? Sure I can't see a stim," she replied. "My sight is dazed in a way. Oh, God, bring 'um in safe."

"Yerra have sense, woman—there's no fear of 'um. There isn't a man in Clare able to hould a candle with Mистер Vincent. Sthop now! they're going to start. Aisy, boys, aisy a minit, now for it; no, that wasn't it. Aisy, can't you? Whew, there they come; they're off in earnest. Oh, Lord, isn't she the beauty?"

The two mares passed by in a silence that was intense, Daisypicker leading.

"Mr. Vincent knows what he's about," said Morony; "he'll take her quiet—there's nothin' like takin' 'um aisy in the beginnin'. Sthop, now, there they go at the first fence. Well over, my darlint—more power to you. Take her aisy, Mr. Vincent; she'll do the runnin' yet, if the temper doesn't break out in her. There they go again, without layin' iron to it. Lord, 'tis she can take them like a bird; she's pushin' up to him; she'll do it if they were out of that heavy ground; an' faith 'tis tellin' on Daisypicker as well. There they go at the third fence; well over again! More power to you, Mr. Vincent—'tis you know how to put her head at it. There they go now undher the hill."

There was a pause that seemed to the eager watchers of interminable length, during which the horses strove against each other without witnesses through almost half a mile of the course.

"Aisy, boys, aisy; they'll show in a minute," continued Morony. "Here they are now—here they are, Daisypicker in front still; but, faith, Lady Clare isn't far behind her. Yerra, the blue will come to the front yet; she's holdin' her own well. Go it, my girl—give him enough of it; show Martin what you can do. Here they come now, pacin' home. Go it, my beauty! keep her at it, Mr. Vincent. There they go again; well over once more, without knocking a stone off it. She's gainin' on him—she's gainin' on him; he's sparin' her for the last; there isn't a better man born than Mister Vincent; there they go again over the last fence—she's on his flank. Oh! Lord, if she was over the gripe; there they come, neck to neck a'most. Don't hit her yet, Mистер Vincent—don't hit her. There they come—there!"——

He held his breath while the two horses by an almost simultaneous spring rose to the last and most dangerous leap.

Daisypicker made a slight bungle.

"They're over," shouted Morony; "and, by cripes, she has the start of him. Now or never, Mистер Vincent—now or never; put it into her; go it, my girl, go it. Look at her, Biddy, an' she showin' him the way. He'll never catch her; he'll never come up to her. By the Lord, she'll win it—she'll win it—she'll win it."

With one triumphant shout the man flung his hat in the air and sprang off the car, as Lady Clare shot past the winning post about one length in front of her adversary. His wife sank down insensible, and was caught by the kindly arms of her neighbours.

The very heavens were rent with cheers and cries. The country people broke through every restraint. They literally tore Vincent off the mare to bear him into the weighing-yard, and could with great difficulty be prevailed upon to deny themselves the pleasure of chairing him over the course. Vincent used his whip with some vigour, and, as Morony swore he would damage the personal appearance of anyone who laid a hand on him, they were obliged to restrain their liking for such peculiar and enthusiastic expression of their approval.

ATTIE O'BRIEN.

*(To be continued).*

## MORE WHITE LILIES.

THIS title is only meant to disguise from the careless passing reader the real purpose of this paper, which will put into print some more of the verses left behind her by the late Miss Lillie White, of whom a good deal was said in the Number of this Magazine for September, 1893 (Vol. XXI, page 473.) Any of our readers who are able to refer back to this sketch cannot fail to be deeply interested in this Irish maiden who would not have reached her thirtieth year till the summer of next year 1898, but who died nearly six years ago, aged only 23.

Before adding a few relics to the many given in the article just referred to, I will take this opportunity of mentioning one or two others who have gone from us. Indeed if we could draw up a full catalogue of all the writers of prose and verse in the first twenty-five years of our Magazine, R.I.P. should be written after very many of the names.

Another contributor who died on the threshold of womanhood was Miss Mina Raleigh, whose holy death took place a few months ago at Cookstown. Her health was always frail; her bright mind "o'erinformed her tenement of clay." Her last contributions to our pages were a pretty little story, "The Washerwoman's Ellen," and a descriptive sketch, "Green Woods and a May Day," both to be found in our twenty-third volume (1895).

Another name to be chronicled in this context is Augusta Clinton Winthrop who was born at Boston, June 30th, 1858, and died at Pau in France, April 1st, 1897. She had no special connection with Ireland, being the descendant of Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts; and a great part of her life was spent in the Isle of Wight: yet she was most devotedly attached to Ireland and the Irish cause. Very interesting extracts from letters which she allowed us to see, addressed to her by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Russell Lowell, T. B. Aldrich, and other notable people, will be found in THE IRISH MONTHLY of March, 1891.

The last of our departed friends to be commemorated here is Mr. Edward Burrough Brownlow who was born in London, England, November 27th, 1857, and died in Montreal, Canada, September, 8th, 1895. He held office in the Bank of British North

America; and in his leisure hours he contributed largely to the periodical literature of Canada. Since his death the Pen and Pencil Club of Montreal, of which he was a member, has published in a very elegant volume "*Orpheus and Other Poems by Edward Burrough Brownlow.*"

The thought of Miss Elizabeth White, who died in Dundonald Rectory, near Belfast, December 7, 1891, has reminded me of these others who also have dropped out of life, as each of us will do in our turn. One whom I am bound to remember gave, many a year ago, to another whom I am bound to remember, a seal with the motto *Dinna forget*. It is not good to forget our friends. And now for more of our "white lilies," a few more of the literary relics of Miss Lillie White. It was no commonplace girl to whom thoughts and words like the following suggested themselves on the beach "*At Donaghadee*," probably in the last summer of her life.

Sea ! sea !  
 With thy soft rushing talking,  
 A soother to me  
 When my spirit is wild  
 With the dream and the thought of the human-defiled,  
 As the heart of a child  
 In his first fearful walking.

I, too,  
 With childhood far-fled,  
 And dreams proved untrue.  
 In my sorrow and sadness,—  
 As breaks on my soul earth's dread sinfulness, madness—  
 Walk strange, without gladness,  
 My laughter all dead.

Yet, thou,  
 In thy wildness before me—  
 I hardly know how—  
 Art a resting unrest,  
 For I know that far down by the wind uncaressed  
 There is life that is rest.

The longest of Miss White's poems that we have seen is "*A Mother's Dream*" told in some two hundred lines of blank verse—both in conception and execution remarkable for so young and inexperienced a writer: for many of these pieces were written long before even her short span was nearly completed. Some of them contain lines or phrases about which we should be inclined



to remonstrate with the author if she were still living; and we cannot tell how far these efforts had advanced towards the perfection that she wished to give them. But there is not one of these things that does not give us the most favourable impressions of the mind and heart of the young poet. She does not patronise the facile metres which are chiefly affected by poetesses, and sometimes, facile as they are, not very rigidly adhered to. It is a sign of some originality that her "Death Wail" is unrhymed and yet lyrical, with a Celtic wistfulness in its tone:—

The wind through the rushes,  
My darling! my darling!  
Is sighing and singing.  
The wind through the rushes—  
And we two are sitting  
And waiting and watching  
And longing till death comes.

Above on the hill-top,  
Mavourneen! mavourneen!  
Our cabin stands silent—  
Above on the hill-top,  
And we in the shadows  
Anear the bog-water  
Are crouching and dying.

My baby acushla!  
Oh, hush ye! oh, hush ye!  
'Tis but for a little,  
My baby acushla!  
And then up in heaven  
The angels will warm you  
And feed you, alanna!

Rather too original is the metre of an unnamed allegory which opens thus:—

'Twas summer in a garden sweet and fair.  
The bee hummed drowsy in the languid noon,  
And on the veined leaves with half-closed wings  
The sun-flies crept, dreaming perchance of things  
Of import in the insect world; while croon  
Of falling rill came murmurous on the air.

The arrangement of rhymes in this stanza, according to the notation that is often used to expound the particular construction of a sonnet, might be expressed by the letters *a b c c b a*—in which

the first and last lines are too far apart to let this recurrence of rhyme satisfy the ear. But even the choice of such a metre marks "L. W." as somewhat out of the common. Was she herself before her mind when she went on in the third stanza to describe some one ?

A maiden passing caught this garden's spe'l.  
The maid was young—I say not she was fair,  
But she had eyes a-shine with spirit-light,  
Deep, strange ; and, as her dreams are dull or bright,  
So change they mystically ; her waves of hair,  
From banded ribbon loosened, gleaming fell.

But we may not quote further from this long poem. Nearly all of Miss White's poems are of considerable length. They do not lend themselves readily to quotation, like certain dainty little lyrics of two or three stanzas. Everything of hers that we have seen bears the impress of a pure and refined mind. Of her bright and unaffected prose style our Magazine possesses one delightful sample in "A Summer Idyll," which appeared in August 1893, and which made one of our critics ask : "Is this a new name in fiction ? If so, we welcome a clever and promising writer." But the writer was then already two years dead. This is another handful of forget-me-nots strewn upon her grave.\*

M. R.

\* This Magazine's latest volume (1896) contains at page 141 "An Early Primrose" by May Wynne, and at page 274 "Singing in the Dark," by Agnes Romilly White. We have just read the latter again with keener pleasure than ever ; yet it seems far less akin to the poems of the elder sister of the writer than to the bright and musical lyrics of another who, to the abiding grief of many, was also taken early from us—Frances Wynne, whose younger sister is the author of the other poem. We consider these two poems to be fully worthy of the sacred and tender associations with which we have here ventured to link them.

## THE GIRLS OF TO-DAY AND THEIR EDUCATION.

THE fact of being a parent does not necessarily imply that one is the person above all others best fitted to bring up one's own children. The reverse might be argued with some show of truth, and the contention of the Queen Regent of Spain that if every mother had to rear someone else's child it would be all the better for the children, might be supported by many plausible examples. The foolishly indulgent parent, the foolishly severe parent, and the still more foolish variety that alternates indulgence and severity, are to be met with every day ; and only that life is a stern task-master and teaches wise lessons to all but the wilfully heedless, the proportion of spoiled children would be greater than it is.

Young women, in particular, as little realise the responsibilities of the state they are entering on when they respond to the marriage service, as the candidate for membership of a secret society knows what obligations he incurs by taking the initiatory oath. They have, perhaps, never held an infant in their arms till they hold their own, and yet they expect, after some mysterious fashion, to know how to guide and develop these little human souls when the time comes. Delusive hope ! Animals at least know what food and what care their young require, but the human parent has to be taught even these elementary facts, and has no instinct to guide him or her. Every year, in the British Isles, a vast proportion of the children born die before they attain the age of twelve months through improper feeding. They are killed as surely by their loving, ignorant mothers as if they were poisoned. When myself but a small child, I remember entering the cottage of a lately married servant of our own, and finding her feeding her fortnight-old baby on bread and milk. Young as I was, I had had little brothers and sisters, and knew that this food meant death, but I had great difficulty in persuading Kitty that she was doing wrong, and it was only when I got my mother to enforce my precepts, that plain milk and water were substituted. The late Mrs. Hinton, who did such excellent work in the East End of London in establishing Crèches where the children of the poor might be cared during the absence of their mothers, used to tell of a young woman coming to her in tears to say that her baby boy had just died. Mrs. Hinton

sympathised with the poor creature, and tried to comfort her. She could not tell what had killed the infant, and Mrs. Hinton suggested, "Perhaps you did not feed him properly." "Oh but indeed, ma'am, I did," was the answer, "I gave him the best of everything. Why only a few hours before he died, I gave him some lovely eel pie, and a glass of port wine."

Young mothers of the wealthier class do not labour under the same disadvantage because of ignorance, though theirs is just as great, indeed it generally is much greater, for the daughters of the people have not unfrequently acquired experience in a course of dragging up junior brothers and sisters. The rich, however, have the advice of skilled physicians and capable nurses to fall back on, which is lacking to the poor, but in their ignorance of psychology, their lack of idea how a child should be trained so as best to ensure his happiness here and hereafter, their want of system, both are pretty nearly equal.

Most of the disagreeable people we meet in life, the bad sons, the *mauvais sujets* of both sexes, the selfish, tiresome, hysterical, rude, undisciplined men and women, who are a nuisance to themselves and to their unhappy relatives, are the direct result of their parents' incapacity for training them in childhood. It is cruel kindness on the part of a father or mother to let a son or daughter grow up to be hated, for want of due correction. There is a parental cowardice that shrinks from the pain it will endure in inflicting punishment on a child it loves. There is also a weakness of will that can adhere to no settled system. Still worse in its results, though rarer, is the stern, Puritan severity that finds fault with every childish ebullition of spirits, that treats every childish lapse as if it were a crime. Fortunately, parents of this type are uncommon, for they do more to warp and injure a child's character, to send him or her straight to the devil, once the domestic pressure is removed, than any others.

When it happens, however, that the person who is a parent is likewise capable of undertaking the duties of the state, no one else can bring up a child as well. The gentle mothering is so good for the young; they remember in after years with such passionate tenderness the love that father and mother showed them; the home influences are so holy, so human, so natural, so healthy, that no school and no teacher can come up to them. But then, as pointed out, such parents are all too rare, since, thanks to our system, or

systems, of education, we never train the young for their most important duty in life. It naturally happens, then, that it is to the teacher the child must look to have the defects of his or her home education corrected, and its deficiencies supplemented.

If the good home is the ideal *milieu* for a child, and the training afforded by good parents capable of imparting it is the ideal education, it must be confessed that few schools approximate to the standard, for whatever a school may or may not be, it is generally eminently un-homelike. A good home is the best preparation for the world, and the most likely to encourage a child to build up such another when the time comes. It is more in touch with actualities, with life as it is, than a school can possibly be, so that those reared in its atmosphere are less likely to have two standards of conduct, one applying to school, and the other to the big world outside. It is saner, more practical, less theoretical. While every mother would be the better of a year's course at a good Training College, that she might learn by practice to manage children wisely, training alone, without innate maternal qualities, will not suffice to make one woman take efficiently the place of mother to another woman's child. My remarks in this paper apply more particularly to the education of girls, first because I know most about it; second because it is the more important, since girls are to be mothers of the future generation, and to children the mother is a more potent factor than the father.

To fit the young successfully for life their teachers should be pre-eminently women of the world, in the best sense of that much-abused word, broad-minded, tolerant, not given to making mountains out of molehills, capable of understanding girls, and neither too severe nor too easily imposed upon. After all, keeping silence in the ranks and leaving one's bed in good order in the dormitory, possessing the tidiest desk in the school, and obeying the bell promptly, while excellent things and conducive to discipline, are not as important as they are often considered by teachers to be. No doubt they go to form habits that are useful afterwards, if carried out in another sphere; but the worst of it is, that girls do not know this, and usually are not told this, and look on it all as part of a tiresome discipline to which they must submit until they are grown up, but that may then be discarded. If I had to do with girls, I should, so to say, take them into my confidence, pointing out

to the older ones that they would one day be called to rule over houses of their own, and that an orderly mistress makes orderly servants, that it was with a view to fitting them for the future that routine was exacted, and that it was not meant to apply to school only, but to be practised, with necessary modifications, at home. To this end, it would be well, if possible, to arrange that school ways and school hours should be in accord with customs and habits outside, for the fact of a girl's giving up one item of school discipline as impossible to practise at home, say rising at absurdly early hours, five or six for example, often means giving up others more essential. School life should be as nearly approximated to homelife, as is compatible with carrying out the educational programme.

It has often struck me, in the light of subsequent experience, that girls are educated to live in a world of quite a different kind to that in which they find themselves. A sort of ideal world is built up before them, a place they picture vaguely. They are told they will meet with "temptations," which they must resist, but what the nature of these temptations may be, they have not the faintest idea. Nothing is put before them clearly. Now I would be the last to desire that premature knowledge of evil should blight a child's mind. I would keep people, if I could, free for ever from knowledge that the world is not a place where everyone is kind, and good, and holy, but this is impossible. They will have to learn the truth sometime, and I would advocate its being judiciously and, to a certain extent, definitely communicated, at fit and proper seasons by persons in authority whose duty it is, rather than learned by bitter experience, or picked up from the dangerous conversations of unscrupulous companions, such as make their way into all schools however safeguarded, or learned from servants or from indiscriminate reading. Things that are told in a simple, straightforward way make less evil impression on the mind, are less dwelt upon, than those found out accidentally by the ignorant.

School, when all is said and done, is but a preparation for life. To treat it as, in a sense, an end in itself, is to misunderstand its aim. Why, therefore, is it that so many things that need to be said are never said to girls? When girls come to fifteen or sixteen years of age, they are no longer children. Within a few years, at the outside, their own battle must begin, and how ill prepared most of them are for it! To take but one point, statistics show

that the vice of drunkenness is, on the whole, increasing amongst women and decreasing amongst men. Fortunately, it happens to be a vice that inspires many with the profoundest physical disgust, but this is beside the question. It is admittedly a national vice throughout the British Isles, yet I have no recollection of hearing it mentioned as such during my school days, nor of hearing any warnings against it as one of the evil things that might be encountered in life, nor of arguments against the immoderate use of alcohol, nor of proofs given as to the little benefit and the great evil to be derived from it. No; it was looked on apparently as a vulgar subject, unnecessary to mention to young ladies of refinement. Apparently we were not expected to have heard it so much as mentioned, and it would be somewhat coarse to consider it as ever likely to come in our way. If drink affected but one class, and that the lowest, if ladyhood and refinement served of themselves to shield women from evil, or if well-brought-up girls could live all their lives in cotton wool, we should not see such sad cases daily in the papers. Of course girls learn the commandments, and are told in general terms that all forms of self-indulgence, including excess in eating and drinking, are by them forbidden; but this I contend is not enough. I could give a painful instance to the contrary, in the case of one whom I remember a merry, innocent, charming girl of fourteen. Without specially advocating teetotalism, I think every girl should leave school with a definite knowledge of the evils of drink, its results, the remedies, if any exist except never to begin, and having heard plain-spoken truths on the subject that have hitherto been withheld from ears polite. In the very best and most "select" school there may be a girl who is a drunkard by hereditary disposition. She probably does not know it. If warned in time, she may escape the curse, she may resolve never to let alcohol pass her lips, but if she goes into the world unwarned, she will fall an easy prey to temptation. There is no use in blinking it. Drink is a definite temptation to delicate women, especially when they are lonely or unhappy and no longer young. So too with drugs.

Again, out of ten girls, it may be fairly stated that at least seven are destined to be wives and mothers, to live in the world, to be brought perhaps into rivalry with other women, and in close relation with men who may be good or bad, but the proprieties of the past-time teacher would have been outraged

by a suggestion that this was the case. Yet on what other subject do girls need such wise and motherly private counsel? If they have mothers who supply it, well and good, but, as I have remarked, many mothers are not fitted to train their own daughters, and, as the teacher professes to have made education a study, and to be ready and competent to take a mother's place, she ought to be able to give wise counsel as to conduct, to those old enough to need it. These are the important things of life,—not keeping silence in the ranks, nor winning a prize, but how they are ignored! From the Teacher's studied reticence has arisen what I may call the "giggling" method of discussing vital questions like love and marriage, a method underbred, devoid of dignity, and leading to grave dangers, but which exists in many quarters to this day despite educational advancement. Such points are not to be ignored with girls grown to womanhood. They will talk them over amongst themselves, and it is better that their teachers should share their conversations, and see that these are in the right spirit. A sensible and grave preparation for what is most likely to be before them, can never do harm, and is an antidote to the poison of silly novels and silly sentimentalism. Considering that for most women the supreme duty in life is to be a good wife and mother, it is curious that female education has always slurred over what is for them of most personal importance. Of course these things are not subjects for general instructions to the girls, but for individual counsel to those of a proper age. I should advise a system of serious talks now and then with the elder girls in every school.

Again, in the past the duty of women as citizens was ignored. To this day I find it is very lightly considered. A woman's sphere is supposed to be bounded by the walls of her house, but it should be remembered that, if charity begins at home, it does not end there. Work is waiting to be done in the world, work that women can best do, and that if they, and especially those amongst them who are unmarried, and consequently have no domestic ties with a primary claim on their time, would set themselves to do, would in a few years alter the face of the world. But women are mostly indifferent to these outside interests, wholesome and broadening as they are. If they were not, how long think you, in our own poor country, to go no farther, would the cabins, the miserable, dirty hovels, to be seen in the South and West, remain the typical home



of the Irish peasant? If the idle women in each town, the women who really are only making work for themselves in visiting and playing tennis, and reading novels, intermixed with a little profitless church-going—profitless in the sense of not apparently rousing them to try and do good in their generation—would set themselves first to learn something useful, and then to teach it thoroughly to their poorer neighbours, what a change might be wrought!

If all the unoccupied women who own property, or whose fathers or husbands own property, would, if necessary, first learn themselves, and then teach their people to whitewash their homes, encourage them to plant flowers, and clear away their disgusting dung-heaps as the Sisters of Charity have done in Foxford, instruct them in mending, domestic economy, and simple cookery suited to their needs, and try to raise their standard of comfort, which, after all, is the great test of civilisation, would not this in a few years do more good than gabbling politics and disputing about parties from now till doomsday? I do not think that in the past the duties of women as citizens, and their duties towards those dependent on them, were ever put clearly before them. True, the necessity for attending to the spiritual needs of their dependents, of giving them a good personal example, was enforced; but was it ever said at school, for instance, that it is sinful to give a servant an unsanitary sleeping place, or bad food, or too low wages, or too hard work? It may be objected that these things are obviously wrong, and that, when girls are told they must do their duty in the state of life to which God has called them, that includes all the rest. To be sure it does, in one sense, but then girls are not always clear as to what is their duty, and that some more explicit teaching of how Christianity should work out in everyday life is needed, is proved by the fact that well brought-up women often fail in these particulars, that pious people try to save souls while neglecting bodies, that the position of the servants, or tenants, or even of the governess, in highly respectable families is not always enviable. People say glibly that we are "all equal before God," but how many live and act as if they believed it?

Another point, wherein teachers do not always attempt to supply for the deficiencies of parents, is in the cultivation of a sense of honour. In this women are declared by their enemies to be notably deficient. I am unwilling to believe it, but if there is

any weakness here more than amongst men, it is the duty of those who undertake to bring up girls to see to it, and that speedily. The woman of the future will, in all probability, be placed in positions where a sense of honour will be more needful than it ever was to the woman of the past. Take, for instance, the keeping of professional secrets. If women are to adopt professions, they must submit to be bound by their rules, and of these one of the most stringent is secrecy. A girl coming from a good home has just as strong a sense of honour as a boy; but then all homes are not good. Some children are left too much in the hands of servants, and others from natural timidity get into habits of deceit. This is not a fault to be rooted out by scolding. It is best treated by cultivating a very high feeling of honour in the school. Girls are the best check on girls, and the sense that nothing is considered as disgraceful as duplicity or shiftiness, will do more to eradicate faults of the kind than a year's preaching. One of the hard things learnt in life is, that women seldom hold together. It is in the schoolroom that the new spirit of fidelity and comradeship must be fostered. How many tragedies are due to the fact that some women think that for their sex a lower standard of honourable conduct is allowable than for men! This spirit must cease to exist, if women are ever to be true, and tender, and helpful to other women. Men, at least, hang together even in wrong-doing, and consider it shameful to betray each other. While this feeling has always been shared by the best women, and is now growing daily amongst women in general, there are still too many of the old stamp in the world, who, for a man's good word, or to win his favour, would sell their dearest friend. Such women are the enemies of their sex, and responsible for many evils; but who is told at school that women should stand together, and keep each other's secrets, and discourage gossip, especially to men, about other women without grave necessity? It is because it lowers the spirit of comradeship, as well as encourages sneaking, that I disapprove so strongly of the system of encouraging girls to tell the mistresses on each other which prevails in some places. Anything like spying and tattling is bad. Of course there may be grave reasons why, on occasion, a girl should tell of another, but it is not a thing to encourage habitually. Experience shows that trusting both boys and girls, putting them on their honour as to serious offences, and then relying on them, has a much better effect than

any other system. Where girls are much watched and spied after, they feel as if their teachers were enemies, always on the prowl to catch them tripping, and that they are therefore absolved from the necessity of keeping faith with them. Not that I deny that judicious supervision is useful, nay, essential, but it should not degenerate into suspiciousness as it sometimes does. The so-called "good" girls are often the slyest, and it may be some consolation to the naughty "criminals" who are forever breaking little, niggling rules to learn that the model child rarely turns out well in after life. Given an honourable, "manly" tone in any school, I am prepared to assert that little wrong will happen there.

While at all times and in all schools teachers profess, and have professed, themselves specially careful and interested about the health of the girls, this is a subject on which they were for the most part densely ignorant. My own opinion is, that every girl's school should be attended by a woman doctor, for I remember in my own time having heard girls narrate how they had lied to the ordinary doctor, because they found it embarrassing to answer his questions. What is a poor man to do under such circumstances?

Sometimes girls with no definite ailment, who are dull, and heavy, and listless, are accused of malingering. Now girls rarely or never pretend to be ill when they are quite well, while on the contrary, from a mistaken pride in keeping up, they often pretend to be less ill than they are. I remember, to this day, sitting during religious instruction with every vein in my head swelled to bursting, in my endeavours to stifle a cough I had been told I was "putting on," and my misery, when, utterly unable to control it, I broke at last into a perfect bark and was ignominiously sent out of the room. My strong opinion is, that no woman should be suffered to take charge of growing girls unless she has studied the elements of school hygiene, and acquired some little knowledge of the chief ailments likely to affect her charges. Even if a girl is base enough to pretend suffering, it is better to allow her privileges to which she has no right, than to neglect a possible case of disease. A shrewd woman will not remain long in doubt as to the reality of an illness, but at many schools there is always an attempt made to minimise pain or danger, and to attribute all suffering to some fault or imprudence on the part of the victim.

The hysterical girl is a real nuisance in schools, as the hysterical woman is in life. She is a danger to her companions, and if she cannot be cured, and have a little common sense and self-control knocked into her, she had better be sent away, and put under proper treatment. Her love of notice, her lying habits, the kleptomaniacal turn she often shows, and the evil things she not unfrequently says, make her unfit to associate with others. She is to be pitied, of course, and held as scarcely accountable; but she is sufficiently accountable to make her presence hurtful. It may sound rather barbarous, but I believe that for those so afflicted, corporal punishment is the only efficacious remedy. I doubt if sufficient care has been taken in the past in dealing with problems of this kind. Such girls, going out into life uncured and untrained, are the cause of half the tragedies that fill our newspapers.

And now I should like to make it plain that systems and methods of education that answered well enough in the past, will not do for to-day. A great number of excellent and well-meaning people, and more particularly women, both parents and teachers, either because they do not think much, or because fate has been specially kind to them, or for both reasons combined, apparently, see nothing, and understand nothing, of the needs of the present, and therefore are unable to train and advise those dependent upon them, whose lives will be more strenuous. Not long ago I was reading a charming little volume of essays, full of good feeling, and in some parts of suggestive hints to women, for whom it was chiefly intended. The whole tone of it, however, was of deprecation of the position women have assumed in the modern world, and of fear that they might lose this and that virtue through entering the crowded marts, and seeking to make their way on equal terms with men. It struck me that the women while bringing many gifts and graces to her task, could not have seen very much of our modern, busy world and the women who work in it, women, I maintain, as virtuous, as noble, as assistants in every way as any that have preceded them, and far more like to one another and to humanity at large. I pictured her as one to whom life had been smooth, who, doubtless, had an income sufficient for her needs, was happily married, resting both placed in a *milieu* where she heard the roar of the sea to serious child in bed at night hears the roar of the tempest or effect than

other could have written it. She was hard on the "New Woman," whoever that fearsome entity may be, and looked forward to wrecked homes and general unhappiness, if women did not return to their old and well-loved place by the fireside.

Now I have seen something of women in the crowded streets of London, and I have never met one who would not be delighted to arrive at the ideal state of things that the author pictures, every woman the centre of a happy home, and devoted to it. It is not for love of the thing, nor for pure "cussedness" (if the Americanism may be forgiven) that women compete with men. It is because they are forced to it by our economic system. Of course now, as ever, there are troublesome and discontented women in the world, but it is an absurdity to represent them either as the majority, or as the outcome of the "forward" movement. There always have been a certain unhappy proportion, with or without good cause for their discontent, but in the old days they lived at home and made their families miserable. Now it is possible for the round peg to get out of the square hole, and everyone is happier. The reason why women have emerged from their shell, why they clamour for more and for better education, for liberty to take up any course of studies and pursue any profession for which they have capacity, the reason why they want to try for themselves before accepting the statement of outsiders that certain studies and certain posts are "beyond" them, is in its origin purely a matter of pounds, shillings and pence. Our idealists must open their eyes to the fact that it is impossible for a woman to have that dear little home they talk of, unless she has money to support it.

But, they will say, "It is man's place to make money; let the woman marry, and her husband will keep her and her children in modest comfort." Now, apart from the fact that many women meet but few men, and of the few may not find one with whom they would for an instant contemplate entering into so close and sacred a relationship as marriage, apart from those whose lovers die, and who are not of the kind that lightly form new ties, may I draw attention to the bald fact that there are not enough men nice and nasty, good and bad, eligible and ineligible, old and young, to go round? If every man of suitable age were provided with a wife to-morrow, there would still be a terrible and increasing number of "unappropriated blessings." Not all the pretty girls marry, nor all the good girls. What then is this

feminine army to do? Teaching as a profession is overstocked and underpaid. Look round, my dear lady, you who are reading this, look round at your friends' governesses, and ask yourself how you would like your own pretty Rosie or ambitious Gwendolin to hold the position of any one amongst them? I have seen girls, as charming as your daughters, and as young, ladies by birth and education, accustomed to refined society, infinitely better in every way than their employers, left all day in charge of tiresome, ill-reared children, whom they were forbidden to correct with any severity, and whose mothers took no serious notice of complaints. I have known of such girls, I say, in highly respectable, and even religious homes, in homes whose heads claimed to be leaders of society, deprived of all innocent, girlish amusements for which young people, even though they are governesses, pine, sent out of the room when visitors called, and left to pass long, dull evenings alone in a dreary schoolroom. Young women are but mortal, and they do not like this. Even under ideal conditions, everyone is not fitted to be a teacher; and those who say a woman must not be anything else, and ban everything else that is in itself a respectable occupation, are the real enemies of woman. If we ask these people *why* a woman should not do this or that, or be this or that, since she has the necessary ability, the reply usually resolves itself into a plea that it "is not customary." But customs are only customs after all, and therefore may change; it is folly therefore to talk of them as if they were the Ten Commandments! It is, as I have said, a plain economic question. If fathers cannot, or at any rate do not, provide for their daughters, and no other man is able or willing, or, if willing, is not suitable, and if girls have bodies that will go cold and hungry if not given food and clothing, and if food and clothing can only be provided by paying money, and if money can only be honestly come at by working for it, it logically follows that women must work, and that no one shall say them nay.

Things have changed, and people must open their eyes to facts. Women—for good or ill, and I believe mostly for good—demand a fuller and freer life. The old order changeth. We must take the world as we find it, for this is a natural development from certain conditions, and it cannot be arrested. The shadow on the dial will not move backward. *Bon gré mal gré*, on we must go. What we want, therefore, is not girding, but help. We want to be told

how we can make the best of altered conditions, how we can lead good, and pure, and holy lives in busier and wider spheres than our mothers and grandmothers knew. We want to be helped and understood in difficulties they never encountered. We want good people to see that nothing but sin is wrong. Go into any little country village that is still at the point the world reached thirty years ago, look fearlessly and frankly at the gossip-loving females who there abound, who watch their neighbours, and suspect evil in everything, who spread gossip and scandal, or who, living narrow lives, are at best no good to anyone save themselves. Take the young girls whose only aim is matrimony, flirtatious, inane, intriguing, spending their days in novel-reading and tennis-playing, idle and selfish, pettish to other women, and civil only to men, hard and intolerant to their own sex, easy to the other. There are thousands such in every country still, and they shudder at the name of the fabulous "New Women;" but my own impression is that, if she existed, there would be more good in the little finger of that much maligned personage, despite all the faults of crudeness and bad manners attributed to her, more honour, and honesty, and large-mindedness, and Christian charity, and pity for her fellow women, and independence, than there is in the whole clan of the prim.

Women want to be helped in a struggle that has been forced on most, and chosen but by the few, instead of being told how highly improper and unladylike it is for little girls to be seen before they are heard. They need to be shown how best to live for others, so that their devotion may be to their advantage, they want to be given heart, and courage, and strength to deal with problems that come in their way and did not exist in the past. It is no use to smother things, and cover them up, and make believe they do not exist. They are there and must be faced. We could not bring back the old order even if we would, and my own belief is, that modern conditions are developing a finer type of woman than ever existed in the past. To contend that freedom, the most entire freedom, which by the way is not license, tends to harm woman, is to promote the theory that the Turks have always consistently held, namely, that the only way to keep a woman good is to lock her up. We, in Western civilization, are supposed to act on the principle that a good woman does not need watching, and that a bad woman will evade it; yet some people tremble at the

idea of allowing women as much liberty as boys.

Turks, as we know, are the most particular people in the world, in so far as holding views as to what women may and may not do. They are stricter than Mrs. Grundy at her strictest, and yet the result, so far as the moral and intellectual standard of their women is concerned, is scarcely admirable. The freedom accorded to Western ladies never fails to shock the Oriental, who looks on them as bold, shameless creatures, because they actually do not cover up their faces as a Turkish woman must. We can afford to laugh at such criticism, for we know from experience that the veil and seclusion are not essential, and we are proud that the mass of our women, though they *do* have their faces bare, actually venture to sit down in a room with a strange man as no Turkish lady would, and even eat at the same table as their husbands, sons, and brothers, are self-respecting and modest, to a degree unknown in the East.

Many, in praising the past, lose sight of all the good that there is in the present. It is possible to exaggerate the danger of new movements. There is in humanity a certain fund of common sense and good feeling that usually prevents things going too far. When steam first took the place of mail coaches, it was bitterly opposed by many. They predicted that it would be the ruin of the country and cause the destruction not only of horses, which would no longer be bred, but of human life, since people would die poisoned by noxious fumes. Well, steam came, as it was bound to come. It has its drawbacks to be sure. It has blackened many beautiful spots; it has been the cause of many accidents; but who would now abolish it? Who can dispense with it? Who will say that its blessings do not more than counterbalance the evils it has brought in its train? Horses are more numerous than ever, and a hardy population live close to the railway tracks of the world to a good old age. There may still be some who like to travel in a coach of their own, but they are few, and the great bulk of humanity prefer the railroad and would not go back, even if they could, to the slow-going "good old times." And all this is no digression from my subject, but goes to prove that if Society is changing, it is not growing worse, that we must meet altered circumstances, and so bring up the young as to fit them for their environment, and enable them to play their part nobly in the world as it is. To act otherwise is like sending a stranger to a great city, provided with an ancient guide-book, long out of



date. Following its instructions, he looks for wonders that have ceased to exist, and hopes to find shelter in inns that a generation ago were swept away. What he wants is information that meets his needs, and not statements that, true enough and useful enough in their day, do not fill the exigencies of the present.

C. O'CONOR ECCLES.

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IN MEMORY OF MY FATHER,

JAMES WALTER FURLONG,

*Who died at Stevens' Hospital, Dublin, 9th June, 1897.*

Lying awake while the hours of darkness creep,  
So many tears I weep  
For you, down-stricken in life's midmost breath,  
Brought dying to an ancient cloistral place,  
That hath grown grey with looking in the face  
Immutable Death.

Your poor, bewildered brain,  
Starving for sleep—clouded with half-felt pain—  
Ever went wandering back  
To that ill-fated track :  
“ The mare ! I wouldn't wish it for the world ! ”  
A vision blurred—is it with tears or rain ?—  
The crowded course, the wet flags hanging furled,  
I see it all again.  
A tide of sound is flowing full and fast—  
The mare comes thundering past  
Derelict, with steaming flank, and wind-tossed mane—  
In sweeps the straining field in one mad rush—  
I hear a thousand clamouring voices—

Hush !

. . . . .

Such bitter thoughts I have  
Of you, who gasped in the throes of the death-fight,  
Through the soft passing of a grey June night,  
While I in selfish sleep  
Had never a tear to weep ;  
Nor never a prayer to save  
Your fevered mind from futile wanderings  
Amid irrevocably-past familiar things.  
When God had set apart  
Your happy, pardoned heart  
For restful housing in a quiet grave.

If I had only known !  
And, surely, if I loved you as I ought,  
Some wind of ill had wrecked the rosy thought  
Sailing the still sea of my morning dreams,  
Like wild rose petals on the summer streams—  
O God ! a heart of stone  
Might feel the passionate throb of anguished love  
When those white lips did move,  
To ask, with hard-drawn breath,  
And voice grown husky with the coming death :  
“ Is this the second race ?  
Give me a pencil ! I must do my work.”  
The shapely hands were busy for a space.  
Silent, and cold, and murk,  
The night of no man’s working drew apace !

If I had only known !  
A stranger held your hands that grey night through ;  
To us, your very own,  
Who had laid down our lives for love of you,  
’Twas given but to reach you when you lay  
Insentient as the clay  
That was so cruelly soon to cover you.  
We could but break our hearts in pity over you.

Whenever I pray, in orphanhood bereaven,  
To Him of whom is all paternity,  
“ Our Father, who art in heaven,”  
Cometh—oh, very sweetly !—unto me  
The smile that throned itself on your dead brows.  
I know that Two are listening in God’s House.

ALICE FURLONG.

## PRIEDIEU PAPERS.

## No. XI.—THOUGHTS ON ST. JOSEPH'S PATRONAGE.

*De quâcunque tribulatione clamaverint ad me, exaudiam eos, et ero protector eorum semper.* "From whatsoever distress they shall cry to me, I will hear them, and I will be their protector always."

These words, which occur in the thirty-sixth psalm, are there applied to God as if spoken by God Himself; but the Church places them on the lips of Saint Joseph in the Mass of the feast of his Patronage. Many things that in their fulness are true only of God must in due measure be true of God's servants; and of His glorious servant St. Joseph *this* is true that, if any poor souls in distress cry out to him for help, he will hear them and will be their protector always.

Let us try at once to entitle ourselves to a share in the promise that St. Joseph thus makes to us all, by letting the following very simple and obvious considerations raise our hearts to him. Let us think of him and pray to him, and tell him how much we love him; and let us see if we may not learn to love and honour him a little more.

For you and I, dear reader, are not in the least afraid lest our love for God should grow cold according as our love for St. Joseph grows warm. Quite the contrary. We know that any worth or beauty or goodness that we can admire in St. Joseph or in any other creature comes from God, and is less, when compared with God's own incommunicable treasures of beauty and goodness, infinitely less than one faint, feeble ray of wintry twilight compared with the full ocean of noonday sunshine that bathes a thousand worlds in light and heat.

It is so plain to us children of the Catholic Church that honour paid to God's saints is honour and not dishonour to God—our minds see this so clearly and our hearts feel it so strongly, that it seems an irritating waste of time to discuss the point ever so slightly, as if it could for a single moment be reasonably called in question. Heresy forsooth pretends to be scandalised at our praying to the Saints, as if this were to ignore God, to pass God by, to encroach upon God's rights. Why, all that we do for the

Saints, we do for them simply for God's sake and because they are the dear friends of God, and because He makes them His proxies sometimes in doing us good and in receiving our thanks. He delights in letting His poor children do for Him and for each other what He could of course, if He pleased, do without their aid. God is in this respect, as in many other respects, like a mother.

They bade me call Thee Father, Lord !  
Sweet was the freedom deemed ;  
And yet more like a mother's ways  
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

Will not a mother employ her children to carry her alms to the mendicant at her door in order to train them betimes to almsgiving and to give them a share in her own merit ? Nay, the unconscious infant at her breast—she takes a pleasure in making its little hand the medium of her bounty ; and if the poor mendicant looks gratefully on the smiling babe and says “ God bless you, dear ! ” is not this only a better form of thanks to the mother herself ? So is it with our Father who is in heaven, and with His children who are in heaven or still on earth. These last are indeed needy mendicants—*Dei mendici sumus*, as St. Augustine says—while the Blessed are gathered, not into Abraham's bosom, but into the Heart of Jesus, into the Bosom of God. God does not always act immediately upon His creatures ; He employs their mutual services one for another. He could have pardoned Job's friends directly, but no, He bade them first ask His servant Job to pray for them, as He desires us now to secure for ourselves the prayers of His saints in heaven.

And then from the creature's side—have we not enough of God in us, is there not sufficient generosity in our nature to make us understand how a part of the heavenly joy and glory of the blessed may well consist in their being thus made the instruments of the Creator's goodness towards their fellow-creatures who are in exile and on their trial ? Beatitude is not sleep or torpor or annihilation, but a blessed activity, perpetual life and vigour. And this is part of it. The desire which is felt by all good hearts on earth, the desire which Jesus Christ, who knows the human heart so well, attributes even to a lost soul in the parable (if it be merely a parable) of Dives and Lazarus—the desire of helping their brethren—how could the blessed saints of God fail to

experience that desire, and how could our good God fail to gratify that desire by confiding to them, reigning with Him now in heaven, such a share in the salvation and sanctification of the Church Militant on earth as is implied in the beautiful and consoling doctrine and practice of the invocation of Saints?

Among the Saints whose intercession we are thus drawn to invoke, among these happy agents and instruments of the divine goodness, one of the chief must necessarily be Saint Joseph. The danger is not of going too far but of not going far enough when we say that there are few among the Saints so useful in their example as he, and few so powerful in their patronage.

Yes, few so useful in their example: for the example set by St. Joseph can be copied by all of us at all times. We cannot all, except by generous desires, follow such saints as Francis Xavier to the ends of the earth, bearing the happy news of Christ to the nations that sit in darkness. We cannot all, like Thomas Aquinas, glorify God by devoting the grandest intellectual gifts to the illustration of the truths of faith. We cannot all scale the seraphic heights of love on which St. Francis of Assisi received the stigmas of Jesus. We cannot all of us, like Vincent de Paul, become the apostles of the poor and sick and suffering. But we *can* do what all these saints did also—we can study in the school of St. Joseph the virtues of the Hidden Life.

Humility, meekness, charity, love of work, love of prayer, persevering devotion to small daily duties: these are some of the lessons to be learned in the humble Home of Nazareth. We all need such lessons. We have all in different vocations to live virtuous Christian lives, for the most part in obscurity and in a monotonous continuity of humble duties. St. Joseph's example teaches us the dignity of such a life, the great value of small things when done generously for God. The lowly Carpenter did not work miracles or practise great austerities or preach to heathen nations. A holy and gifted man \* asked quaintly enough: "What did Joseph do all his life but hammer nails with a pure intention? Yet Joseph is God's ideal of a Saint."

One cannot have advanced far in the knowledge of the Heart of Jesus to be still in doubt as to the place which St. Joseph holds

\* Father Tracy Clarke, S.J., Master of Novices in England about the middle of the 19th century—which we can no longer call "this century," as it is practically over.

in that Heart. As he was nearest on earth, must he not in heaven be nearest and dearest to Mary and to Jesus? If God will not let a cup of water given in His Name go without its reward, what reward must He have given in return for the services that He deigned to accept from His foster-father, the Spouse of His Blessed Mother—services that in their tender and continuous familiarity approach closest to the Divine Maternity itself. How great, then, must be the power of St. Joseph's Patronage!

Saint Joseph is our Patron. In ancient Roman times persons of humble birth attached themselves as clients and dependents to some powerful nobleman who was their *patronus* and who as such was bound to act towards them the part of adviser, guardian, defender. The Saints in heaven are our patrons. Some are specially honoured and trusted by certain countries, as St. Patrick by Ireland—some by certain religious Orders which they founded or to which they belonged, as St. Francis of Assisi and St. Bonaventure by the Franciscans, St. Dominick and St. Thomas Aquinas by the Dominicans, St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier and St. Aloysius by the Society of Jesus—and others again are chosen by individuals for the mere sake of their names or on account of some personal attraction. But the patronage of our great and glorious Saint Joseph is not monopolised by any class or any country. He is the patron and the protector of the Universal Church, the Mystical Body of Christ, not only on account of the relations which he held and holds to Christ and His Mother, but because the Church has solemnly installed him in this office, and bestowed this title upon him, and because she had already done so by establishing the Feast of St. Joseph's Patronage.

The qualities of an efficient patron are power and goodness—to be able and then to be willing to help us. Saint Joseph has the power and the will. His power in heaven is in some sort the continuation of his authority in the Holy Family on earth. The playful reasoning of the great Grecian warrior, Themistocles, may with all reverence be applied to our Saint. "My little boy Astyages," argued the Athenian leader, "is the real ruler of Greece: for the infant's will is supreme with his mother, and *she* rules *me*, and *I* rule Athens, and Athens is the mistress of Greece." St. Joseph's prayer is more than a prayer when addressed to his Immaculate Spouse; and she in turn exercises over her Divine Son the "suppliant omnipotence" of a mother.

Nay, we might venture to discover a parallel for St. Joseph's authority in another incident in the life of this Grecian hero. In one of the changes of his fate he had to fly from the anger of his people, and he took refuge in the palace of Admetus, king of the Molossi. Admetus was absent at the moment; but his wife, pitying the illustrious fugitive and knowing that her husband was hostile to him, advised Themistocles to take her child into his arms and sit as a suppliant at their hearth. The king Admetus soon entered his palace, and, seeing Themistocles thus, he took him under his protection and guarded him from his enemies. St. Joseph too was once a fugitive but not for his own sake. "Arise and take the Child with His Mother." Nor was it for his own sake that the Mother of the Child bade him take the Child into his arms. It was to save that Child who was Himself a fugitive and in danger, although the Incarnate Son of the King of Heaven, our Lord and our God.

God never forgets, and the Heart of Jesus feels for Joseph at this moment the affection and gratitude that filled it when beating against St. Joseph's heart during the flight to Egypt. How great, then, is the power of St. Joseph's Patronage, equalled only by his fatherly tenderness and his eagerness to use that power in our behalf. May his holy Patronage help us to live, and help us to die!

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### ON THE MER-DE-GLACE.

HITHER God brought His rebel seas, to try  
How high His power could lash them unrelieved  
By sinking spaces, or by low'ring sky.  
And they, by boundless altitudes deceived  
Leaped to His lash as if they fain believed  
They, too, could sweep His skies, and there decry  
His promise, when the smoking altars heaved  
And sullen waters left the mountain dry.

But He, resenting such Titanic pride  
Transfixed them in columnar ice and stone,  
Leaving vast valleys in their solitude.  
There till the scythes of the last lava tide  
Shall level all things, all proud things dethrone,  
The white souls of these Stylites dream and brood.

PATRICK AUGUSTINE SHEEHAN.

CLAVIS ACROSTICA.  
A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."  
VI.

Perhaps the cracking of nuts is too hard work for vacation; but at all events at this present writing J. W. A. is the only one who has discovered that No. 9 is "Bill-hook," with the lights *bull-finch, indigo, Lothario, and luck*, while No. 10 is "tippet," with *tap* and *ice* the first two lights—but what is the third? J. W. A. says *parrot*; but have parrots such brilliant plumage that an acrostician might fairly indicate them by the egotistical exclamation, "Admire my Wing?" Mr. Reeves has given "port" as this third light. There is something, it seems, floating about in good old crusted port which is called "bee's-wing," though Worcester's big Dictionary does not condescend to recognize it.

In reference to "Poor Rembrandt's last" in No. 7, J. W. A. asks: "Would not Van Rhyn's absurd avarice and his consequent discomfort account for the epithet?"

Mr. Joseph Saldanha sends all the way from Bombay a correct solution of June's acrostics. A new competitor, W. S. B., has solved No. 10 correctly, but he too has no acquaintance with bee's wing and port.

In leaving No. 11 and No. 12 to be revealed next month, we rejoice that we have our manuscript key to fall back upon, if even the ingenious and perspicacious J. W. A. should be baffled.

No. 11.

High-mettled ride we! yet we show 'tis true  
The triumph of the most successful screw.

- 1 To find my first, go seek the realm of letters.
- 2 Then seek the home of pleasure's rosy fetters.
- 3 The mournful requiem of a wounded bride.
- 4 The finless creatures of the foaming tide.

B.

No. 12.

Where Ethiopia's banjo  
A British audience cheers,  
With waistcoat white, and riddle trite,  
Behold! my first appears.  
But join my first and second—  
In rustic lane and field—  
A cherished prize in boyhood's eyes  
My first and second yield.



- 1 Oh ! splendid friend, though nicknamed by the low,  
Be ever friend of mine in weal or woe.
- 2 The moon shines bright, a maid from me descends,  
And with an unknown lover leaves her friends.
- 3 The gold received for me the Jew retains,  
Nor gives the squire a zecchin for his pains.
- 4 I trust I shan't my lady readers vex,  
But one has said I'm seldom in your sex.
- 5 Yon massy portal that obstructs your course,  
Flies open for me though I use no force.

R.

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### NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Bards of the Gael and Gall. Examples of the Poetic Literature of Erin done into English after the Metres and Modes of the Gael.* By George Sigerson M.D., F.R.U.I., President of the National Literary Society of Ireland, Corresponding Member of La Société d' Anthropologie, La Société Clinique and La Société de Psychologie Psychologique de Paris, etc. (London : Fisher Unwin, 1897). Price 10s. 6d.

This is by far the most important addition made for many a year to our Irish Literature. The publisher has produced it in a very attractive form, photogravure portrait of the blind Irish Bard, Carolan, faces the title page which we have transcribed in full, and in which by the way Gall and Gael mean stranger and native, Celt and Saxon or the original Irish and the English intruders. After a joint dedication to Sir C. G. Duffy and Dr. Douglas Hyde, and three exquisitely appropriate mottoes from Ossian, Edmund Spenser, and Wordsworth : a most appetising table of contents arranges some hundred and fifty translations of Irish Lyrics according to twelve successive periods, beginning with the Milesian invaders. A learned and interesting introduction, which is greatly needed, gives information on a great many points in a very agreeable manner and is not a line too long, although it occupies a hundred pages. Greatly needed also is the erudite appendix of sixty pages which supplements the occasional notes appended to many of the poems. Incidentally Dr. Sigerson claims for Ireland the glory of being the first to use rhyme and blank

verse ; nay, he boasts of her having produced the first Christian epic and something very like the first rondeau. Dr. Sigerson's knowledge of the theory and practice of the curiously complicated Celtic metres is marvellous. This volume is the ripe fruit of the enthusiastic industry of many years. The readers who are best able to appreciate his labours will probably wish that he had indicated more minutely the sources from which his vast mass of materials has been drawn and where the originals can now be studied. We have seen the new epithet, "epoch-making," applied to this work. It will certainly link the name of Dr. George Sigerson with the Bards of the Gael and Gall, and with the Celtic literature of Ireland.

2. *The Gospel of Saint John. With Notes Critical and Explanatory.* By the Rev. Joseph MacRory, D.D., Professor of Sacred Scripture and Hebrew, Maynooth College. (Dublin : Brown and Nolan, Limited.)

Dr. MacRory in his brief preface gives excellent reasons for publishing a new Scripture Commentary. Certainly this admirably printed volume will be studied by his pupils with far greater pleasure and profit than those class-notes which it would otherwise, as he explains, have been necessary for him to dictate. He condenses the preliminary discussions, concerning authorship, language, etc., into eleven pages ; and he passes quickly in his commentary over the easier portions of the Gospel. The Latin Vulgate and the Rhemish Version are given side by side, while the Author's comments fill the lower half of each page. The arrangements of type conduce greatly to the ease and comfort of the student. We think Dr. MacRory has achieved the purposes which he had in view in composing this work. It is authorized by the censorship of the Rev. Walter MacDonald, Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment in Maynooth College.

3. *Darab's Wine-Cup and Other Tales.* By Bart Kennedy. (London : Sidney L. Ollif, 110 Strand.)

This is the first title-page on which we have seen the name of either author or publisher. Mr. Kennedy, indeed, we recognize as a recent contributor to the Magazines, in which we have seen two at least of the sketches forming the present volume. The sketches being thirty-three in number are necessarily very short, sometimes only three or four pages with wide spaces and large type. Most of them also are rather unrhymed poetry than prose. There is vivid fancy and deep feeling in many of them, and although an austere taste may sometimes condemn the diction, there is a praiseworthy effort after originality and vividness of style. Traces of a deeply religious spirit also make themselves apparent. Has Mr. Kennedy any authority for his peculiar version of the beautiful legend of the death of King Connor

MacNessa, the subject of Mr. T. D. Sullivan's most graceful ballad? This tastefully produced volume holds out promise of much higher excellence, all the more that it bears the tokens of youthfulness and immaturity. It is indeed so young a work that the present critic suspects he is too old to criticise it, and he may therefore even still place it in other hands and give his readers the benefit of another opinion.

4. *The Mantle of Saint Paul which fell upon Saint Ignatius.* By the Rev. G. Bampfield. (London and Leamington: Art and Book Company.)

An American critic speaking of Father Bampfield's little C.T.S. tract upon Benediction, to which we gave the most emphatic praise in No. 10 of our June Book-notes, uses the epithet "Faberlike." A still more beautiful sample of his Faberlike style is the little quarto bearing the above title. It shows a tender enthusiasm of devotion to the Apostle of the Gentiles and to the Founder of the Society of Jesus. The facts of St. Ignatius' life and his characteristic spirit are amply described without any of the formality of a biography, and very ingeniously contrasted with the life and spirit of St. Paul. The clients of St. Ignatius are bound to spread this dainty little quarto, the exterior of which is almost worthy of its contents.

5. *Monsignor Gilbert. A Memoir.* Compiled by his nephew, John William Gilbert, B. A. (London: Catholic Truth Society, Westminster-bridge Road.)

Mr. Gilbert has executed his pious task most satisfactorily, and given a very interesting account of a remarkably useful ecclesiastical career. Daniel Gilbert's parents had removed from Newtownbarry to London about a year before his birth. The difficulties that he overcame in preparing for the priesthood are described in a very simple, edifying way. His whole priestly life from January 1853 till February 1895 was spent without a break at Moorfields, London. During most of that time he was Vicar-General to three Cardinals in succession. For the details of his work we refer to this memoir which is written in excellent taste and in a correct unaffected style. The illustrations comprise portraits of Daniel Gilbert in 1848, of Father Gilbert in 1862, and of Monsignor Gilbert in 1894. The middle period is nearest to the year 1858 when we had the happiness of seeing Dr. Gilbert very often, and we can vouch for the accuracy of the portrait of that date. Pictures are also given of Saint Mary's, Moorfields; and of Father Gilbert's darling work, the Providence Row Night-Refuge. We grasp at this opportunity of recommending very earnestly one of the few books that Dr. Gilbert published, "The Love

of Jesus, or Visits to the Blessed Sacrament for every day in the Month." We know nothing better of its kind. Though it was only published in 1865, the copy we use, dated 1877, is the 15th edition, and many others have been issued since. It has been translated into German, Spanish and Italian. The present Memoir of this holy and devoted priest costs only two shillings.

6. *The Dream of Bonaparte. A Napoleonic Study.* By William Poland, S. J. (St. Louis; B. Herder.)

The Napoleon literature has received many additions recently, especially in the United States. These various histories and disquisitions are hardly trustworthy when they deal with Bonaparte's relations with the Church. This aspect of his career is the subject of an extremely vivid sketch and thoughtful study by Father Poland, one of the professors of the University of St. Louis. Young students especially will find it a useful and interesting introduction to Miss Allies' admirable "Life of Pope Pius the Seventh," and a corrective for the false impressions that one might take away from some of the large histories like Professor Sloane's.

7. Mr. R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London, has issued second editions of the 4th and 5th series of "Stories of the Saints" by M. F. S., who has sometimes allowed herself to be known as Mrs. Seamer. She is a very practised writer and her initials on these title-pages are followed by the names of nine of her books ending with "etc." These two thick volumes, each of nearly 300 pages, deal with the Saints of the early Church. They furnish useful and edifying reading, but they are very unpretentious and almost commonplace. Good taste prevails, but the glow and thrill are absent which the lives of the Saints might well inspire. A third edition of "Catherine Hamilton, a Tale for little girls," by the same author, is issued by the same publisher, who also gives us "The Village Lily," a tale of First Communion translated from the French. It seems to have been hardly worth translating, and there is a good deal of Frenchness left in it. Like all Mr. Washbourne's publications, the printing and binding of these volumes are very neat and good.

8. A word must be given to a little pyramid of Magazines upon our review-table. The largest of these, upon which the others are built up taperingly, is "The Xavier," a special number in honour of the Golden Jubilee of the College which was founded in 1847. It has some dozen portraits of the College Presidents, and also of the editors of the first volume of "The Xavier" in 1883, with pictures of the College at successive stages of its existence. Various writers, many of them now holding distinguished positions in the world, contribute their

reminiscences of the old times of the College—most interesting reading even for us over here, and what must it be for them over there? The present generation of students are chiefly represented by pleasant snatches of verse. The last pages give the classical invitation sent to various universities and colleges in the Old and New World, followed by some of the letters of congratulation received in reply. Seven of these are in Latin.

The next of these College Magazines in size is No. 12 of the "Castleknock College Chronicle" issued in June 1897. The frontispiece is an admirable portrait of Lord Russell of Killowen, Chief Justice of England, as President of the Castleknock College Union; and there are also life-like portraits of Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, Mr. Macinerney, Q.C., Captain H. C. Kane, R.N., Surgeon Reynolds, Monsignor Molloy. Mr. Henry J. Gill, the late Bishop of Kildare, Dr. Lynch; and a great many others singly or in groups, especially the coming men, crack cricketers and athletic prize-winners. This "College Chronicle" earns its name and gains its special purposes better perhaps than any other of the sort, beginning very properly with the college staff and the college class-roll given in full and chronicling everything interesting and creditable to Alma Mater. All the pages bristle with proper names, except those devoted to such excellent bits of literature as "Antigone" by Dr. Daniel McDonnell, or "The Robin" by Edward Bligh who represents the Junior Grade. Perhaps the only misprint in this model Number has befallen Kilbroney.

The Clongownian No. 4, June, 1897, has been produced very elegantly and almost sumptuously. Amongst the wonderful variety of Illustrations are very lifelike portraits of Chief Baron Palles, Chief Justice Sir Peter O'Brien, the late Lord Chancellor Naish; Father Charles Alymer, S.J., Dr. Lynch the late Bishop of Kildare, one of the first "Clongowes Boys," and his successor the Most Rev. Dr. Foley. This is only a small proportion of the pictures which brighten these pages. The diligence of the Editor has gathered together a mass of interesting particulars about sundry persons and places connected with Clongowes College; for instance, the proximity of Bodenstown Churchyard is an excuse for treating us to a striking portrait of Theobald Wolfe Tone, a pretty picture of his grave, and an excellent outline of his career. These College records will be of priceless value hereafter.

The thickest of all these College Magazines is No. 1 of the 5th volume of "The Holy Cross Purple" issued by Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts. It is called the Alumni Number and is chiefly taken up with biographical sketches and life-like portraits of

past pupils, laymen and priests who have since been heard of.

This notice is confined to College Magazines, but we may express our admiration for the Midsummer numbers of *The Catholic World*, *The Austral Light*, the brilliant American *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and, last and least in size but perhaps first in merit, *The South African Catholic Magazine*, whose contributor, Dick de Villers, tells a story capitally—but we doubt if that be *her* real name.

9. A publisher whose name we have never noticed before, Charles Wildermann, 11 Barclay Street, New York, is issuing a series called "The Catholic Library," little books of stories at 5 cents each volume. The authors' names are good—Miss M. C. Crowley, M. F. Egan, Miss Anna Sadlier, etc. But the best of all is No. 3 of the Series, which contains three short stories by three Jesuits belonging respectively to the United States, England, and probably Canada. This last nameless Jesuit begins, like Father Finn, with a boy and a girl and a widowed mother; but the two stories, both very well told, differ completely in every other respect. More original than either is "News of the Nowell," by the third Jesuit, Father Bearne, who indeed is here called "David Bearne" without any affix or suffix. As the first of the trio is credited to the American "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," this last story ought to have been credited to THE IRISH MONTHLY. Father Bearne's latest contribution to our pages was "Sweeter than Honey," and indeed sweeter than honey. We desire greatly to see Father Bearne's stories collected into a volume. The style is always exquisite, and the plots, simple as they are, are woven together very skilfully.

10. Several excellent penny books have been issued under the title of "The Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart Library" (5 Great Denmark St., Dublin.) Two of these contain "Tales of the Blessed Sacrament." Another gives a short history of the famous picture, *Madonna della Strada*, which is becoming popular in Ireland under the title of "Our Lady of the Wayside." This little penny tract has very good pictures of this Madonna and also of the interior of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Upper Gardiner St., Dublin, in which Our Lady of the Wayside has her newest shrine. Twopence is the price of a very good collection of meditations and prayers under the title of "The Devotion of the Nine First Fridays of the Sacred Heart" (Brown and Nolan: 24 Nassau St., Dublin).

11. The most important of the recent publications of the Catholic Truth Society is Father Bridgett's edition of "The Conversion of Miss Trail, a Scotch Presbyterian, written by herself." This costs fourpence. The best of the U.T.S. pennyworth's is the Rev. G.

Bampffield's "Sergeant Jones and his talks about Confession." We have also "Why I became a Catholic" by Horace Chapman, "The Mission of St. Augustine," by Dom Gasquet, "The Alleged Failures of Infallibility, or the cases of Liberius, Honorius and Galileo," by the Rev. Charles Coupe, S.J., and a Pastoral Letter on Church Music by Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport. A shilling volume issued by the same Society contains "The Spanish Crucifix" and four other stories by someone who calls himself or herself Ymel Oswin. We prefer "Innovations" by Joseph Carmichael, though it only half of No. 26 of "The Catholic's Library of Tales," and therefore costs only a halfpenny. (London: 21 Westminsterbridge Road.)

12. Our space is running short, and we must group together three books of devotion. The most original of these is "Notes on the Sacrifice of the Altar" by Thomas Arnold, M.A., Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland, and author of "A Manual of English Literature," (London: Burns and Oates). It is extremely edifying to see on the title-page of this very devout little treatise an honoured name with which such high literary associations are linked. It displays much piety and much learning.

"*The Road to Calvary*" (Art and Book Company: London and Leamington) gives fourteen different methods of making the Way of the Cross. It is translated from the French and edited by Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P. The newest "Month of the Sacred Heart" has been translated and adapted from the writings of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, by the Rev. F. X. McGowan, O.S.A. (Philadelphia: John J. McVey.) It contains beautiful meditations for each day of the month. The publisher, whose name is not familiar to us, has brought it out very neatly and cheaply for half a dollar.

13. The Art and Book Company (22 Paternoster Row, London) have reprinted, almost in fac-simile, from the edition of 1663, Sir Toby Matthew's translation of "The Penitent Bandito," the history of the conversion and death of a Roman Baron, Troilo Savelli. This tasteful reprint costs a shilling. The same publishers give for a penny Mr. H. M. Bennet's answer to the question "Who was St. Augustine of Canterbury?"

14. *Memories of the Crimea.* By Sister Mary Aloysius. (London: Burns and Oates.) Price 2s. 6d.

This is a very interesting and edifying account of the eighteen months that certain Sisters of Mercy spent outside their Irish Convents in the service of the sick and wounded soldiers during the war in the Crimea. The writer who has worked ever since among the Children and the poor of Gort, Co. Galway, is the sole survivor of the noble band.

Some of the others who took part in their arduous labours are still living—Father Duffy, S.J., Father Ronan, S.J., and Miss Taylor, now Mother General of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God Incarnate. So many dates and minute particulars could only be furnished by a contemporary diary carefully preserved. When Sister Mary Aloysius quotes Miss Grace Ramsay's "Life of Fishop Grant," she ought to have called her by her real name, Kathleen O'Meara, which she resumed by urgent request when she first became a contributor to **THE IRISH MONTHLY**.

15. *A Famous Convent School*. By Maria J. Brunowe, (New York: The Meany Company).

In one of those very interesting revelations about living Catholic writers which *The Catholic World* has been making in the last pages of each number while not seeming to think them worthy of mention in the table of contents—we were told, I think, that "Marion Brunowe," is Miss Browne. Whatever her name, she has written in a very interesting way the history of Mount St. Vincent Academy, New York. How sumptuously they turn out these memorial volumes in the States! Here we have, besides pictures of scenes and places, portraits of Mother Seton, the famous Foundress of the Order, Archbishop Hughes, Cardinal McClosky, and Archbishop Corrigan.

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SEPTEMBER, 1897.

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LADY LUCY HERBERT.

PRIORESS OF THE AUGUSTINIAN CANONESSES OF BRUGES.

In the ancient town of Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city,  
As the evening shades descended,  
Low at times and loud at times,  
Changing like a Poet's rhymes,  
Rang the beautiful wild chimes,  
From the Belfry in the market  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

*Longfellow.*

THE beautiful chimes from the old belfry at Bruges, so well described by the Poet, mark the fleeting hours as they pass by, and serve as a signal to the many churches and convent chapels, to ring also their bells, even before the dawn, that all, rich and poor, young and old, may consecrate the first hours of the day to the worship of their Creator. Along the quiet streets, along the country roads, leading to the town, can be seen hurrying figures in their big black cloaks and hoods. Many carry large baskets laden with fresh eggs, butter, vegetables and fruit: for most of them are making their way to the market, and before it opens they must seek the blessing of God on their wares, on themselves and on their families. The big baskets are left therefore at the entrance to the Church. No one will touch them. Sometimes a dog will sit by his mistress's basket, keeping on it a watchful eye; others, harnessed to their little carts, warn off with a low growl any who approach too near.

The holy sacrifice over, all go to their work, be it what it may, strengthened for the trials and troubles which each day surely brings, and cheered by the thought that the blessings of Him who made them have streamed down abundantly on them. The busy market-place is now indeed a picturesque and animated scene. The fountain sends its ceaseless spray of silver into the stone basin below, and is the joy and delight of the children, while their elders are busy pressing their country produce on their town customers. All are in their quaint Flemish costumes: the stalls with their gay-coloured awnings are laden with every variety of goods: all are anxious to dispose of these ere the sun should mount above the old Belfry Tower which shades the market-place, for its rays would take the freshness from the flowers and dim the bloom on the fruit. The chimes ring out the passing hours; and, when the day's work is done, and the market-place deserted, the churches will again be filled, for there will be Benediction in some of them, the empty baskets will be piled up at the door, and thanksgiving for the blessings of the day will rise to heaven like the incense which fills the church with its fragrance.

These sights are to be seen in all Catholic countries, thank God, and before the "Reformation" England was likewise blessed. Now the laborers go to their work invoking no blessing on their labors, they pass by the closed village church, often the very same where Mass was once daily said. The Divine Presence has left it, the Sanctuary Lamp is extinguished. On Sunday the bell will ring long after the sun has risen high in the sky; after service the church will be closed for another week. God's house has ceased to be as of yore a house of daily prayer, a home for the poor. The old men and women cannot creep in to tell their beads. It is said that after the "Reformation" the most difficult task was to break the people off the habit of saying the Rosary; and the old people had to die out, and the young to be trained up in ignorance of it, before the jangling of the beads ceased to be heard in our churches. The little children cannot run in to place their offerings of flowers in the Lady Chapel: the statue has gone from the niche, the Holy Water from the stoup. The crucifix, the symbol of our redemption has been ruthlessly torn down from the spot where it was placed by reverent hands in the ages of faith, and buried deep away in the Rectory garden, where it can no longer rejoice the eyes of the faithful. (This last a fact).

The big stone cemetery cross has gone, only the base remains to show where it once stood, the comfort and consolation of the mourners. Generations of saints lie in their grass-grown graves, around their loved sanctuary, crosses on their breasts, the rosary in their hands; their bodies have returned to dust, their souls are in Heaven praying God once more to visit His people, and take again His place in their midst, that their descendants may be again united in the one true Faith. The graves are now passed by without a prayer being murmured for the repose of the souls of those who rest there, should some still linger in that Prison-house where all must remain till the last farthing is paid.

But I have wandered far away from the Flemish city. The link between it and these home scenes is the memory of an English girl, who was destined to be a great benefactress to Bruges, and whose name will ever be associated with that town—Lady Lucy Herbert, eldest daughter of the first Marquess of Powis.

The families in England who retained the Catholic faith, were many of them the noblest and the mightiest in the land. In the last century it was still a matter of difficulty to procure a Catholic education, and children had to be sent abroad for this purpose. The Earl and Countess of Powis were themselves in exile, having accompanied James II. to St. Germain. They had one son, and five daughters, the best known being Winefride, Countess of Nithsdale, whose heroic life will ever be the wonder and admiration of those who read it. Of her sister Lady Lucy Herbert less is known, for her life was spent in the retirement of the Convent of the Augustinian Canonesses of Bruges, where her name is still held dear, not only as the foundress of the beautiful chapel and part of the convent, but as one whose holy life remains as an example and encouragement to her spiritual children. The fine marble altar which she gave to this chapel, was chosen by Lady Nithsdale in Rome. It contains twenty two of the finest kinds of marble and cost £522, but was considered to be worth much more. Lady Lucy's "Devotions" were printed in Belgium about 1790. They have been edited and reprinted by the late Father John Morris, S. J., in 1873. They are very beautiful, and in them her great sanctity is made manifest, for such holy thoughts could only emanate from a soul filled with the love of God.

She entered the convent in 1692, choosing that of the Augustinians in preference to any other. Though she had visited many

and carefully studied their rules, her great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament doubtless urged her to join this order. On the badge which is part of the Nun's habit is a Monstrance, and the words:—"Praised, adored, and glorified be Jesus for ever, in the adorable Sacrament of the Altar."

The Queen's Chaplain, Father Louis Sabran, escorted Lady Lucy to Bruges. The weather was severe, and the country was shrouded in snow. On March 1st she took the habit; on June 1st of the following year, 1693, she was professed, and on March 5th, 1709, she was chosen Prioress. Lady Nithsdale visited her sister in 1716, and her eldest sister, Lady Mary Montague, in 1738, arrived at the convent to seek peace and rest and to end her days after an eventful and somewhat troubled life. Being an invalid, she had the privilege granted her of having daily Mass in her apartment, and this second Mass was a source of much joy to the good nuns who record this blessing, procured by her, on her tomb.

Lady Lucy, Mother Prioress, died on January 19th, 1744, on the Feast of the Holy Name, to which she had a special devotion. She had suffered from weak health for two years, but her great devotion to the Passion enabled her to endure all suffering with the greatest patience and courage, and she followed all the rules of the house with perfect exactitude, till ordered by her confessor to use such dispensations as were considered necessary. She was ever perfectly and entirely resigned to the Will of God, and her absolute reliance on Divine Providence brought her through many difficulties. She was often heard to say in her last illness, "Who can distrust God's mercy?" At the time of her death she was seventy-five years of age, fifty-one years professed and thirty-five years Prioress. She had left the world and its allurements as a young girl: she occupied a very high position; she was very beautiful as her portrait shows: but all these things she gladly and eagerly relinquished to seek retirement in a humble cell. Her joys were the hours when, prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the convent chapel, she adored the God for whom she had sacrificed the world and its fleeting joys; and here also she laid her troubles and anxieties which are ever linked with a position of authority and command.

Speaking of the death of the just, Mother Prioress says:—

"Though death is so terrible to a sinner, it is not so to the

just, who, having used their endeavours to keep and observe God's law, confide then in His mercies and in the merits of Christ, that they shall see and enjoy Him for all Eternity; not but they have a fear of death, which is natural to all, but that fear is without anxiety. They willingly submit and accept of it since it is God's will and good pleasure: so, making a virtue of a necessity, they are content to forsake and leave all the things of this world, which at that hour will appear truly vile. What comfort will their fidelity to God and the observance of His law then give them! All they have suffered upon that account, and their present pains patiently borne, will increase their crown and shorten their purgatory. How happy will they be at that hour, having served and suffered for a God, whose perfections are infinite, with whom they hope to reign for ever, with an infallible security never to lose or be separated from Him! Their pains and labors are at an end, but the reward they are going to receive will last for ever."

How well these, her own words, were carried out in her own death—which was all peace! She received the Last Rites, and her confessor assisted her to the last moment of her life. The Sisters, her dearly loved spiritual children, surrounded her dying bed, helping her with their prayers and supplications that God in His mercy might grant her perpetual light and eternal rest.

"When the wrangling bells had ended,  
Slowly struck the clock eleven,  
And from out the silent heaven  
Silence on the town descended."

At this hour on the evening of the Feast of the Holy Name, Lady Lucy Herbert's pure soul took its flight. *Requiescat in pace.*

CLARE HOWARD.

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## TWIN SONNETS.

## I.

## DEATH-SLEEP. A WAIL.

O EARTH, kind Mother, take me to thy breast!  
 From open grave of living hopes, in gloom  
 And menace girt, sad ghosts of memory loom.  
 'Mid fear and phantom, must thy Child, distressed  
 By death's grim wisdom, weeping wait, oppressed  
 With life? Life leads to love; Love leads to doom;  
 For, life is death when love lies in the tomb.  
 To death in life, Death-sleep alone brings rest.

With strong embrace of stone, and soft close fold  
 Of clay, clasp thou my heart! Hide it deep, deep  
 From the hot hate of men, and from their cold  
 Pity. Kind earth! no selfish eye need weep  
 When tears of mournful mists drip through thy mould  
 To soothe my bones to dust, nor fret my sleep.

## II.

## DEATH-SLEEP. AN AWAKENING.

Yes, Child! from dawn to dark, 'tis cloud and tear.  
 Thy life that woke with wail must sink in sigh.  
 Each pain-born spring will wane sorrowfully  
 To a heart-winter desolate and drear  
 As death, while one by one friends disappear.  
 The love-light fades at last in fondest eye;  
 At last the dearest voice sobs its Goodbye;  
 Weeping or wept, love leaves thee by the bier.

Sleep! till a Face, a Voice, dawn through thy night  
 With smile and song so human, though in part  
 Divine as God, thy very blood will start  
 From death to melodies of love and light,  
 Mingling lost chords of earth with new delight  
 Of Heaven;—the resurrection of thy heart.

## TWO WAYS OF SAYING ONE THING.

A GREAT many years ago, much nearer to my cradle than to my coffin—present distance from the latter uncertain, but distinctly measurable—I made a rather ingenious collection of bits of verse on the plan of pitting two or more poets against one another in their treatment of the same theme. One of the pairs, for instance, was Henry Kirke White's sonnet to his mother, and Thomas Moore's twelve beautiful lines to *his* mother, beginning "They tell us of an Indian tree."

Let us apply this plan to two or three topics. A great deal of poetry has been written about sleep. Most of us can at once recall passages from Shakspeare and "The Ancient Mariner" and Hood's "Miss Kilmansegg" :

" Bed, bed, delicious bed !  
Thou heaven on earth for the weary head ! "—

and Wordsworth's sonnet on sleep is well known ; but not so this sleepy sonnet by Father Ryder, Cardinal Newman's successor as Superior of the Birmingham Oratory.

Lift me from life's sharp rocks and float me, Sleep,  
Far out upon thy waters all alone,  
There let me sink beneath the soft sea moan  
Of wind and wave into the stilly deep,  
Nor any jot of my wrecked fortunes keep  
To flout me with, no face that I have known  
Of friend or foe, nor that worse face—my own ;  
I would be dead and cease to laugh and weep.

In soft forgetfulness my spirit still,  
Till busy morning sees me cast ashore,  
To face the grind of custom's daily drill,  
'To find life's apple rotten at the core ;  
So but God's arm were round me, 'twere not ill  
If sleep were death, and life's dull fit were o'er.

I am going to honour Hamilton Piffard by letting him compete with Father Ryder as the Laureate of Sleep. I have never seen his name except on a newspaper scrap containing these melodious lines.

Come Sleep, beloved Sleep, come soon !  
 O'er leagues of blue enchanted seas,  
 Fly with the sea-birds and the breeze,  
 And bear thy boon.

Beneath the stars where lingerest thou ?  
 Is some Hesperian island thine ?  
 Or dost thou steer to some sea-shrine  
 A phantom prow ?

Thy mystic kisses bring delight ;  
 Dark-browed, white-blossomed, in what dell,  
 Gleaming in moonlight like a shell,  
 Art thou this night ?

Set thy still hand within my own,  
 Shake thy deep tresses o'er my face ;  
 And death grows dear in thy embrace,  
 Less stern and lone.

Kiss one dark bloom, where'er thou art,  
 Kiss it, and blow it here to me ;  
 'Twill set the sobbing pulses free,  
 And still the heart.

Life fails us fast, the moments creep :  
 Fold me in one full pause of thine,  
 Give to my soul thine anodyne,  
 Belovéd Sleep !

Dear reader, make a specially fervent act of thanksgiving to God if you be one of those who in a long course of years have never lost a night's rest and have never been obliged to coax sleep with any more dangerous narcotic than a sleeping draught of Hail Marys or a rhyme like this of my own :—

God help the wretched, sleepless now  
 From aching heart or aching brow.  
 For me, thank God, nor care nor pain,  
 So with a prayer I'll sleep again.  
 May every breathing in my sleep  
 Be a mute prayer my soul to keep  
 Pure, day and night, 'neath God's pure eye,  
 Until, some night or day, I die.

Against Father Ryder's sonnet on sleep a fairer competition might be entered by Miss Maybury Fleming, who, in an old



American magazine, addresses (like the Oratorian) a sonnet to Sleep : —

Sweet wooded way in life, forgetful sleep !  
 Dim, drowsy realm, where restful shadows fall,  
 And where the world's glare enters not at all,  
 Or in soft glimmer making rest more deep ;  
 Where sound comes not, or else like brooks that keep  
 The world's noise out, as by a slumbrous wall  
 Of gentlest murmur ; where still whispers call  
 To passive gladness those that waking weep.  
 Beneath the dense veil of thy stirless leaves,  
 Where no air is except the calm of space,  
 Vexed souls of men have grateful widowhood  
 Of sense ; there thoughts are gathered into sheaves  
 By hands unseen and silent as the place,  
 And man, not sinning, feels all nature good.

Munroe Smith also sonnetizes Sleep, or rather Insomnia, in another American magazine, *The Cosmopolitan* :—

Quiet, with weary limbs relaxed, I lie,  
 And weary eyelids closed, awaiting sleep,  
 That holds aloof ; for thronging fancies keep  
 Unwearied watch, and restless phantoms fly  
 About the empty mind. Within the eye,  
 Instinct with memory, dead summers steep  
 Forgotten scenes with light ; dead faces leap  
 To light again . . . . But now, with querulous cry,  
 A sparrow breaks the silence ; clattering feet  
 Of early toilers echo down the street ;  
 The frosty light grows warmer on the wall,  
 And dims the luminous visions of the night.  
 Over the drowsy watcher's swimming sight  
 Relenting slumber draws a dreamless pall.

Miss Edith Thomas, who belongs also to the *New World*, has given both worlds some very beautiful poems. In a lighter measure she apostrophises the grasshopper as “ shuttle of the sun-burnt grass, fifer in the dun cuirass ” ; but for our present purpose of contrast I give her sonnet on a more novel theme, Poverty :—

O poverty, if thou and I must wed,  
 I'll surely try to sing thee unto fame ;  
 I'll call thee many a high-descended name,  
 To shed a lustre on thy dowerless head ;  
 Say thou'rt a royal maiden, Spartan-bred,  
 Early bound out to a harsh foster dame,  
 My keen-eyed Hardihood ! A worthy shame

I'll have of all those cates on which I fed  
 Before I found a zest for thy plain food,  
 I laugh to think how we shall entertain  
 Our friends from Sybaris, with all their train,  
 On nuts and berries from the underwood :  
 We'll have our floor with rushes daily strewed,  
 And patch the roof with boughs against the rain.

A higher and more Christian tone is taken by Rosa Mulholland Gilbert in her sister sonnet on Poverty :—

I had a dream of Poverty by night,  
 And saw the holy palmer wending by  
 With pensive mien and radiant upturned eye,  
 Drinking the tender moon's approving light.  
 I saw her take the hills, and climb the height,  
 While broad below the city murmured nigh,  
 Spangling the dusk with lamps of revelry  
 That made the mellow planets pale to sight.  
 Yet kept my love her face toward the stars  
 Till broke the dawn against the mountain ridge  
 And angels met her on the misty way ;  
 Then heaven looked forth on her through golden bars,  
 Then gleamed her feet along a rosy bridge,  
 'Then passed she noiseless into eternal day.

An old poet and a young poetess lately sang one theme, and both of them with their very best voice. The singers are Mr. T. D. Sullivan and Miss Alice Furlong, and their theme is an Irishman who has prospered exceedingly in the United States, but who in the height of his prosperity looks back wistfully to his early days at home in Ireland. Miss Alice Furlong was first in the field with her very remarkable poem, "Ireland in America," which appeared in *THE IRISH MONTHLY* in August, 1894. I will venture to mention that it attracted the notice of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who wrote to me that he had sent it to Richard O'Gorman at New York as sure to find an echo in his heart. We cannot quote so long a poem from our own pages, especially as we are going to treat our readers to the rival poem of about the same length. The transition from the living present to the Auld Lang Syne occurs abruptly in the fourth of the nine stanzas :—

"I have all that man can wish for, I am honoured and respected  
 By the highest and the lowest, by the true man and the knave ;  
 They put me down Vice-President of each new work projected,  
 For next session of the Congress I am sure to be elected—  
 Oh, my lost Green Land, my land beyond the wave !"

The veteran poet of the new *Nation*, when his Muse turns to this subject two years later, does not treat it in the form of a soliloquy like this, but supposes two well-to-do middle-aged Irishmen talking together "In the New Country" :—

Come down into the smoking room, old friend, along with me ;  
We'll leave those happy youngsters here as blithe as they can be ;  
Let's have a talk together in the cosy nook below  
Of boyhood's days in Ireland nearly forty years ago.

Yes, 'tis a pleasant place in which to smoke and chat, or read,  
With various drinks, and many pipes, and mixtures of the weed  
But ah, Mick, for the joys we knew—and will not know again—  
Before we ever touched cigars, or ever saw champagne !

The world has thriven well with me, and well, indeed, with you ;  
We've made our piles by honest work, and we can spend them, too ;  
How would it be, had we not sailed from Ireland's shores away ?  
But here's to old Berehaven, Mick, and here's to Bantry Bay !

My sons are good and clever boys, my girls are quick and bright ;  
To see them dance and hear them sing would give your heart delight ;  
Their jigs are not as neat as those *we* danced in days gone by—  
They can't be learned on carpets, Mick, and that's the reason why.

They often ask a song from me, and just a step or two ;  
But neither can I give them now as once I used to do ;  
For, truth to tell, I've got a bit rheumatic in my knee,  
And for a year or more I've failed to take my upper G.

Mick, did you mind my youngest son ? He's barely ten years old,  
Last week a neighbour said to me the lad was bad and bold ;  
He fought and beat a bigger boy ; he punched his head and face,  
He knocked him up, and knocked him down, and all about the place.

I asked my boy why did he so ; he neither quailed nor cried,  
" 'Cause he abused your country, Dad," the sturdy chap replied  
I clasped the youngster in my arms ; my tears ran free as rain ;  
And 't wasn't in my heart to say, " Don't do the like again."

But, ah, the loving Irish wife I brought from home with me !  
Thank God, she lived my brighter days of wealth and ease to see.  
God rest her soul ! I never felt an exile far away  
From her old land and mine until I laid her in the clay.

You've seen my busts and bronzes, and those statues in the hall—  
I've a little plaster figure that I prize above them all ;  
Its place is in my bedroom, and I'll keep it ever there—  
'Tis an image of the Virgin that she bought at Bandon fair.

Good night, old friend ; come round again, and let it be ere long ;  
I'd like to talk a lot with you of Ireland's right and wrong ;  
For dark as things may look to-day, I hold that dear old land  
Will yet be made, as someone said, " a nation free and grand."

It would be easy to compare many other cases where two or three people take different ways of saying the same thing; but I will stop after letting three persons inculcate, each in his own way, the useful lesson that Judge O'Hagan, at the very beginning of his manhood, taught in his famous "Ourselves Alone":—

"The work that should to-day be wrought  
Defer not till to-morrow."

Dilatoriness is thus denounced by an American poet, Clinton Scollard, for the benefit of the juvenile readers of *St. Nicholas*:—

Little Mr. By-and-By,  
You will mark him by his cry,  
And the way he loiters when  
Called again and yet again,  
Glum if he must leave his play  
Though all time be holiday.

Little Mr. By-and-By,  
Eyes cast down and mouth awry !  
In the mountains of the moon  
He is known as Pretty Soon ;  
And he 's cousin to Don't Care,  
As no doubt you 're well aware.

Little Mr. By-and-By  
Always has a fretful " Why ?"  
When he 's asked to come or go,  
Like his sister—Susan Slow.  
Hope we 'll never—you nor I—  
Be like Mr. By-and-By.

And thus by some one whose name I do not know :

I know of a land where the streets are paved  
With the things which we meant to achieve  
It is walled with money we meant to have saved,  
And the pleasure for which we grieve.  
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,  
And many a coveted boon  
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—  
The land of " Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame  
Lying about in the dust,  
And many a noble and lofty aim  
Covered with mould and rust ;  
And oh ! this place, while it seems so near,  
Is farther away than the moon,  
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—  
The land of " Pretty Soon."

The road that leads to that mystic land  
 Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,  
 And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand  
 Bear skeletons on their decks.  
 It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,  
 And farther at night than at noon ;  
 Oh, let us beware of that land down there—  
 The land of " Pretty Soon."

Finally, let us give the same lesson in the form of a rondel, which Mr. Walter Henley has made out of this Spanish proverb, " Por la calle de Despues se acabe a la casa de Nunca," almost translated by Bishop Ken's couplet :

That *Now*, of which you took no care,  
 Has turned to *Never* and despair.

But Mr. Henley translates it more literally and runs the changes upon it with great skill.

In the street of By-and-By  
 Stands the hostelry of Never.  
 Dream from deed he must discever  
 Who his fortune here would try.

There's a pathos in the cry  
 As of impotent endeavour :  
 In the street of By-and-By  
 Stands the hostelry of Never.

Grave or gamesome, low or high,  
 Dull or dainty, crass or clever,  
 You must lose your chance for ever,  
 If you let it forth to fly  
 In the street of By-and-By.

That is a fine variation (Colton's, is it not ?) upon the old copy-book headline : " Procrastination is the thief of—Eternity."

The word " finally " has been uttered ; but there will never occur a better opportunity of referring to the exquisite development, in the form of a story, of this denunciation of the habit of procrastinating, delaying, dawdling, which we have given in two or three metrical forms. I have never, through a long course of years, wavered in my affectionate appreciation of Longfellow's *Kavanagh*. Poor Mr. Churchill is the pathetic victim of the habit we are reprobating. But at present I can only transfer to this page three texts against sloth and irresolution. The motto from Shakspeare is meant, I think, for the whole book, not merely tl

first chapter, as one would think from the manner in which it is printed in the Excelsior Edition of Longfellow's Prose and Verse.

“ The flighty purpose never is o’ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it.”

The very last words of the last chapter (who wrote them ?) are :

“ Stay the present instant,  
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings !  
Oh, let it not elude thy grasp, but like  
The good old patriarch upon record,  
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.”

In the middle of this beautiful book—the hero of which ought to have had a different earlier history, this bit of universalist heterodoxy being offensively unnecessary—we read Dante’s vigorous line.

“ Think that to-day shall never dawn again ! ”

which Arthur Kavanagh had written on the outside of the door of his study, that it might always serve as a salutation and memento to him as he entered ; while the inside bore “ the no less striking lines of a more modern bard ”—

“ Lose this day loitering, ’twill be the same story  
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory.  
The indecision brings its own delays,  
And days are lost, lamenting o’er lost days,  
Are you in earnest ? Seize this very minute  
What you can do, or think you can, begin it !  
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.  
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated :  
Begin it, and the work will be completed.”

I do not know who this “ more modern bard ” is. I must enquire of *Notes and Queries*.

M. R.

## THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT.

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE BALL.

**E**THNA was glowing with triumph and excitement when Mr. Taylor, Henry, and Philip Moore came near. The ladies bowed, the young men advanced.

"Your friend is the hero of the hour, Miss Moore," said Philip, in that calmly indifferent voice that seems to say heroism in general is a humbug, and emotion about it, laughable.

"I am delighted he won," replied Ethna, feeling her enthusiasm suddenly collapse.

"I suppose we shall meet you at the ball," said Mrs. Taylor, when after a few minutes the young men were moving on.

"Yes," replied Henry Moore, "we shall have to do duty, though you and I might as well stay at home, Taylor, our day is done; the women are not half so agreeable to us now, since we became the owners of two of them."

"Inconsistencies of the sex, sir," said Mr. Taylor, "but there is one thing, if it can be called a consolation; if you haven't a variety of many, you have extraordinary diversity in one. You can't be up to them."

"It is quite the other way," replied Mrs. Taylor, smiling at her husband. "Men are our thermometers, and we have to watch for every change. Is it not true, Ethna?"

"I'm not a patient watcher," answered the girl. "I'm afraid I should get tired of contemplating weathercocks."

"Well, she will have to narrow her taste some day," answered Mr. Taylor. If George Taylor comes up, Mary, give him his luncheon. We are going on to the weighing yard."

Ethna looked after them with the old sense of desolation in her heart, but she would meet him at the ball; he could not but

ask her to dance, and all this horrible change may be explained away.

Vincent was, indeed, the hero of the hour. Crowds came up congratulating Mr. Talbot on the generous conduct of his son, and he learnt, under the most mollifying influences, the objectionable fact of his being part-owner of a racehorse; he was touched himself with the boy's unselfishness, and when he heard his praises echoed on every side and witnessed the country people's enthusiasm his irritation melted away. He shook his head, however, and made a decent show of indifference to the general applause.

"Tut, tut, making a noise about nothing; when that poor fool had no one to ride for him, why shouldn't he do it? But he'd set his face against horseracing, he certainly would; it was all very fine for a man who had a couple of thousand a-year and wanted to throw away one of them; but people who had to earn their living—folly and nonsense!"

He and Mr. Taylor were present at the sale of Lady Clare, and to his care was confided a cheque for one hundred and fifty pounds, which sum, along with the stakes, placed the almost ruined farmer far above his wants, and it enabled him to look forward to the future with a happy heart.

"Is it to think of racing again, sir," he replied, in answer to advice Mr. Talbot felt called upon to offer. "Ah, then don't fear me, your honour. With the help of God, you'll never see me with anythin' but a strammel, as long as the breath is in me. I got enough of it; and only for God and Mither Vincent did it for me, I'd be in Ballycoree before this week was out, thinkin' of the *miaur* I brought down on herself and the childher. Don't fear me, your honour; bought sinse is betther than taught sinse, an' the divil a bridle you'll ever see me put on anythin' but an ould carthorse till the day of me death."

The day wore on. Daisypicker won the Consolation Stakes, which slightly lessened the acerbity of Mr. Martin's temper; but he and Vincent had not subsided into amicable relations; on the contrary, they had a renewed discussion on the question of the day, which ended inharmoniously and threatened to bring to a final issue their partnership in horseflesh.

The race was over, cars and carriages wheeled out of the course and drove homewards in a whirlwind of dust, and cries, cracking whips, collisions, restive horses, cheers, screams, laughter, and



courses, the last possessed with as wild a desire to be first as if they were fire-escapes bound for a burning building. Ethna was silent, lost in her own thoughts; she woke up occasionally to answer a remark, or listen to the two attorneys talking, as men will, the same subject over and over again. When they reached home, Mrs. Taylor made her sit down quietly until dinner, and when that important meal had been discussed, insisted on her resting on the sofa until it was time to dress for the ball.

Very fresh and handsome Ethna looked in her white tulle dress when she entered the ball-room. She had several engagements to dance, so her girlish heart was not oppressed with the possibility of being left a wall-flower.

Vincent was her first partner, and she heard comments on her appearance which gave additional brightness to her eyes. She glanced frequently at the door, and about twelve o'clock had the satisfaction of seeing the Moore party enter. The bride with her husband, and Miss Butler leaning on Philip, both ladies wonderfully dressed, and looking very lovely.

"I am rested now, Vincent," said Ethna, and again they glided into the whirl and floated past the fashionable arrivals.

"There is Miss Moore and her handsome swain," said Miss Butler; "he looks nicer than ever. Oh, Captain Crofts, I hope you have not been waiting for our dance; we are late, I believe."

"You must make amends at once," replied the officer. "You have been too cruel."

Philip leaned his back against a window and looked around him; he had seen Ethna encircled by Vincent Talbot's arm at the first glance, and listened calmly to a conversation near him, in which their marriage was discussed.

"The families are very anxious for it," said one gentleman. "Taylor told me they were to see about settling matters at once. Her mother has saved a good bit of money, and she'll come in for the place, of course."

"Old Talbot will be able to make a good settlement," answered the other. "He must be very wealthy."

Philip moved on to speak to a lady who bowed to him, and he also poised himself on the "light fantastic toe," and whirled away into the sporting maze.

An hour passed on. Ethna had passed close to Mrs. Moore, who was standing among a group of friends, and that unconsciously

cold-mannered lady bowed with calm politeness, and continued her conversation. Ethna's temper kindled at being treated with such lofty indifference. She met Miss Butler and Philip a moment after, and adopted an equally indifferent demeanour, which caused that young lady, who, up to the present, was very natural herself, to make some laughing remark about her changeable manners. But Ethna's temper only gave a greater impetus to her spirits. She would show the Moores that others regarded her, and laughed, danced, and chatted for that desirable end with admirable perseverance.

She was resting for a few moments after dancing a galop, when Henry Moore came up.

"I made several efforts to come near you," he said, with his pleasant smile, "but you had so many warriors bristling about you that I could not succeed. Will you give an old married man a dance? Where is your card? Full for hours, and I must leave soon."

"Why must you leave soon?" asked Ethna. "Surely you are not tired yet?"

"No; but we leave on to-morrow. I suppose Philip told you his news?"

"I wasn't speaking much to him," she answered, her heart giving a sudden leap. Was his marriage with Miss Butler settled?

"His regiment has been ordered to Canada, and we go with him to England."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow; we intended to remain another fortnight, but this order has changed our plans. We like to see the last of him. You look tired; would you like to come over to my wife and rest?"

"Oh, no, thank you. I am not at all tired. I suppose it is a long time before any of you come to this part of the world again," said Ethna, tranquilly smashing the delicate ivory of her fan, which she shut and opened.

"I dare say 'tis years till Phil sees it," answered Henry Moore. "But I may run over again next autumn if nothing occurs to prevent me."

"A year," Ethna said mechanically. "A great many things may happen in a year."

"Your marriage, perhaps," answered Mr. Moore, laughing.

"Is not that a likely occurrence?"

"Very likely," she said, with a forced smile. "Here is Mr. Langton coming to claim me. I suppose we shall meet again."

"There is some truth in the report about Ethna Moore and young Talbot," said Henry to his brother later on. "She admitted as much to me."

Philip made no reply, but felt a sudden inclination for strong drink, and to indulge such desire, wended his way to the supper-room. Ethna was there waiting for Vincent Talbot, who had gone to get her some lemonade.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked, with the instinctive politeness of a gentleman.

"Nothing, thank you," she replied. "Mr. Talbot is getting me some lemonade. You are leaving the Lodge to-morrow, your brother told me," she continued, with a desperate effort, feeling that, if he did not speak now, all was over.

"Yes; I am glad to say I am done with this stupid locality at last. It was becoming too much of a bore."

"Why did you remain in it, if you found it so objectionable?" said Ethna, flushing with resentment. This was the way he spoke of the months that to her had been filled with an intoxicating sweetness.

"Because I was a fool," he replied, briefly.

"You contrive to conceal your folly, at all events," she retorted.

"Well, I congratulate you on your wisdom," said he. "We both have recovered our senses. I can wish you every happiness, and you will wish me a good voyage. You ought to take a little sherry in your lemonade. Bad drink when one is heated. I think I shall follow your example, Talbot. Any champagne to be had?"

Philip Moore passed on to the supper-table. Ethna drank her lemonade, took Vincent's arm again, and went back to the dancing-room. In half an hour after, she saw Philip in the hall, carefully wrapping up Miss Butler, and heard him speaking to Mr. Taylor.

"I suppose I'll be a grandfather before I see you again," said the latter. "Too bad, Miss Butler, to have our bachelors leaving us this way, is it not?"

"If we could stop them in England, Mr. Taylor, I should be quite reconciled," answered the girl laughing.

"I'd have no objection to stop there," said Philip; "but I must broil abroad for heaven knows how many years. Is that all

right, Bertha?"

"Well, do not bring us back a tawny princess, at all events. I suppose you leave early?"

"Yes, as early as possible. We shall catch the midday train in Ennismurray."

Parting good wishes were uttered, farewells were said, the Moores got into their carriage, and the sound of the wheels smote like a death-knell on the ears of Ethna. He was gone—gone for ever out of her life; the past and future instead of being, what she had dreamed, one exquisite and harmonious whole, were to be as strangely separate as the banks of a river, with the cold, deep waters flowing between.

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## CHAPTER XX.

"ALL THE TO-MORROWS WILL BE AS TO-DAY."

That night she lay down to rest too tired and too stunned by the abrupt annihilation of all her hopes to weep their fall. She lay long awake trying to think it all out; going over again every scene, every word and look, seeking some reason for the wholly unaccountable change—a change that had ruined the beauty of her life, and left her lying there, with a despairing desire that life were at an end. The cool, grey morning was advanced before she fell into a heavy sleep which lasted far into the September day.

She awoke as the clock was striking two—a dead weight was at her heart. What had she to get up for? The wide world was empty; there was nothing in it to interest her for evermore: she must get up; no one must know her misery. Oh! if people did know, it would kill her. She never could bear such humiliation. Mocked, jilted, made a fool of in one summer by the grand cousin she was so glad to show off in Beltard. Had accidental circumstances parted them, had he died, she could have borne her grief more patiently, and still cling to his memory; but he won her love, fooled her to the top of her bent, and left her without one word of explanation; she amused him simply during his stay on hills, and how she must have amused him! The girl's hot ; burned her pale cheeks, as she glanced back at the summer

e venings at Mona ; her enthusiasm, that he used to laugh at ; her unconcealed love ; her watching for him at the end of the western wall ; the moonlit nights outside the door ; picture after picture flitted before her mental vision, increasing her bitter desire after those lost hours ; and again causing her to exaggerate her every word and act into crimes against maidenly reserve and decorum.

She got up and dressed herself ; obedient to habit, she went on her knees, listlessly repeating the prayers with her lips ; her heart far from them, carried away in the rush and struggle of human passion. She descended to the breakfast-room and found Mrs. Taylor with no look of care or fatigue on her pleasant face.

" Ah, Ethna, see what it is to be a moderate married woman," she said ; " I did not kill myself dancing, and I am as fresh as possible. Sit down here, now, and you will have your breakfast in a moment. George has gone out hours ago. Vincent was here just now. You and Miss Butler were the belles, he says."

After breakfast Ethna sat down and wrote to her mother to send for her next day. She felt it would be intolerable to have to listen, join, and appear to be interested in the inane conversations that seemed to her now like the meaningless chattering of monkeys ; processes, lawcourts, politics, horses, dress, children, What did anything matter ? A year ago all things had an interest for her, there were a thousand little tendril joys clinging about her sunny days, whose perfume she delighted in, but now, she turned loathing from the very sunlight shining through the window—she should get back to the solitude of the hills where she could weep unnoticed through the long desolate days, and mourn her lost happiness.

Had the course of Ethna's love run smooth, she would have noticed, as she drove back to Mona, the pleasant lights and shades of the bright September day. The clouds tumbled about in the blue, grey skies ; the little homesteads had a comfortable look with the stacks of corn and turf clustered about them ; and the leaves fallen from an occasional tree rustled and danced along the dry road. But, as we usually see things not so much as they are, but rather according to the mood we are in, the girl saw nothing but universal gloom and decay.

Nora and the dogs ran down the avenue to meet her ; the Madam stood at the door to welcome her ; there was general rejoicing over her return, for ten days was considered a serious

absence. A grand fire burned in the cheerful sittingroom; the table was laid for dinner and everything prepared to do honour to her arrival.

She gave her mother a minute account of her visit, the race and ball, who were at them, what they wore, and how they looked, pleasing the Madam very much by her description and appreciation of Vincent Talbot's generous conduct. The Madam asked about the Moores, but got such evasive and short replies that, knowing the girl's sensitiveness, she concluded that either they had not been agreeable to her, or she fancied they had not. As the evening wore on, Ethna's forced spirit died away. The Madam took it for granted she was tired, and suggested she would go to bed early, which she was only too glad to do.

It is an acknowledged fact that when a person takes an intense and tender interest in one happy individual, he or she usually contrives to become disagreeable to the rest of her other fellow-creatures, or perhaps it is that said fellow-creatures feel outraged by such extreme conservatism. The selfishness of love is proverbial. The smitten maid, like the wounded deer, will retire to lonely places to brood on the beloved object, forgetful of all the little duties of home; living in the actual only when *he* is present: give it colour and radiance; society becomes a bore to her; friends weary her; she cannot enjoy places where *he* is not; and she moons about in a state of expectation that sometimes has an irritating effect on a beholder. A young man does not altogether lose his capacity for enjoyment; if his wooing be successful, perhaps it gives an additional zest to an oyster supper, for is he not going to give up such animal delights for domestic fireside ambrosia? Still he is not the fellow he was; he is absent; he becomes unnaturally rigid in his ideas of the fair sex, of which heretofore he spoke with profane lightness and hilarity; he makes it evident that he has his thumb and forefinger on that mystical "new leaf," and becomes offensive by his assumption of wisdom and steadiness.

But if successful lovers try the patience and forbearance of those around them, what is to be said of those who are crossed in their tender aspirations? Some wise and strong natures suffer and make no sign. But it must be confessed such disappointments very often have an injurious effect, sometimes on the disposition but generally on the temper of the deceived. The

man will return to the oyster supper with a dangerous amount of *abandon* and a recklessness unfelt before. The girl will retire to solitude to indulge her propensity for tears and sighs. And, of all phases of human suffering, being "crossed in love" is the species that comes in for least amount of sympathy. It savours of the ridiculous, we incline to despise a person who continues to feel emotion for one who remains unresponsive; we wonder at the strange fatuity which keeps alive regret for one who has been proved unworthy; the consciousness we have of personal strength and self-possession makes us regard with more lofty intolerance the weakness and heart-sickness of another. Having gone through a like experience does not always soften us, for we survived it: we are none the worse for it; and we philosophically foresee our friend's emancipation from love's thralldom by-and-bye.

How incalculable is the amount of sin and sorrow caused by foolish flirtation, or pretended affection! Fellow-creatures walking the same road to the same heaven, making that road more difficult and more painful to each other by deceit, changeability of purpose, or absence of purpose.

Ethna Moore's feet were now in the slough of despond, and she did not make even an attempt to get out of it. She used to say to herself that her heart was dead, and would smile with bitter pleasure at the idea of having lost her capacity for feeling.

Her impatience and irritability grieved her gentle mother, who could not account for the change in her bright helpful girl. "She is getting tired of Mona," she would think sadly, "she wants her own life and her own home."

Ethna drooped near the parlour fire during the sad November days trying to lose a sense of her own loss in the woes of a heroine in a novel. She took an interest in nothing; the only thing she cared about was going to bed, a comfort that was lessened by the knowledge that she had to get up again.

ATTIE O'BRIEN.

*(To be continued).*

## BLOSSOMS.

A SILVER cloud of baby-buds  
 Breaks loose in the May air,  
 And royally the sunshine floods  
 The orchard everywhere.  
 Laburnum branches of golden flame  
 Lean down heavily sweet ;  
 Since the singing birds and the swallows came,  
 The joy of the land's complete.

Baby plays in the orchard space  
 Through the long happy hours,—  
 The small, bright apple-blossom face  
 Like the spirit of the flowers.  
 O gay little restless fingers fair !  
 And sweet eyes blue and wide !  
 My innocent King with the golden hair,  
 Where golden sunbeams hide.

Sweetest of all the sweets that blow  
 On this blossom-fading world ;  
 Half so fair, the swallows know,  
 Never a bud uncurled.  
 Thrushes listen to hear him sing  
 In the perfumed morning-hours ;  
 They watch the path where roses swing  
 For Baby, our flower of flowers.

AGNES ROMILLY WHITE.



## PRIEDIEU PAPERS.

## No. XII.—THOUGHTS ON THE HIDDEN LIFE.

**H**OW is it that you sought Me? Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?" These questions recall to our minds a very remarkable and instructive passage in the life of our Divine Redeemer. That portion of the second chapter of St. John's Gospel tells us how our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, when he was about twelve years of age, parted for three days from his Blessed Mother and Saint Joseph, for this reason amongst others that He might show us that even the holiest human ties must yield to the higher, the supreme claims of God. Nothing whatever must stand in the way of God's will; nothing must hinder us from being about the business of our Heavenly Father. "Why is it that you sought Me? Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?"

As a fact, these are the first recorded words of the Incarnate Word of God. He had spoken many words before this, and of course first of all to Her to whom also these words are addressed. The Babe of Bethlehem conformed Himself to all the pathetic feebleness of infancy. He made Himself like to us in everything except sin; and He was like to us in the gradual external development of His faculties, and, among the rest, of this most wondrous faculty of human speech. One might dwell in devout imagination on the earliest articulate syllables that may have been formed by the lips of the Child-Jesus—His first words spoken no doubt to His Blessed Mother, like the first words of an ordinary Hebrew child or child of any other race. But all this is hidden from us. None of His words are preserved in the Sacred Scriptures till this conversation in the Temple; and it is with His Immaculate Mother that it is held. "Why is it that you sought Me? Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?"

Simple words, yet strong with a divine strength which has wrought many a prodigy since that day in the temple when they first fell from the lips of our youthful Redeemer; words which ought to be often on our lips, and the spirit of them always in our hearts. In many a trial and temptation, in many an emergency

small or great, these plain questions would overcome every difficulty and settle every perplexity. To evil thoughts, or to thoughts which, though not in themselves wrong, come to us at the wrong time, we may address the rebuke: "Why do you seek Me? Do you not know that I must be about my Father's business?" If bad companions whom we have given up, if dangerous occasions which we are trying to avoid, if amusement, wicked or foolish, which we have denied ourselves—if these or any other sources of temptation pursue us and find us out and complain of us for having deserted them, we are to repel them with the same divine words: "Why do you seek Me? Do you not not know that I must be about my Father's business?"

But, above all, this incident in the life of our Life is the typical tribute and homage to the supremacy of the divine claims over all bonds of human affection, however pure and sacred. Never were human ties so sacred as those which bound, and which bind, our Lord Jesus Christ to His Blessed Mother; yet here He teaches us that all human ties, no matter how sacred, must give way to the one supreme obligation which binds the creature to the Creator, whose will alone is the sovereign, paramount, ultimate, and absolute end and aim of our being, of all that we do and say and suffer and feel and think and are.

In particular, this question of our Lord, which we have already repeated so often, places the independent, absolute, and supreme rights of God sharply in contrast with the dependent, conditional, and subordinate rights which God has given to some of His creatures over certain of their fellow-creatures with whom He has linked their lots in various ways. In our Lord's example here, the best reproof is administered to that idolatry of the domestic affections which pervades alike the world's most innocent romances and its grave treatises of morality. These all imply too often that the duties of creatures are limited to creatures, and that the end of man is nothing higher than man. Christ's answer to His Immaculate Mother is the best answer to the charges of heartlessness and cruelty brought against the Catholic doctrine of vocation—the heretical outcry against the whole system of religious life.

"Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts."

No, but it is your sinners that have the cruel hearts. The selfish worldling, the libertine, the sensualist, the gambler, the idle spendthrift, the drunkard—these have cruel hearts, starving often their

little ones, sacrificing everything to self, breaking the hearts that have sacrificed everything for their sake. Nay, many who think themselves fond and devoted parents render themselves liable to the reproach of selfishness and want of true feeling; while they who love not only well but wisely, who do not ignore the claims of God but love those whom they love in God and for God, loving God above them all—these have the tenderest and truest and most loving of hearts, because their hearts are most like to the Heart of Jesus.

It is hard when a good father and mother look round, and, like Joseph and Mary, find the child of their love no longer in their company. Her place at home is vacant; they have lost her. But let them, like the parents of Jesus, seek her in the Temple. She has found Him whom her soul loves; Jesus has drawn her into His sanctuary, away from a world that was not worthy of her. And when a tender mother rebukes her meekly, "My child, why has thou done so to us?"—she may indeed dwell on the security, the usefulness, the peacefulness, the quiet happiness, even as the days pass by, of the holy calling for which God in His goodness has given her sufficient aptitude and a strong inclination; and she may even contrast all this with the uncertainties, the sad possibilities, of other conditions which the world without a murmur would have allowed her to accept; but to the upbraidings and remonstrances of nature in her own heart and in the hearts that she now loves better than ever, the answer of grace will still be the same question, the sternness of which the brave young novice may soften by a loving smile and an upward glance to Heaven: "Why did you seek me? Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?"

But let us go back to the actual scene in which these words were spoken first, and let us think a little more of the bearing of this question upon the conduct of our Lord Himself. The Evangelist tells us in the next sentence that, immediately after saying these words, Jesus went down to Nazareth with Mary and Joseph, and buried Himself again still deeper in the hidden life from which He had for a day emerged—hid Himself, not merely for another twelve years but for almost the entire term of His short mortal life on earth.

What! Has He not this moment told us that He must be about His Father's business? Yes; and this is His Father's

business. The work which the Eternal Father had given Him to do was the salvation and sanctification of the lost and sinful human race; and among the most potent means are the lessons taught by the Hidden Life. These are practical lessons which regard us all, for they help to make us understand the greatness and holiness of such daily homely duties as form the staple of our lives. St. Paul tells us that every true Christian life is, as St. Joseph's was in a more touchingly literal sense, "hidden with Christ in God."

It was for this reason that our Lord spent so long a time in teaching those lessons. If we were not acquainted with the chief details of our Lord's life but only knew in general that He was to live on earth for but thirty three years in all; and if we knew, besides, that this work was to convert the world through the ministry principally of poor fishermen who were to be slowly and painfully trained into apostles—if with these facts only before us we were asked to divide the years of our Lord's earthly pilgrimage between His private and His public life, we should be sure to assign to the latter all the years of his manhood. Yet His youth passed, and His maturity came, and still Jesus lingered on in the obscurity of Nazareth for eighteen years after He had asked the question: "Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?" And all the years of His life before He put that question to Mary belonged likewise to His Hidden Life, nay much also of what we call His public life, after He had in reality, not as at His first parting, parted at last from His Blessed Mother. Three hours were enough for His Agony upon the Cross, three days for all the mysteries of the Passion; three years, only three years, for the whole work of His Public Life—but ten times three years were given to teach us the lessons of the Hidden Life.

What are those lessons? The first lesson may be drawn from the very name by which we describe this portion of our Lord's career, calling it, as we have done so often already, His *Hidden Life*—a life hidden from the world, a life of lowliness and obscurity. Our Lord's example points to such a life as holy and blessed.

One part of God's creation often bears curious analogies to the other parts higher or lower; and one of these analogies is this—that of everything that is great much must be hidden. The spire that soars high into the air must rest on a strong foundation that

sinks deep down beneath the surface of the earth. The ship with its huge tapering masts—how much of her is concealed under the sea over whose surface she seems to glide with such easy stateliness. And, as in material things, so also in things in which the spiritual nature comes into play. The man who would excel in any department of art or science—what a tedious apprenticeship of patient drudgery must first train his mind or his hand or his voice to the skill which seems in the end mere instinct or inspiration! The master of eloquent words has toiled long and painfully to acquire the perfect music that in the end flows almost spontaneously from his lips or his pen.

Nor is it in the beginnings only, or in the training and preparation. In every calling in life, in every position even the most eminent, and often in those highest places, most of all, the soul has need of the strengthening, soothing, and purifying influences of the Hidden Life. Even worldly wisdom itself scorns and ridicules the weak natures who are fond of strutting before the gaze of the world and who live on the breath of their poor fellow-creatures; and a pagan, a very pagan writer, Sallust, sums up his praise of Cato by saying that he chose to be good rather than seem to be good, and that the more he fled from glory the more glory followed him. One of the wisest of men, or at least one who has said the wisest things, makes one of his characters say :

“ I love the people

But do not like to stage me to their eyes.  
Though it do well, I do not relish well  
Their loud applause and *aves* vehement,  
Nor do I hold the man of safe discretion  
That doth affect it.” \*

And a famous statesman who flourished a little later than Shakespere, Lord Clarendon, put over the door of his room in his place of concealment and exile in Jersey, in which he wrote the History of his Own Time which has done most for his fame—*Bene vixit qui bene latuit*, “ he has lived well who has lain well concealed.”

If this be the case, then, with regard to human and natural things, how much more in things supernatural and divine. *Ama nesciri* is the almost inspired counsel. Believing in God and in our relations to God for time and eternity, the wonder is that we

have any difficulty in sinking down into the hidden life of faith. in realising practically with St. Francis of Assisi, that, "what we are in the sight of God, that we are and nothing more."

Aye, nothing more, and indeed nothing less also : for this last point is almost as important as the other—namely, our duty of recognising not only our worthlessness but our worth, not only our degradation but our dignity. For God loves us. *Dilexit me.* The wonder, as I said, is that we are allowed to think of any other motive except this, to look to any eye but God's. Yet it is of the Hidden Life itself that the words are written : "And Jesus increased in wisdom and age and grace with God and men."

But He was God, and in Him, even as man, the fulness of wisdom abode : how could He increase in wisdom ? He increased, as the sun increases in brightness from dawn to noon—the same sun, the same light-giving substance, yet so different in the effects of light and heat that it produces. The Incarnate God, "the hidden God, the Saviour" (Isaias XLV., 15) manifested more and more of His divine attributes as He advanced through the years of His Hidden Life.

Like Him, we too must increase in wisdom and grace, as in age. In age—ah, yes, certainly, whether we will or not ; and so, too, must we advance in wisdom and grace, and this not only before God but before men. Not before men only : for God forbid we should be hypocrites—our grace and wisdom must be true and real "before God who reads the heart, that God who seeth in secret may repay us." Nor yet before God only : for God Himself, who forbids us to let our left hand know what our right hand does, orders us nevertheless to let our light shine before men.

A great deal might be said about the proper manner of reconciling precepts like these which seem to clash with one another but which of course harmonise perfectly. But we must hasten to an end, and there are two other characteristics of the Hidden Life besides its hiddenness, on which our minds must rest a little while before coming to an end.

Thus in the second place the Hidden Life of Jesus was a life of poverty and labour. In the eighty-eighth psalm which refers prophetically to Christ, He is made to say, "I am poor and in labours from my youth." Laborious poverty was His lot during His Hidden Life which stretched far beyond His youth into His manhood ; and, when He emerged from the Hidden Life, poverty

and labour were with Him still. He had chosen poverty from the first, and He was consistent to the last.

But the poverty which God loves, the poverty of the first beatitude, the poverty of the Hidden Life, was not the poverty of sloth or idleness, but the poverty of hard and constant toil. Some may, without any fault of their own, be reduced to such a state of untoiling poverty as is sometimes branded as pauperism, and we must not judge harshly even of those who make mendicancy a trade; yet it is true that God's blessing falls on poverty, not pauperism: it does not fall on the poverty of drunkenness, and not so much on the poverty of beggary or of the poorhouse as on the decent, high-spirited poverty of honest hard work.

How poor must Jesus and Mary and Joseph have been, and how hard they must have worked in the Holy House of Nazareth! Before that, what privations the Holy Family must have endured during the exile in Egypt, depending for support on such work and such payment as St. Joseph received from strangers, the enemies of his race! And after their return they must still have fared very poorly, even while our Blessed Lord helped St. Joseph at his trade. That He did thus help him—that He was thus “poor and in labours from His youth”—we are not left to learn from tradition or from mere pious conjecture: for in St. Matthew's Gospel we read that, after our Lord had begun His public life, the Jews said to one another in surprise, “Is not this the carpenter's son?”—and in St. Mark they ask more plainly still, “Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?” We may imagine how rudely His employers often spoke in giving Him their orders for work; we may imagine what privations their scanty and perhaps ill-paid wages left to be endured in Mary's household; and in that modest household itself, besides the toils of the workshop, we may imagine all the humble services which the Son rendered to the Mother day by day.

When the devout mind sets itself to realise in devout contemplation what may have been and what must have been the actual everyday details of our Lord's Hidden Life, it is justified in drawing many necessary conclusions as to His outward demeanour and His internal feelings towards His Heavenly Father and towards the two who shared with Him the holy home of Nazareth. There is one feature, however, of the Redeemer's

conduct during those secret years which the Holy Ghost will not allow us to overlook, inspiring the Evangelists to condense the history of by far the largest part of Our Lord's life into the one brief phrase, *Erat subditus illis* : " He was subject to them." He the Incarnate God of Wisdom and Power and Majesty was subject to two of His creatures, the highest and purest indeed of all His creatures, yet still His mere creatures, infinitely beneath Him in dignity and power. Yet, because Joseph was the shadow of the Eternal Father, He obeyed him; and the Blessed Virgin Mary He obeyed as His own true and beloved Mother. What a useful lesson for us in all positions and degrees—a lesson more necessary perhaps than ever nowadays when obedience and subordination and the gradations of society seem to be growing more and more irksome to men, and to need still more for their support supernatural motives and a divine sanction.

Let us, then, study patiently and diligently in the school of Nazareth. Let us try to learn some of this humility and lowliness, this love of poverty and labour—as far as our state of life calls for them or allows them—this spirit of prayer, this obedience and charity, and all the other virtues of the Hidden Life. Jesus, " our hidden God, our Saviour," not only died for us; He lived for us, and each incident of His life has its own lesson for us. Nothing happens by accident in any life, and least of all in this " life of our Life." The External Wisdom " ordered all things in it sweetly from end to end," from the crib to the cross—nay, earlier and later than crib and cross, from the womb of the Immaculate Virgin to the tomb hewn out of the virgin rock.

Our divine Redeemer had special wise ends in view in coming amongst us precisely as He came. In fulfilling His eternal promise, " Behold I come," He might have come in ways that would have dispensed with the Hidden Life. He might have come in full maturity, in all the power and majesty of perfect manhood transfigured by His Divinity. He might have come as visible King of His own creation. He might have come as a glorious and bloodless Conqueror, some wondrous leader of men, more eloquent than His poor creature Cicero, more intellectual than His poor creature Aristotle, more masterful than His far poorer creature Napoleon. He might have come in the manifest plenitude of all the mental and corporal gifts that are parcelled out amongst the most gifted of the human race. Thus and in many other conceivable ways



He might have come; but He did not come thus. Ah! if knowing only the fact and the objects of His coming, we had set ourselves to conjecture the circumstances that might accompany it, never should we have been able to guess the manner in which He actually came. He came as the unborn and the new-born Child of Mary, girded round with all those pathetic circumstances of poverty and feebleness on which pious contemplation loves to ponder tenderly with adoring awe; and then He spent thirty years in the lowliness and seeming inaction of the Hidden Life.

Verily—to repeat for the last time the prophetic exclamation of Isaiah—“verily thou art a hidden God, a Saviour.” Thou hast hidden thyself, O Lord, under many disguises in order to be our Saviour; and we must recognise Thee under all Thy disguises, and we must imitate Thy hidden life if we would be saved. If we would share in “the revelation of Christ’s glory,” those other words of St. Paul to the Colossians must be verified in us also: “You are dead, and your life is hidden with Christ in God”—even as Christ’s own life, during the years which have here been brought before our minds, was hidden in God with Saint Joseph and the Blessed Virgin Mary.

M. R.

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### TASSO AT FERRARA.

MAY I not see Thy blue and gold and green,—  
 The blossom-tints of dawn, nor at the close  
 Of sunny days the ripe-fruit shade that shows  
 Low i’ the West, whose flame is as a screen  
 Crossing the glory eye hath never seen,—  
 Nor watch the budding and the dying rose,  
 The ripple o’er the grass when Caurus blows,  
 Elm bole and leaf with the young moon between?

Then will I lift mine eyes above the hills;  
 For lo, what beauty bordering the divine  
 Steals ever through these narrow window-bars!  
 The light of dawn my waking vision thrills,  
 And through the hours the shifting heavens shine,  
 And, all the lone night long, God’s pool of stars.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

## A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

JO'S face was very young and familiar, and she was always interesting. One morning she introduced a stranger with the remark: "I have been showing her where she would get the biggest penn'orth of sweets."

The strange face was younger than Jo's in all save expression, but the eyes, which were large and dark, seemed almost to absorb it, and they spoke of knowledge which it was sad to see in a child's face.

"Who is she, Jo? Where did you find her?"

"Don't you know?" cried Jo with some surprise. "She is one of the show people!"

"Oh! is there a show in town?"

"It has been here since Monday!" This a little impatiently.

"You will be a lady-interviewer one of these days, Jo, if you get your chances." (She was associated with Journalism). But the comment was unspoken; what Jo heard was a murmur which sounded apologetic for ignorance.

"Would you care to come?" she enquired.

"It would scarcely do, I am afraid, the show is only for little people, I suppose."

"I saw people bigger than you there."

Jo did not mean to be sarcastic, and we had ceased to be sensitive about the shortness of our stature.

"How did you manage to get there yourself, Jo?"

"Big Bob took me."

The reproof in our eyes seemed to abash Jo and she amended that by adding, "Mr. Kearney I mean."

This old man was the children's public benefactor and slave of whom there seems to be one everywhere, in almost every generation. What is called misfortune, bereavement perhaps or deformity, may have deprived them of most of the joys of life; yet the days cannot be very dull upon which are shed the light of children's eyes and smiles, and golden gleams of their hair, and his heart must keep warm and young who has the power of winning a child's confiding affection. Every child in the place knew Mr. Kearney—knew what to expect at sight of him—smiles, caresses

and kind words, and sometimes more substantial tokens in the shape of sweets or cakes, a flower or a picture.

We could imagine the scene; the crowd around the caravan, the gaudily-dressed figures gesticulating, while the shouts of invitation to "Walk up" were nearly drowned by the blare of a trumpet and the beat of a drum. The flaring oil-lamps, before whose blaze the pure light of the declining day shrank hastily beneath the cloak of night; Jo standing at the outer edge of the crowd gazing up with longing eyes; then the appearance of Mr. Kearney, to whom Jo's face made instant appeal; his steering her through the crowd and up the steps of the caravan, to mount which, and to enter was to Jo, we knew, the summit of earthly happiness.

Perhaps Jo's thoughts had travelled in the same direction as ours, for she looked downcast still for that slip of her tongue, and, as if to break an awkward pause, she bade the stranger show what was in her pinafore which she had tucked up. The child spread it out, saying with an English accent as she did so:

"The sweets is for myself, the biscuits for Jack, and the apples for Rosinar."

"Rosina!" we exclaimed, "What a splendid name!"

"She is my sister, and Jack's my brother. They perform!" she said, with much dignity, adding, "My name is Elizar."

"And do you perform too?"

"Noa, not yet. But, I say! don't yer like my name?"

"Oh! it is a very nice name, but not so grand as Rosina, you know. What does she perform?"

"She dances a waltz and a jig, and Jack sings a comic and dances a hornpipe."

"Well, and is there anything else?"

"We have," she said, bridleing with proprietary pride, "a kangaroo, a opossum, a ostritch and some more; and then, there's the pony!"

"What kind of pony?"

"Why, a performin' pony. He shows up the old woman that's fond of her cup of tea, and the old man that takes a drop too much, and the lads and lasses that goes a-courtin'."

"He's a stupid old pony anyway," remarked Jo. "Mind you they asked him what little girl doesn't learn her lessons, and he stopped at me! and that was a lie for him, I *do* learn my lessons."

"He's not stupid," cried Eliza indignantly. "He's a fu'st-a-pony."

"Well, did he ever tell anything about you that was truth?"

Eliza nodded affirmatively.

"What was it?" persisted Jo.

"That I'm the little gal that steals the sugar."

"What a dreadful pony!" we cried.

"Wouldn't you like to see him?"—eagerly. "The price get in is fourpence, but I'll let *you* in for tuppence."

This generous offer was gratefully declined.

"Well, I thought you might," she went on. "Lots of people like to see the pony. Why! we drew fifteen shillins last night! The child's business-like air was saddening somehow."

"Is your mother alive, little one?"

"Yes, she is, but she aint here; she's in Manchester with my grandmother 'cause she's sick. My grandmother," she continued solemnly, and looking to see that we were duly impressed, "is a giant! She could chuck yer up into the sky!"

"Did she ever raise you so high?"

"That she did, many a time."

"And what did you see up there?"

"I saw heaven and the angels, and they had on white dresses with spangles all over, same as our Rosina wears when she's performin'."

"And did you not wish to stay in that beautiful place?"

"Noa, I didn't; anyway my gran hauled me down pretty quick."

"Much she knows about heaven!" broke in Jo. "She hasn't found out where the chapel is yet; but I'm going to take her to Mass on Sunday."

Jo was as good as her word; on Sunday we encountered the pair.

"Isn't she a queer little girl?" said Jo. "She was looking about all the time at Mass instead of saying her prayers, and she doesn't know how to bless herself; I've been trying to teach her."

"Do you not go to Mass every Sunday, child?"

"Noa, we mostly travels on a Sunday, and don't I have a rare good time, gatherin' flowers or berries! Sometimes I ride Puck, that's the pony, for a mile or two."

"But don't you have to learn catechism or say any prayers, Eliza?" asked Jo.

"My name aint Elizar."

"Oh! you told us that is your name!"

"Well, it aint, it's Rosinar."

"Oh!" cried Jo again. "What a——"

A look silenced Jo, but she formed with her lips the letters *f i b*.

"Did you not tell us Rosina is your sister's name?"

"Well, it's mine too, for I christened myself."

Our grave looks seemed to trouble the little one.

"You said," she cried, excitedly, "that Rosinar is splendid, and I just went and christened myself all over in a big tub of water!"

"Didn't I tell you she's a very queer little girl?" cried Jo.

"My dear child, you must be content with your own name, and I think you will, when I tell you that in heaven there is a saint called Elizabeth, that is Eliza too you know. I am going to ask her to be a friend to you."

"Oh, I say! that is nice; and next time my gran chuoks me up I shall look out for her! Maybe she'll know me!"

Some days later we met Jo walking briskly by herself.

"So the show is gone, Jo. Are you lonely?" we said.

"Indeed I'm not; why should I be lonely? I am going up to Gracie Murphy's now; her brother has a donkey, and he promised to give us a ride apiece."

JESSIE TULLOCH.

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## THE PERFECT WORK.

## I.

SO the great earth revolveth at God's will,  
 Through noon, and night, and solemn watch of day,  
 Securely poised and girdled in the way  
 By Him, who wrought and guards her axle still,  
 As He doth guard the pod, that for the bill  
 Of the blue bird was nurtured with sweet clay,  
 And sun, and rain, and housing of the spray  
 Of tender leaves. All things proclaim His skill :  
 The humblest flower that springs straight from His hand,  
 The weed made salvage by a wanton sea,  
 And driven forth and back through spume and sand,  
 O mark the veins, the fringe, the symmetry,  
 Almost the waste of care. What art has planned  
 The spider's loom, the shuttle of the bee !

## II.

And ever still with each returning year,  
 When summer decks with gold the grave of spring,  
 When stirs again the swallow's restless wing,  
 Without a compass, with no thought of fear,  
 No scrip, no purse, no friend, and far or near,  
 No wayside inn, she steers, a helpless thing  
 Safe in His hands, where oceans rage and fling  
 Wild foam ; 'mid pathless wastes, her pathway clear.  
 He makes an architect of the poor snail,  
 And shows him how to work his well laid plan,  
 And build his doorless house, without a nail,  
 Without a stone, perfect in curve and span,  
 In color, shade, and stain, grey, red or pale,  
 Fairer than e'er was drawn by hand of man.

ALICE ESMONDE.

## CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

## A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

**B**EFORE referring to the last solutions received we may refer back to the last light of No. 10. We find that Nuttall's Standard Dictionary (of which the hundredth thousand was issued in 1886) gives what we sought in vain in the colossal Worcester. "Bees-wing, a filmy crust on port wine." This makes "Admire my wing" an ingenious roundabout for port. A parrot has no special right to utter that egotistical appeal.

We have reason to believe that these acrostics excite some interest among readers who do not care to come forward with their solutions. For instance a certain beautiful Convent of Mercy not only made out the proper answers but threw into rhyme the answer to No. 7.

From trough to crest,  
E'en when at rest  
The *tar* is tossed.

To deaden sound of hoof or van,  
Commend me to asphalt or *tan*.

A Highland lad  
With *tartan* plaid  
Whose green and blue  
(Like love when true)  
Is ever crossed.

J. W. A. is evidently enervated by the hot weather or by the spirit of vacation. He writes :

"Your nuts are much too hard to crack this time. No. 12 is certainly 'blackberry,' and four of the lights are 'bob,' 'lattice,' 'character,' and 'key.' But the other light puzzles me completely. No. 11 I give up, though I can make three of the lights easily fit the solution 'railways.'"

But the answer to No. 11 is "ironclad," and the lights are "italic," "revel," "Oriana," and "Nereid." The third light for "blackberry" is "armour" and the allusion is to *Ivanhoe*. The next light—which J. W. A. has explained for us—refers to a couplet in Pope's Moral Essays, Epistle II. :—

Nothing so true as what you once let fall—  
Most women have no character at all.

I really think that this little series proves that the circle in which these acrostics were considered guessable had a remarkable familiarity with Shakspeare, Pope, Scott, Tennyson, and many miscellaneous departments of knowledge, from the "one bob" of slang to the "Splendid Shilling" of literature.

No. 13 and No. 14 we now transcribe, reserving the answers till October. The first is marked by the initial of the late *Randal W. McDonnell, Q.C.*; the second by that of a living Lord Justice.

## No. 13.

## I.

An article of little worth, but still  
On some occasions indispensable.

## II.

Without my help stern Marmion's dying cheer  
Had never reached his charging comrade's ear.

## III.

Of old, at call of well-known name,  
I sprang responsive forth,  
Now when I see the light, it is  
To hide some name of worth.

1. 'Mid olives grey I gently steal along.
2. A vot'ress I of wild romance and song.

M'D.

## 14.

Two little words of letters three  
Comprising much in narrow span,  
If taken singly, let you see  
The direst rage of beast and man.  
Reverse the first—you want a fire!  
Reverse the last—you see a name  
Of one among the sable choir  
Whose head and harp have won him fame.  
Unite the two, and forth to view  
An ancient title next will stand,  
When Norman conquest still was new,  
The foremost champion of the land.  
Now from the whole remove the head,  
You wander in a noble wood—  
But hush! for where you rashly tread,  
Creations of the poet stood.  
Last from the whole strike off the tail,  
And Bramah's labours meet your eyes,  
But chubby youth and captive wail  
Must also from the word arise.



1. Whether I should a table turn out or a god,  
Stood the classical joiner in doubt,  
And though times are so changed, still, admit it is odd,  
I a statesman or block may turn out.
2. Before me fall sovereigns, commoners, all,  
Though at times to the meanest I yield.
3. The fashions have altered since, slender and small,  
I was formed for the Dandy to wield.

F.

## THE DEAD AND ONE OF OUR DEAD.

### I.

THE thought has sometimes occurred to me, and probably it has somewhere oozed out into print, how desirable it would be to have a great central Museum for the systematic and scientific storing, cataloguing, and indexing of our periodical literature, daily, weekly, quarterly. Such a store would afford a glorious hunting-ground to the historian and archæologist of the future. This matter has come up before my mind at present because the only number of *The Cork Examiner* that I have seen for years makes me wish to preserve two extracts, of which the subjects are vaguely indicated by the title of this paper. The Dead! The sacred orator whose tribute to the memory of O'Connell has been preserved in a recent number of this Magazine, spoke more recently at the consecration of a cemetery at Lire, Banteer, in the diocese of Cloyne. Having insisted on the claims that a Catholic burying-ground has to receive far greater care than is for the most part bestowed on the dormitories of our dead throughout the land, the preacher continued thus:—

“But you will naturally say, ‘Ah, Father dear, if all this be true; if it be true that these bodies of ours, like a cast-off garment, shrivelled and shrunken by age, or tattered and torn by disease, shall be thrown aside to be still further eaten by worms; if after a few years all that remains of us is a few whitened bones, which again after a little time, in the awful chemistry of death, resolve into brown dust undistinguishable from the loam of our graves; and if the breath of affection that we almost felt in our coffins has passed away, and the accents of sorrow are stilled, and even our

names and memories have vanished like a cloud at sunset, wherefore all this pomp and ceremony of to-day ? Why is our Bishop brought to consecrate this dormitory of our dead, this earth that swallows its children and heeds them not ? Would it not be better to revert to the old paganism and burn what is so worthless and keep from us at least the prospect of the dread process of decay ?' Ay, but we must ever remember the sacred consoling truth that our bodies are not merely the caskets of our souls, preserving by their own worthlessness what is most precious, but they are, to use the words of St. Paul, so often turned to vain uses by vain philosophers, "the temples of the Holy Ghost," and that we are members of Jesus Christ, sanctified by a mystical union with our Head. If, therefore, these bodies are consecrated by the in-dwelling of the Holy Spirit, no sacrilegious hands must violate them, no scientific violence must degrade them. If 'dust to dust' is our sentence, at least let us crumble to dust under the fingers of God. And so our last resting places are hallowed by rite and prayer, and so are they blessed by the affection of the living, and so to-day will the High Priest of the Most High lift his consecrating hand over them, and in all the sacred ceremonies of the Church dedicate them, so that the angels of death shall watch over your dead and all unholy spirits be kept far away.

And now, putting aside the past and even the present, let us cast a glance into the future. You will separate to-day unto your homes ; but you will come again. And you will come, not as you come to-day, but you will be brought, in the mystery of eternal sleep, to take your places with the dead. The old who are listening to me to-day will soon take the chalice from the hands of Death, drink it, and whilst their souls pass out into the unknown, their remains shall be gathered with their fathers. The young who are listening and dreaming of far-off death will soon come close to that awful figure, will mutely take the chalice from his hands, and be gathered unto the dead. Little children will grow old, and God's merciful messenger will come to them and give them the cup to drink, which no mortal may refuse, and they shall be gathered unto the dead. Unborn generations will come forth, breathe and grow, and stare around them, as we are staring at the unsolved mystery of life, and their lips will touch one day the fatal cup of death, and they shall be numbered with the undreaming sleepers ; for they shall sleep and no one shall awaken them. The little

drama of this world shall go on, but they shall sleep. Empires shall be built up and dissolve, but they shall sleep. The future destinies of Ireland shall be unravelled by Divine Providence; but they shall sleep. The winter winds shall come wailing up the valleys, and bend the tall rank grasses, and send their melancholy moan through pine and fir; but the dead shall sleep on. The winter rains shall wash the graves and pour their deluge on celtic cross and iron railings and marble or limestone monument; but the dead sleep on. The spring will come and deck their graves with violet and daisy and fresh young grasses; but the dead sleep on. The summer sun shall parch their graves, and the autumn wind shall send down the showers of dead leaves; but the dead sleep on. And time will come with stealthy footsteps and eat away the strong iron railing, and blot out with his finger the names of the dead, and crush the limestone and marble with his strong bony fingers until they are dust like the bodies beneath; but the dead shall sleep undisturbed. And the day will come when no man shall know that a graveyard ever existed here, and the very name of this church and hillside will be forgotten; but the dead shall sleep. And no voice of man or revolution of nature shall rouse them from the sleep of all mortals. Dead and forgotten. What do I say? Forgotten? Nay, treasured in the memory of God, written in the Book of Life, their names are preserved unto immortality; and the same omniscience that numbers the hairs on our heads, hath counted the very particles of our dust and will save them for the final Resurrection. No voice of man or nature shall wake the dead; but they shall hear the voice of God one day and burst the iron fetters of death to obey it.

\* \* \*

## II.

The same number of *The Cork Examiner* which thus vindicated the rights of the Dead, commemorated also one of our own dead. The memory of Denny Lane has a special right to be cherished in the pages of a Magazine which was sometimes enriched by the thoughts of his mature years. Amongst the various influences that he exercised was his encouragement of youthful artists. Cork has already employed one of these, Mr. J. Murphy, to execute a memorial bust of their distinguished fellow-citizen, who greatly

served in many ways the city of his birth. At the unveiling of this memorial, Mr. Thomas Crosbie said these things among many others about the Author of "Kate of Araglen."

"Our departed friend was intellectually and morally what the Germans have characterised as a many-sided man. If we take the latter division first, you know that he was a type of all that was charitable and amiable. He gave in public largely, and in secret yet more bountifully. The weak found in him a helper; so also did the strong—especially the young and daring, who were pluming their wings for flight, but needed a hand to lift them from the ground. He had none of the good-nature which tells kindly falsehoods; rather, he was one of the frankest of men; yet such was his thorough amiability that his candid criticism carried no offence in it. His patriotism was of a high and unselfish order. It had little connection with party and aimed in all things and in all ways at the elevation of his country and the welfare of his countrymen. Wealthy by inheritance, he lavished a fortune in the endeavour to avert some of the direful consequences of the Irish famine, and though his zeal may have been tempered in later years by the moderation and discretion which are born of experience, his disposition was unchanged, and his purse and his brains were always available in any effort for the advantage of the Irish people.

Intellectually, he was a man of most varied gifts. Such, indeed, was their profusion that one was tempted to believe they hindered each other's perfect development. He was eloquent in speech and in writing. His ordinary conversation sparkled with the play of a light wit, but was often rendered valuable by drafts from the store of a capacious memory, wide observation and clear judgment. His few poetical remains suggest the regret that he had so little cultivated the muse of song. He was neither an artist nor a musician, yet his knowledge of art and music was extensive, and in acquaintance with fundamental principles he possibly surpassed many who were capable of producing excellent work. In literature, ancient and modern, he was thoroughly versed. Classic beauty and the immense variety of the later day appealed to him alike. Yet with tastes so gracious—it will to some, perhaps, seem almost incongruous—his pet studies were scientific. And his aptitude took in the widest range, the most abstract and the most decidedly concrete, the exact and the applied.

He was an inventor of astonishing fertility. All the latest discoveries in practical scientific work were familiar to him. You all, I dare say, remember the very remarkable fact that, though only an amateur, he was for two years in succession elected by the Gas Engineers of Great Britain to be their president. A distinguished chemist said of Denny Lane that, had he settled in London, he would have acquired a European reputation in chemistry. That he did not, but remained amongst us, may have been his loss, but it certainly was our gain. Yet, I am not quite certain that from any point of view it is to be regretted. The great imperial market of intelligence is gorged by drawing from the provinces their best, and it is to my mind a question whether this is altogether for good. Without denying the importance of having a great radiating centre, I venture to doubt whether it is not equally desirable that the intellectual level of the nine-tenths should be kept as nearly as possible at the height of that of the chosen one-tenth. Certainly I think the influence and example of a man like Denny Lane in the heart of a community such as ours, was calculated to stimulate culture and to raise the tone of those who enjoyed intercourse with him.

I cannot help recalling here a circumstance which I think not without significance. Shortly after the years of famine and abortive rebellion, Thomas Carlyle, the grim, the soured, made a tour in Ireland. He had not yet got over the disgust which the slow appreciation of his genius had infused into him. Amongst his Irish experiences was a dinner at the hospitable board of Denny Lane in the company of such men as Father O'Shea and Canon William O'Sullivan; and here he seemed at last to have found something that soothed his rugged spirit. It is impossible not to be struck with Carlyle's published references to this meeting and not to contrast them favourably with the almost resentful strain with which he referred even to kindness experienced in other quarters. In reading his grateful allusion to Lane—"fine, big, brown man"—one cannot help feeling that here in this Cork circle he has found what was better than the "solid pudding" offered him elsewhere—the admiration of high-toned and really cultured intelligence. Now, such influences working day by day in a community cannot be without effect. They are full of suggestion and stimulus, and in the case of a man like Denny Lane, of actual help. His career has been a lesson for all of us how we may fulfil the highest duties

of a citizen. It is so in an especial degree for the young. Amongst the things which are taught in this gallery a glance at the bust, which now for the first time occupies a place in it, may remind the youthful observer that there lived in Cork a man gifted with the qualities which command success in any sphere, who was content to play a comparatively humble part in his native city, and to lend the aid of his manifold endowments to the advancement of its interests. To some of those who are older, who have known and loved and admired him in life, it will recall the memory of a charming companion and a dear friend."

### MOONRISE: AN IMPRESSION.

ALL in the dreamful, blue-gray twilight-time,  
 A When tremulous silence rests o'er land and sea  
 And Nature waits on tiptoe for the night,  
 A paly radiance quivers in the East  
 Silvering each sleepy brook and lone hill-tarn :  
 The gilded vanes and slender, far-off spires  
 Catch something of the magic, and the plumes  
 Of crested forest monarchs ebon frown  
 Athwart the glow effulgent. Lo! the zone  
 Of glory broadens and a pearl-strewn path  
 Reveals itself adown the fields of heaven,  
 Dimming the splendours of the Milky Way.  
 A million twinkling points of steely flame  
 Herald the coming of the Queen of Night—  
 And see! she comes, in grace ineffable,  
 Icily virginal as curded snow . . . .  
 Now doth it seem as if some Angel-Prince  
 Had hung his buckler on the walls of heaven ;  
 An orb'd shield emblazoned dimly o'er,  
 And deeply dented in that shock of fright  
 When Lucifer, son of the roseate morn,  
 Was hurled in blazing ruin to the abyss.  
 Chaste Dian smiles on a transfigured world  
 And gilds the uncharted pathways of the deep,  
 While every wavelet, lingering in its fall,  
 Mirrors her beauty to the wondering shore.

C. QUINN.

## SISTER MARY STANISLAUS MacCARTHY, O.S.D.

R. I. P.

**T**HOUGH her own shrinking modesty would forbid it, and though it may be distasteful to some whose wishes ought to be consulted in all that concerns her, I cannot refrain from recording the happy death of this gifted Dominican Nun—happy for her, but for many full of grief and sadness. It took place at St. Mary's Convent, Sion Hill, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, August 11th, 1897.

Mary MacCarthy was the eldest daughter of Denis Florence MacCarthy and Elizabeth Donnelly, and was born in Dublin, December 26th, 1849. She inherited the sweet, gentle disposition of her mother—who died about twenty years ago—and in no scant degree the literary gifts of her father. It was in order to be as near as possible to her convent-home that Mr. MacCarthy, as if feeling that his term was running out, transferred for the last time his favourite books and his belongings to a house in Merrion Avenue, Blackrock, where he died on Good Friday, April 7th, 1882. On that date in *The Birthday Book of Our Dead* this anniversary was evidently before the mind of his loving daughter in selecting the memorial prose and verse linked with the day. The poetical extract is from Mr. MacCarthy's own ode on the death of the young Earl of Belfast; and the prose is from Father Joseph Farrell, the "Certain Professor" of this Magazine in its early years. "It were hard to die if all we loved were here to leave behind, but not hard when those are gone before us who, since souls die not nor change their essence, will meet us on the further side of the dim, dark sea that flows between the living and the dead. The ghosts beckon us with their shadowy arms, and sometimes the voices of the dead draw us like songs of sirens."

In the poems of Denis Florence MacCarthy there are many allusions to the Christmas gift with which '49 gladdened his household. She was a singularly bright and winning child, when I saw her first about her tenth year in the poet's beautiful home of Summerfield, near Dalkey—the subject, by the way, of one of his most graceful and touching poems, in which Summerfield is

disguised as its Spanish equivalent, Campo de Estio. Bright and winning she remained till the end, with much of the freshness and all the innocence of childhood, keeping "a young lamb's heart amid the full-grown flocks."

Mary MacCarthy was educated at the Convent where she has just died. The schoolgirl became a novice there on the 18th December, 1867, when her eighteenth year had a week still to run. She was admitted to her solemn vows on the 14th June, 1870. She would thus in two or three months have completed her thirty years as a Dominican Nun. Her work was done at Sion Hill, and for the last two or three years in Dublin, at St. Mary's University College, Merrion Square. She was a most attractive and efficient teacher, beloved by all the young people round her; and her happy influence over them did not cease with their schooldays.

With all her modesty and self-effacement she could not restrain altogether the exercise of her poetical gift. Our own pages have sometimes been enriched with holy little lyrics, signed S. M. S., in which many were delighted to recognise the initials of Sister Mary Stanislaus. But it will be more seemly to discuss hereafter the too scanty literary remains of the dear friend whom we have lost.

Three or four weeks ago Sister Mary Stanislaus seemed as likely as most people to work on for God some twenty years more. But her work was over. Forty eight years will appear a long enough term to some of our readers; one year more was all that was allowed for the brilliant work of Father Faber, the English Oratorian, and of Father Burke, the Irish Dominican. But those whose lives were wound up with hers may be pardoned for finding it hard not to wish that she had been kept waiting a little longer for her crown.

A sister-poet, alluding to her death, speaks of "a bright soul gone to take its place in the high heavens;" and another sister-poet says: "Her poems were very sweet and true, and she must herself have been the same." She was indeed one of the sweetest, holiest, most amiable, and most gifted of God's human creatures—one of those whose presence, or whose memory, helps many to love God and to believe in purity and sanctity and Heaven.



## THE REFINER'S TEST.

## I.

'TIS whisper'd of St. Eloy's laboratory,  
 What time the smith would prove the precious ore  
 As virgin metal in its molten glory,—  
 Fit for the ransom of an emperor ;

Above the crucible attentive bending,  
 He sees the golden bubbles rise and break,  
 Yet ceases not his watching or his tending,  
 Till on the surface of that mimic lake,

That still, smooth surface, he hath, clear, detected  
 (What ev'ry alchemist would fain behold),  
 His own resemblance faithfully reflected  
 As in a mirror of the purest gold.

## II.

A symbol this of that grand Laboratory  
 Wherein God tries His chosen ones with fire,  
 In the red furnace of Love's purgatory,  
 His saints refining by afflictions dire.

The human dross may in them boil and bubble  
 Rebellious 'neath misfortunes manifold :  
 The flesh revolt against the toil and trouble  
 That, cleansing, prove the Master's purest gold ;

Still doth He test them with divine affection,  
 Nor stays His hand, nor cools one fiery coal,  
 Until He sees His own sublime reflection,  
 Distinctly mirrored in each chastened soul.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The lassitude of summer heat seems to have affected authors, publishers, and reviewers. Our Book Notes will this month be reduced to a minimum.

1. The most interesting volume by far has come to us from the United States. "James Clarence Mangan, his Selected Poems. With a Study by the Editor, Louise Imogen Guiney." This volume has been produced with exquisite daintiness by Lawson, Wolfe and Company of Boston and New York, with whom is associated on the titlepage John Lane of London. Miss Guiney's introductory essay fills more than a hundred pages, and is an excellent piece of literature, showing deep and constant study of her poet. She arranges Mangan's poems in three divisions, namely, translations from the Gaelic (at the head of which she puts "My dark Rosaleen"), translations from the German and some other languages, and original poems. The last section is sub-divided, but substantially it consists of the untranslated pieces. Miss Guiney concludes her labours with some very useful and very necessary notes; and altogether she has earned the gratitude of all admirers of Clarence Mangan for presenting his poems in so elegant a garb with the addition of so much really illustrative matter.

2. The Alumni of the College of St. Francis Xavier have celebrated its Golden Jubilee by issuing a splendid volume of three hundred ample quarto pages, full of most interesting accounts of the various fortunes of the College, its presidents, professors, and students, illustrated by a vast number of pictures and portraits. A bibliography of the writings of the professors and alumni fills six pages of small type; and any expert who examines these pages may guess what pains and labour have been expended on the entire "Memorial and Retrospect." When studying these pages, we have caught ourselves wishing that our own Clongowes had such a record of its much longer story. Its New York compeer ought to be very grateful to those whose filial piety has produced this sumptuous tome.

3. Anything with the epithet "Irish" prefixed to it has an interest for us. This must be our excuse for the impertinence of praising *The Irish Homestead* and *The Irish Rosary*. The former is a very well written and well conducted Journal devoted to all that concerns the agricultural and other material interests of Ireland; the latter is a new organ of pious literature published under the auspices of the Dominican Fathers, who furnish their clients each month with a variety of excellent and edifying matter far too copious and far too

richly illustrated for the very modest price exacted. In this context we may give a word of praise to the new non-political series of *The Irish Catholic*. There is nothing now to offend an Irish Catholic, no matter what his political sentiments may be. The writer of an interesting article in the issue for August 14th—which by the way contains full verbatim reports of Father Robert Kane's panegyric on St. Dominick, and Father Philip O'Reilly's panegyric on St. Ignatius on their recent feasts in Dublin—the writer of this article, "An Irish Martyr in China," can hardly have been aware of a circumstance which he would surely have mentioned, that this murdered Sister of Charity, this latest Irish Martyr, was sister to the Rev. Daniel O'Sullivan, C.M., now stationed at St. Peter's Phibsborough, and well known throughout Ireland in connection with the Vincentian Missions. A sketch of the life of this holy Irishwoman was given in the fourth volume of this Magazine (1876).

4. The Catholic Truth Society has recently issued an admirable little tract by Father Charles Coupe, S.J., on the alas ! very practical question of religious "Indifferentism;" and also one on "The Jesuits," by the Countess de Courson, which we must venture to recommend in the most effective manner by connecting it with the well known History of the Society of Jesus by B.N.—the most satisfactory that the English language has yet given to us.

5. Messrs. Moran and Co. of Aberdeen have published very neatly "The Saint of the Font and the Fountain," a sketch of the life of St. Antonino, Patron of Monte Porzio, compiled from the Italian by G. O. M. M. From Washbourne of Paternoster Row, London, we have received a most convenient English edition of the Roman Missal; and from Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son of Dublin, Dr. Dowling's "Handbook of Health and Hygiene," price two shillings—a most interesting and useful book for which we predict a wide circulation. From the same Publishers "The Maxims and Counsels of St. Alphonsus Liguori" reached us precisely on the Saint's feast; but it is in season all the year round.

6. The Art and Book Company of London and Leamington have issued the third and concluding volume of the Rev. Henry Gibson's "Short Lives of the Saints for every day in the year." It is brought out in the usually satisfactory style of these publishers. The same publishers are jointly responsible for the excellent series of letters by E. Anstice Baker, on the question "Have Anglicans Valid Orders?" issued at Cardiff by St. Teilo's Catholic Historical Society of Wales. They have also published a second edition of Mother Raphael Drane's "Daily Life of a Religious."

7. *The Story of Mary Aikenhead, Foundress of the Irish Sisters of*

*Charity.* By Maria Nethercott (London: Burns and Oates)

This is the ninety-sixth volume of the Quarterly Series begun and kept up so long by Father Coleridge, S.J. It is smaller than most of the other volumes, but it is also cheaper—three shillings. It gives a very clear and pleasing account of a most useful and holy life. Of course it is merely a summary of the great Biography of the Irish Foundress by Mrs. Sarah Atkinson, whose book indeed is mentioned but who ought to have been referred to. The author of this new Life died a holy death some months ago. She was a pious convert to the Catholic Faith. This posthumous work is the best fruit of her literary skill, which had previously been exercised in magazine stories and poems.

8. Father Gallwey's *Watches of the Passion* (Art and Book Company, London and Leamington) has in a short time reached a fifth large edition. It is quite a phenomenal success in Catholic literature. It has been found necessary to charge four shillings for each of the two volumes; but, as each of them consists of more than seven hundred pages, with several maps and pictures, and as the volumes are particularly well printed and bound, this is a very low price. It is a very holy book and will continue perhaps for centuries to help Christians greatly to meditate on the Passion of Christ.

9. *The Five Thrones of Divine Love upon the Earth.* Translated from the French of R. P. Alexis Louis de Saint Joseph, Discalced Carmelite and Examiner in Theology. (London: Burns and Oates).

A work of this nature, even though written by an Examiner in Theology, ought to be examined by a theologian, especially when turned from French into English by an anonymous Translator who probably belongs to the sex that St. Paul forbids to speak in church. But there is no Imprimatur for either the original or the translation: and there is not a line of preface from either author or translator. The entire omission of contents and index increases the blank, forlorn appearance of the book, which is strange in a large, well-printed volume of 270 pages. We are left in doubt as to all particulars about the book, whether written recently or belonging to a bygone century. The "five thrones" are the womb of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, the Crib, the Cross, the Eucharist, and the faithful soul. Thirty-five "readings" are devoted to these proofs of God's love for man, and the reflections are pious and good. But it is impossible to approve of the manner in which they are presented to us, especially in English. The exclamatory style of the original is not toned down in the least, and feminine italics disfigure almost every page. The very first sentence is a well known text from our Lord's discourse at the Last Supper, and this is translated anew from

the French instead of being copied from the authorised English translation; and the same plan is followed all through. Nay, this first text is given differently on the second page with the strange combination, "You who art the only true God." We do not know whether the work of Father Alexis Louis of Saint Joseph was capable of being rendered into readable English; but certainly it has not been presented in an English dress, in this handsome volume. In every page we meet such phrases as this: "May I see in one and the other my 'chetive' humanity, penetrated, consumed by the divinity, as the burning bush of Horeb." It is a pity that so large a collection of edifying matter has been given to us in so unsatisfactory a form.

Our Catholic Publishers ought to insist on greater vigilance in the printing of quotations from other languages. In the book just noticed the first piece of Latin is *Quam bonis et suavis, Domine, est spiritus tuus*; and even in the Comtesse de Courson's admirable little sketch, "The Jesuits," among the C. T. C. publications, several foreign names are disfigured by the printer, who on page 50 gives us this curious "ablative absolute," *Imperatrix jubente*.

## PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

We demurred somewhere to Burke's famous saying about vice losing half its evil by losing all its grossness. A correspondent, W. B. M., tells us that Cardinal Newman has made a similar objection to the famous *mot*; but W. B. M. by a comparison of many passages has convinced himself that Burke meant nothing more than this, that Vice, wearing the mask of decency, was a less destructive evil than Vice as *Callista* describes it to have been at Sicea and as it is now in Paris, flashed into the eyes of the pure and innocent.

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The Rev. Dr. Taylor, formerly P.P. of Maryborough, once extemporised a jesting epitaph on his friend, the Rev. Dr. Magee, P.P. of Stradbally:—

Hic jacet  
Et tandem tacet  
Joannes Magee  
S. T. P.  
Vitam egit in loquendo,  
Nova semper proponendo,  
Nihil unquam facièdo.

He seems to have furnished on the spot a translation of his Latin for the concluding triplet has reached us in this form also:—

All his life he talked right through,  
Still proposing something new ;  
Not one thing he'd ever do.

Among the "Winged Words" of our April Number, 1876, we see three signed E. G. O. This signature does not consist of three initials like "S. G. O." [Sydney Godolphin Osborne] once a favourite letter-writer in *The Times*. E. G. O. was simply *ego*, the Editor himself. These three thoughts, therefore, ought more strictly to be classed in our present department which is supposed to consist of matter more or less original. And so I crush all the three into the next paragraph, though they have no connection with one another.

The Arabs discern the approach of the simoom by a smell of sulphur. Certain seasons of strong temptation announce themselves thus. In the simoom of passion save yourself from suffocation by sinking low down in humility and self-abasement, as the camels save themselves from being stifled by burying their nostrils in the sand.

When we think of the return God makes for little things we do for Him, is it not like "realising the dreams of alchemy, and transmuting lead into gold?"

If I had the management of the moral and physical atmospheres, there would be less rain and fewer tears. But probably heaven would be less populous in that contingency and the wheat crop less abundant.

The Rev. John Grene S.J. twenty years ago printed off some copies of an ancient Irish Litany to the Blessed Virgin, which Eugene O'Curry had translated. He sent a copy to Cardinal Newman, whose kind heart made it the occasion of this little act of gratitude to his friends in the Society of Jesus:—

The Oratory,

Nov. 5, 1879.

My dear Father Grene,—I thank you for your most kind letter, which is on a par with the friendliness which the Society has always shown me. I am very glad to have the copies of the Litany, which is of a most remarkable antiquity.

Most truly yours in Xt.,

✠ JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

In an earlier page we treat of "Two Ways of saying One Thing." This might have been illustrated by two versions of these pious lines of Silvio Pellico, called *Dio Amore*.

Amo, e sovra il cor mio palpito il core  
 Del mio Diletto, ed era—ah ! la tremante  
 Lingua osa dirle appena—era il Signore !  
 Il Signor che di gloria sfavillante  
 Regna ne' cieli, e sua delizia è pure  
 Il picciol uomo in questa valle errante !  
 Ed attonite il mirano le pure  
 Intelligenze scendere amantato  
 A questa erede di colpe e sciagure,  
 E il povero verme lacerato  
 Sanar con le sue mani, e a tutti i mondi  
 Ridir sua gioia, se da tale è amato.  
 Io lo vidi per baratri profondi  
 Movermi incontro e gridar dolcemente :  
 " Perche cotanto al mio desio t'ascondi ? "  
 E più e più appressavasi, e ridente  
 Più e più del suo viso era il fulgore,  
 E n'arsi ed arderonne eternamente.

Amo, e sovra il cor mio palpito il core  
 Del mio Diletto, ed era—ah si ! il proclamo  
 All' universo in faccia—era il Signore !  
 Io lo vidi, il conobbi, ei m'ama, io l'amo.

Of this I made the following translation many years ago and reprinted it in *Emmanuel* in 1878 :

I love, and 'gainst my heart has throbb'd the heart  
 Of my belovèd ; and his name—my tongue  
 Dares scarce to name Him—but, O God ! 'tis God.  
 God who in glory radiant reigns in Heaven,  
 Yet centres his delight in wretched man,  
 In this dark vale a wanderer. Amazed,  
 The Seraphim behold their King descend  
 Disguis'd, to this heir of crimes and woes,  
 And heal with his own hands the mangled worm,  
 And tell to all the world his joy, his joy,  
 If by that worm He be, perchance, beloved.  
 O'er gulfs profound I saw Him move towards me,  
 And tenderly, " Ah ! why so long," He cried,  
 " From my embrace thou hidest ! " Near, and yet  
 More near He came, and bright and yet more bright  
 Out flash'd the lustre of his eyes. I caught  
 The flame, and in that flame shall burn for ever.

I love ; and 'gainst my heart has throbb'd the Heart  
 Of my Belovèd ; and his name—yes, yes,  
 Before the universe I cry, the Lord !  
 I saw, I knew !—I love Him, I am loved.

Twenty years later, "T," who knew nothing of my previous attempt, published in *The Month* (July, 1897), the following version which seems intended to be an unrhymed lyric like Collins's "Ode to Evening," and a poem of Keble's that Mr. F. T. Palgrave classes with it as "one of the rare successes" in that metre.

I love, and I have felt against my heart  
 The throbbing of my Lover's Heart: it was—  
     Shall trembling lips dare tell?—  
     It was the Heart of God,  
 Of God who, rayed with gleaming glory, rules  
 In the bright heavens, yet finds His chiefest joy  
     To be with little man  
     A-wandering in this vale.  
 The fair intelligences all-amazed  
 Behold that glory wrapped in fleshly veil  
     Descending to this heir  
     Of guilt and wretchedness,  
 And healing with His sacred hands the wounds  
 Of the poor mangled worm; and to all worlds  
     Shouting His joy, should one  
     Poor sinner love Him back.  
 I saw Him through the deep abysmal gloom  
 Draw near me; and I heard His gentle plaint:  
     " Why dost thou shrink and hide  
     From My pursuing love?"  
 Closer He drew, and closer yet the while  
 The radiance of His beauty shone more sweet,  
     Till my heart burned within,  
     To burn for evermore.  
 I love, and I have felt against my heart  
 The throbbing of my Lover's Heart: it was—  
     I boldly dare proclaim—  
     It was the Heart of God  
 Whom I have seen and known, who loves me, whom I love.

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OCTOBER, 1897.

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D A N T E .

**L**AST month, in a rashly exalted moment, I promised to do something to honour the greatest of all Christian poets. Now I find myself repenting of my impulse. Except for an occasional glimpse at a few of my favourite passages, I had not entered the domain of Dante for years; and amid the vagueness of floating memories it seemed so easy to promise to write "something." Since then I have been spending hours and hours with the Poet, and now I am confronted with the very serious difficulty of settling what is the precise "thing" I am to write.

On the one hand I am loth to write at hap-hazard. On such a theme one can hardly bear to put forward what is below one's best, however poor that best may be. Nor should I be content to string together a litany of the praises of others: no mixture, undigested and unassimilated, would satisfy my loyalty. On the other hand, a study of Dante, adequate to my purpose, would lead me further than my powers now could carry me. God has made this His world so profoundly interesting that from all corners of it there are beckonings and alluring whispers of soul-absorbing fascination. Mathematics, Science, Art, Poetry, Philosophy pull at our minds with a force varying inversely as the square of the distance; and if in our desire to do better the work of the day, be it teaching or writing or preaching, we draw near to any of these intellectual Sirens, we run the risk of being swept away by an irresistible current into that boundless sea which is lighted only by the midnight oil. Of all these gifts of God, none is more alluring than this gift to us of His Poet Dante. The spell of the

enchantment is on me, and, if I had the power now, I should postpone the fulfilment of my promise for a couple of months or more so as to render myself less unfit for my theme. But I know well the drain of time and energy that this would entail, and my eyes warn me against the fascinating imprudence. Therefore, I have to write at once to stave off the temptation, and thus try to fulfil my promise unprepared. I should like to invoke the Poet himself now doubtless in the enjoyment of that Paradise which he imagined so clearly for us while on earth, to guide me through his own domain. For the task we are entering upon is sacred as well as profound.

Let me at least have the prudence to limit my audience, and define clearly to whom I mean to address myself. It is certainly not to scholars. I have had the audacity to appeal to them once or twice on Shakespeare, and once on Tennyson; here I am only a beginner. In only one little point I shall make an exception when I come to suggest a meaning which both Dean Church and Dr. Moore seem to have missed—and surely if others have already pointed it out, they would not have ignored it. Again I do not venture to hope to break down indifference. There are many who go through life honourably and contentedly without ever troubling about the high forms of literature. I do not complain of them; they have doubtless other ways of satisfying their intellectual appetite. Not for a moment do I imagine that people who do not want to read Dante for their own sake are going to read him for mine. Therefore I address myself solely to those who love poetry, but have not yet opened their Dante, and are only waiting for some impulse to determine them; or to those who have wished to read him, but have been deterred at the threshold by surface difficulties; or to those who have tried, and have felt the need of a guide.

Certainly there are difficulties in the way of the ordinary reader. It would be an affectation to suppose that knowledge of Italian is common in this country. It is true that even a little Italian will go a long way in helping to appreciate Dante side by side with the translations we have of him; and if it were for that purpose alone it would be abundantly worth while acquiring that little of this most euphonious of languages; but most of my readers will be entirely dependent on Longfellow or Cary or Wright or some other translator. Dante himself used to say that a poem cannot be translated; but that is no reason why it should

be utterly denied to strangers. Goethe, too, said of a translation : " It is like a stuffed partridge compared to a live one ; still, it is well stuffed." I have a stuffed partridge in my museum, and it has its uses. The crumbs from the table may be very far from equalling the feast itself, but they are welcome to the hungry. So Cary may not be able to give us the whole of Dante, but he does give enough for wonder to feed upon.

Another difficulty, which may amount even to a painful sense of incongruity, lies in Dante's use of Classical Mythology. But this lore has for so long been part of the world's poetical stock-in-trade, that even those who have not breathed the atmosphere of Homer or Ovid should make themselves acquainted with it as a necessary element of Literature. Moreover, all that has come to us of ancient Greece and Rome has a special interest for us ; for certainly Dante thought, and I suppose most Catholics do, that there was a peculiar Divine Providence watching over the destinies of those two great races preparing them for the Christian faith. Those who have read Virgil and are imbued with the spirit of Classic fancies, will enjoy Dante more ; those who are without these advantages, must simply make the most of him, with a humble consciousness of shortcoming.

There is, moreover, running throughout the poem a continuous thread of contemporary historic allusion ; and even if one is enlightened by notes, yet the perpetual break of historic information interrupts the flow of poetic enjoyment. This is certainly the case, to a large extent, on a first reading. But it must be borne in mind that it is just to this personal and historical vein that the poem owes its amazing reality—a quality so rare and precious that we should not grudge it the labour of a little study. The remedy is, first to spell out a Canto, as it were, with the notes, and then read it through with the new knowledge fresh in the mind.

I do not think there ought to be any difficulty about the antiquated views of science. We may well leave to Poesy the fiction of the earth's material centrality, the revolving zones of the planets, the music of the spheres, the infinite and motionless empyrean. These errors were the errors of great minds and were not without their corresponding aspects of beauty. God *might* have made the world on some such plan ; though we happen to have found out since that He did not.

Perhaps what is really the hardest difficulty of all is the large

amount of abstract philosophy in the poem—pure scholasticism. To those who have studied philosophy, Dante's lucid and crystalline treatment of it is a continual joy. To those who have not, may I whisper?—skip it. The glory of Dante will not fade for the wear of it.

Fortunately for us, one great difficulty which Dante has had to overcome, and has succeeded, viz., that of religion, is not in our way. His views of time and eternity, of God and of grace, of saints and of sinners, are our views. Our instincts leap with his; our judgments coincide with his: his people are our people, and his God our God. If he has won over to himself so many Protestants and unbelievers as far from him and his Italy as we are, what ought he not do with us whose faith goes step by step with his down to the gloom of Inferno and up to the radiance of Paradise?

Well, I can imagine a representative of my chosen audience saying, what inducement is there for us in these busy days to make the prolonged effort necessary for overcoming all these difficulties? What shall be our reward? I reply by pointing to the power whereby Dante has won his victory over others—the overwhelming force of his Imagination. His position in the Christian world is quite unique. He has done for the Christian Imagination what the *Summa* of St. Thomas has done for the Christian Understanding, and what the *Imitation of Christ* has done for the Christian Will. These three books are the supreme record of the legacy of the Middle Ages. Those centuries are often called the Ages of Faith; but I do not think that any generation has the right thus to specialise for itself that which is the essential foundation of the Christian Life for all time. Rather I would call them the Age of Ideals. Its great mission was the artistic expression of the Catholic faith. It was Bohemian and unconventional as artists are apt to be, sinning deeply and repenting extravagantly, sometimes soaring in the heights, sometimes grovelling in the depths: but it was a true artist world, and its Ideal was ever enskied in glory, within sight of its aspirations, but beyond the reach of its vagaries. Out of this world came the three greatest Christian books, which together form the fullest expression of the Christian Idea. In such a comparison, of course, Holy Scripture, which is also ours, is on a higher plane; just as when we speak of the greatness of men, we do not include in our

thoughts the incarnate Word of God. Now the *Summa* of St. Thomas may be above our comprehension ; if so, we have to acknowledge with humility that our Intellect is far from having a full and explicit grasp of the system of Christian teaching. But the *Imitation* is ever the favourite solace and support of the Will that is striving to harmonise itself with the Will Divine. And so too all who wish to give their Imagination its highest Christian culture will become lovers of Dante.

The pictures he has put forth in imperishable words, once we are acquainted with them, become a possession for ever, permanently enlarging the mind's horizon of conception and thought. The gloomy entrance to Hell, within a day's walk of the ordinary haunts of humanity ; the ever narrowing circles of the bottomless Pit, with their weird scenery ; the light lessening, and the woe increasing, as we go down, until we come to the source of all evil frozen into impotence at the very centre of the Universe. Then the Mountain of Purification, where effort diminishes as you rise, and which trembles with joy for every soul that reaches the summit. And finally the widening spheres of harmony and light ; the visible access of rapture at every greeting of souls in bliss ; the ever increasing glory of the smiles of the blessed until the soul loses itself in the smile of the Glory of God ; the Rose of Heaven, whose very petals are made up of intelligences immaculate or redeemed ; the Uncreated Light into which the Intellect plunges so far that the Memory cannot return, and when the Intellect fails the Will goes onward with the motion of perfection, flooding the soul with bliss from its activity beyond the reach of consciousness.

These and such like conceptions cannot be got second-hand, and certainly not in a paragraph. I had read them, or about them, in Carlyle and others, far more effectively portrayed than it is my power to portray them ; but they were not mine till I had read Dante. As well might we expect to get a proper idea of Table Mountain from a thumb-nail sketch. Not until you have lived in its shadow, scaled its summit, roamed over its slopes and lost yourself in its gorges, can you be said to know this glorious mountain : even the best of pictures can give it to you very imperfectly, and in only one dimension. Dante is so solid that to experience him you must know him in all three dimensions, length, breadth and depth.

For these things are not a Mythology: they are the loftiest symbols of a Divine reality, which we fully believe. Merely as a phantasy, they captivated even the shallow and unreligious mind of Macaulay; who, however, did not seem to appreciate more than the *Inferno*. Carlyle went further, and preferred the *Purgatorio*; but at the *Paradiso* his religious instincts failed him, and he calls it "a kind of inarticulate music to me." Dante expressly says that he means to appeal only to real lovers of reality, and warns those who are not themselves desirous of the Bread of Angels that his guidance through Paradise is not for them.

This is the exceptional point which I said I was going to address to scholars. At the beginning of the *Paradiso* (Canto II.) Dante distinguishes between two classes of readers; the former he addresses as

O voi che siete in piccioletta barca  
Desiderosi di ascoltar ;

and the latter as

Voi altri pochi, che drizzaste 'l collo  
Per tempo al pan degli angeli, del quale  
Vivesi qui, ma non si vien satollo.

Neither the translations nor the comments I have seen, give the force of this distinction. Some seem to make the difference lie in the *piccioletta barca* (the small bark) of the one, and the *navigio* (the vessel) of the other. But what makes the one ship larger than the other? I think the difference lies in the desire *di ascoltar* of the one and *al pan degli angeli* of the other: those who have merely the curiosity to *hear*, says Dante, may as well turn back from the threshold of my Paradise; but those who upon earth are eager for the Bread of Angels, those who desire on earth to *live* the sublimity of heaven, let them follow in my track and be filled with wonder. The point has been missed through the non-recognition of the phrase "Bread of Angels." Dr. Moore in his most recent "Studies," curiously instances this passage to show Dante's knowledge of the Psalms. Well, of course, Dante knew his Psalms; but why go to a source so recondite when the whole of Christendom was throbbing with the joy of the new-born hymn, the sweetest of all St. Thomas's sacramental odes, which contains the line,

Panis angelicus fit panis hominum

Wright's translation is sheer bathos:—

Ye other few, who have look'd up on high  
For angels' food betimes, e'en here supplied  
Largely, but not enough to satisfy.

Cary is much better, because more literal, but he shirked annotating the passage, and fails to bring out the distinction:—

Ye other few, who have outstretch'd the neck  
Timely for food of angels, on which here  
They live, yet never know satiety.

Dean Church, quoting Wright, says Dante "invites no audience but a patient and confiding one." Patient and confiding! To him as to every Catholic, the sublimest act on earth (*per tempo*) is Holy Communion—"to stretch forth the neck for the Food of Angels," and so to enjoy veiled upon earth the same Union as constitutes the bliss of Heaven (*del quale vivesi qui*), while even their enjoyment begets perpetual desire (*e non si vien satollo*.) The audience that Dante wanted was one which desired to proportion the sublimity of its thoughts to the sublimity of its acts. Dante was right: there could not be a fitter act of thanksgiving after Holy Communion than to read the last Canto of the *Paradiso*—the sublimest imagination to accompany the sublimist act.

Surely then there are some of my readers who must feel themselves specially invited by the Poet to accompany him in wonder. For such a purpose it is worth while to overcome a few difficulties; and if the task is approached with due humility, with a readiness to be content with something less than all, it will meet with its reward. Every fresh reading of the *Commedia* is a new revelation, and assuredly it is a great gift added to life if Christian Truth is in our mind decked with a new dignity of Imagination.

But there are some who have at least partially read Dante, and find not only difficulties, but positive objections. I have known some to feel a want of unity in the Epic: it consists, they say, merely of a set of disjointed episodes, whose only bond of union is the accidental presence of the poet. Such objectors have missed something in their reading and require a guide. Dante, while in no way obscuring his own intense individuality, is in the poem universalised into a type of humanity. And every episode serves but as a type of what the soul passes through on its way to God. There is no break in the progress from the wildwood of

human frailty in the first Canto of the *Inferno* to the threshold of the empyrean, humanity's utmost exaltation, in the last Canto of the *Paradiso*. Every step leads nearer to God; every descent through the *Inferno* raises the pilgrim's abhorrence of sin; every stage of the *Purgatorio* sees one more mark of imperfection brushed away from the poet's brow by the touch of the angel's wing; every flight upwards through the *Paradiso* brings the Infinite radiance visibly nearer. The episodes are different, because sins are different, and virtues are diverse. But the poem of the Soul's Progress has the same unity as the soul itself—full of variety of power and function, but one in essence and development.

This unity is shown by Dean Church in the beautiful passage where he compares the *Commedia* to a grand Mass or Oratorio. "It is like one of those great musical compositions which alone seem capable of adequately expressing, in a limited time, a course of unfolding and change, in an idea, a career, a life, a society—where one great thought predominates, recurs, gives colour and meaning, and forms the unity of the whole, yet passes through many shades and transitions; is at one time definite, at another suggestive and mysterious; incorporating and giving free place and play to airs and melodies even of an alien cast; striking off abruptly from its expected road, but without ever losing itself, without breaking its true continuity, or failing of its completeness."

Another objection which some people find is a certain apparent harshness, or at least hardness, in the man Dante himself. That he was strong, and stern, and rigorously just, is true; but not harsh. Carlyle defends him well: "I suppose if ever pity, tender as a mother's, was in the heart of any man, it was in Dante's. But a man who does not know rigour cannot pity either. His very pity will be cowardly, egoistic—sentimentality, or little better. I know not in the world an affection equal to that of Dante. It is a tenderness, a trembling, longing, pitying love; like the wail of *Æolian* harps, soft, soft; like a child's young heart; and then that stern, sore saddened heart!" Certainly Dante is not squeamish or sentimental; he agrees with the judgments of God; but he is not hard. He has been accused of this by some who should have known him better. Some years ago in the *Dublin Review* Miss E. M. Clerke, who otherwise wrote nobly of him, spoke of Forese Donati's "savage exultation" in *Purgatory*



over the doom of his own brother. I do not read the passage so. If Corso Donati was damned, Forese was no longer brother of his; and to declare, and approve of, the judgment of God is not "savage exultation." Indeed I think the passage was put there just to show this phase of truth.

Yet a third objection lies in Dante's vigorous condemnation of Popes, Cardinals, and other dignitaries, and his opposition to the Temporal Power. In our present days of good discipline, hemmed round as we are with foes, such language hardly seems orthodox. We must however remember that Dante never dreamt he should in the future be read, admired, and even claimed, by heretics and infidels. He spoke with the freedom a man uses in his own household. Ever since the ship of the Church was lightened by the cargo being thrown overboard in the sixteenth century, no Pope has come within measurable distance of deserving the censure of his children. But in Dante's days it was not so. There were grievous scandals, and it behoved every strong and true man to speak out. True, Dante's personal application of censure was much warped by political considerations; but his moral attitude was correct. With regard to his condemnation of the Temporal Power, he had much excuse for his error. The earthly sovereignty was divinely conferred upon the Popes to prevent the exercise of the spiritual power being ever crushed in the rough and tumble of the struggle of the nations. It was vitally necessary during the barbaric break-up of the Roman Empire: it is equally necessary now amid the hopeless division of modern nations. In Dante's time, on the one hand he saw the Temporal Power being misused for earthly purposes, and on the other hand he had a vision of a Universal Christian Empire which should go hand in hand with the Church, doing with the sword what she was doing with the crozier. It was a poet's dream, and a noble one; but it was only a dream. Certainly he had no thought of an Italy, a rival and opponent of other Christian nations, violently dispossessing the rightful rulers of Rome and hampering their spiritual authority. We can easily find whereabouts in his *Inferno* the sternly just poet would now place the Garibaldis and Victor Emmanuels who so loudly claim him as their own.

Yet we must not suppose that, when all difficulties are smoothed away and objections answered, Imagination is the whole of what

Dante will give us. His excellences are many and various. Of all poets he is the most *spiritual*. Milton is a pagan compared to him. Dante could never have perpetrated that huge blunder of the *Paradise Lost*, where the rebellious angels manufacture cannon wherewith to storm the heights of heaven. Dante could never have introduced the Eternal Father "arguing like a Presbyterian divine." Dante would never have made Satan his most interesting hero. We have had in our own days a poem which, for this quality, is worthy to be studied with the *Divina Commedia*, and which I feel assured has not yet risen to its full acknowledgment in English Literature—Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*. I should not be surprised if some day this were to become a greater favourite in Italy than in England: it will remind them there of Dante.

I have said nothing of Dante's Beatrice. I almost feel as if I should apply to her the epitaph which the chivalrous Francis I. wrote for Petrarch's Laura—

O gentil Ame, estant tant estimé,  
Qui te pourra louer qu'en se taisant ?

Dante promised in early life that he would say things of her that had never been said of woman before; and he magnificently kept his word. His devotion to her is almost too ethereal for discussion; it would need a Coventry Patmore to describe it. Certain it is that we have here the very ideal of the chivalry of the Middle Ages. The world says that each sex should be to the other a means of pleasure: Christian chivalry says that each sex is to the other a vehicle of the grace of God.

Akin to this delicate chivalry is Dante's exquisite sense of courtesy. A man becomes more of a gentleman for knowing the *Commedia*. One of the greatest differences between *Paradiso* and *Inferno* lies in the courtesy of the former and the rudeness of the latter. Contrast the request of Beatrice, the *Donna gentil*, to Virgil, with the rough speech of Charon to his guests. And Dante himself is a very model of the virtue throughout the pilgrimage, thereby lending the poem no small portion of its charm.

The beauties of his language must be mainly taken on trust by English readers: still we may as well know of what nature they are. One characteristic is consummate ease. He himself

said that he had never been obliged to go out of his way for the sake of a rhyme. He combines, as no other writer has ever done, simplicity with profundity. In him, beauties of the very depths are often brought to the surface by some simple but unexpected phrase. There is, for example, a world of theology in the sentence,

Such keenness from the living ray I met,  
That, if mine eyes had turned away, methinks  
I had been lost.

Lacordaire, too, tells us how his whole being thrilled every time he read the inscription on the gate of Hell, because of the words *il primo Amore* appearing there—

Through me you pass into the city of woe . . . . .  
To rear me was the task of power divine,  
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.

One need hardly dwell on the forcefulness of Dante's speech—as Carlyle puts it, “one smiting word; and then there is silence, nothing more said.” Take as a specimen this thunderbolt for Florence—

I, who then  
From human to divine had passed, from time  
Unto eternity, and out of Florence  
To justice and to truth, how might I choose  
But marvel to?

But I think I have said enough of this “mystic unfathomable song”; enough at least to show that, just as no Englishman can be regarded as completely educated if he knows not how to appreciate Shakespeare, so no Catholic should think himself completely educated till he has learnt to love Dante. And I cannot close better than by letting one of his own countrymen sing his praise:—

Qual alto seggio  
T' abbis assegnato Dio ne le sue glorie,  
Alighiero, non so. So che la tua  
Italia ti locò nel più sublime.  
S, oh' ella sempre t' obbliò nei giorni  
De la viltà; ma ai dì de la speranza  
Legge il tuo libro; e ormai più non t' obblia.\*

F. C. KOLBE.

\* Aleardo Aleardi, as quoted by Miss Phillimore in her admirable essay on the *Paradiso*.—“What lofty throne God in His glory has assigned to thee, Dante, I know not. I know that thy Italy has placed thee on the most sublime. I know that in the days of baseness she ever forgot thee; but in the days of hope she reads thy book. Henceforward she forgets thee no more.”

IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
SISTER MARY STANISLAUS MAC CARTHY, O.S.D.

[*Born December 26, 1849; died August 11, 1897.*]

WHEN one within thy convent-home would die,  
Thine ever was the soft, low, soothing voice  
That bade the mourners lift their hearts on high  
And in their sister's joyful change rejoice.

Whene'er sad hearts had need to be consoled,  
Thy soul's rich music, held in check too long,  
By thy meek modesty too well controlled,  
Would at love's bidding overflow in song.

And now fond grief would fain with simplest rhyme  
To thee in turn affection's tribute pay;  
For Heaven has taken thee before thy time,  
As in our selfish love we dare to say.

We thought that earth for many a year to come  
Would brighter, purer, for thy presence be;  
But He who loves thee best has called thee home —  
Sad, sad for us, but oh, how well for thee!

Thy gentle mother died long years ago;  
Thy poet-sire came back, near thee to die.  
May these and all whom thou didst love below,  
Sharing, increase thy happiness on high.

Thou hadst not much to change ere thou wert fit  
For heavenly converse in that spirit sphere:  
Thy nature, radiant, playful, keen of wit,  
Was as ethereal as an angel's here.

Thy voice was sweet enough for cherub choir,  
Thy heart burned brightly as the seraphim;  
That heart glowed, e'en on earth, with heavenly fire  
That voice on earth sang many a heavenly hymn.

Of solid judgment and of knowledge wide,  
Gay as a child, and just as free from guile:  
The old would shelter fondly at thy side,  
The young would bask, delighted, in thy smile.

All hearts have loved thee, but God loves thee best :  
He could not leave thee longer to our care.  
Take her, O God, into Thy home of rest.  
Sweet Sister, pray for us and love us *there*.

M. R.

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## THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT.

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

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### CHAPTER XXI.

VINCENT COMES TO MONA.

ONE Saturday evening in the middle of November, to the Madam's extreme pleasure, Vincent Talbot arrived, as wet and in as excellent spirits as a youthful retriever emerging from a river.

"Dear Madam, I did not think I would ever get out," he exclaimed. "Didn't the Governor keep me to my trumps, and I was afraid to strike. By Jove! I was longing for a run on the hills. I have vacation now until Tuesday, and the Taylors are coming out to-morrow."

"I didn't think I'd ever see any of you again," said the Madam. "So George has come home?"

"Yes: he returned yesterday. He was delayed in Dublin longer than he thought. When did you see Father Garrett? We must have a day on the mountain."

"Indeed, I have not seen him for the last fortnight. There is a messenger going to Monalena this moment. I will first send a line to ask him and Nell to dinner to-morrow. Ethna, dear, will you write a note while I am giving directions?"

Ethna wrote a few lines to Nell O'Malley, the curate's sister, and the boy was despatched to the village.

That evening was a decided improvement on many preceding ones. Vincent was so full of vital energy that he imparted it to more torpid temperaments, and with a boyish audaciousness of manner, got everyone in the house from the Madam to the smallest servant, to do exactly as he liked. Ethna was forced, in spite of herself, to sing, play, and laugh at his gay sallies. Nora was danced about after a fashion that caused her to emit the wildest shrieks. The very dogs felt it to be a privileged hour; they gambolled along the halls and chased round the parlour table with unwonted forwardness. The young man's advent had the same effect upon the dispirited household as a fresh breeze upon nature awaking life and motion. Mona required the stimulus, for it had become somewhat dulled, as every household will by the gloomy depression of one of its members.

Very few think it necessary to make an effort to be at home what they are abroad; the smiles are kept for the outside, and the gentle words for acquaintances; the snappish reply and stupid apathy for the fireside. With what polite attention we listen to the wearisome platitudes of Mr. and Mrs. Unbearably Tiresome; with what little scruple we contradict, sneer at, and otherwise maltreat the observations of our nearest and dearest! With what ready politeness we pick up the handkerchief, glove or ball of thread for the old lady next door; we like to show our respect for old age; we spring across the room to save her rheumatic backbone; but our domesticated aged relatives, are a different species of ancient architecture for which a little exercise is considered beneficial. This adaptation of manner to the external relations of life is not conscious, but rather instinctive hypocrisy; and curiously enough, though it is an accepted article of social faith that the generality of people are not so agreeable at home as abroad, they are nevertheless judged by this agreeableness of manner. A father will hold up the young man who has listened deferentially to his ideas on local legislature, as an example to his sons who he fancies are inclined to look upon the counsels of the elders with unholy disregard. The mother will irritate the hot young hearts of her daughters, who are as good and as pliantly demonstrative as the generality of thoughtless young people, by holding up other daughters in bold relief for being, "Oh, so nice and pleasant and useful about the house, never giving their mother a bit of trouble." The parents of these model examples will have exactly the same

cause for complaint, and the same tendency to underrate and overrate the perfectibility and imperfectibility of the personalities that fill their quivers.

A family of cousins once confided to each other the deep and deadly hatred with which their youthful breasts were animated at one time for the supposed supernatural virtue of each, and the manner in which that virtue was used, not alone as a whip but a very scorpion to flagellate them for their shortcomings.

"'Tis a long time till the Bewley girls would do such a thing; see how useful they are and how they mind their clothes," says one mother.

"Ah, 'tis well for you, Mrs. Graymore, to have such daughters," says mother number two. "What gentle good girls they are, how obedient to their parents!"

Yes; we are all unconsciously hypocritical, and turn the nicest phase of our natures, or a seemingly nice phase to that side where stand the most intolerant and the greatest number of observers; those at home are bound to put up with us as we really are.

Next day, Vincent, the two ladies, and little Norah drove to Monalena to Mass. Vincent had a word for everyone he met on the road, from the children, round whose necks he curled the lash of the whip, to the bent, frieze-coated, old men, who paused to to rest upon their sticks; all smiled as they recognized him, and made their comments as he passed, which comments were very favourable, indeed, to the light-hearted young attorney.

The great act of religion was performed, and human creatures knelt before God in their various attitudes. The Madam knelt absorbed in prayer; Vincent less spiritual, but entirely reverent and recollected, read his prayers beside her. Ethna mechanically turned the leaves of her book, but they now bore no divine meaning to her mind; the breath of passion had dimmed the mirror of her soul. It is only the tranquil lake that reflects the ethereal beauty of the serene heavens, and as yet the girl would not bring her wounded heart to the feet of Him who had Himself found earthly love so unstable. When Mass was over, they met Father O'Malley. It was agreed that Vincent should go off with him on a call up the mountains, and Nell should return with the Madam and Ethna.

Father Garrett O'Malley was an open-hearted, impulsive nature, full of noble aspiration and enthusiasm for good, whether

temporal or eternal. He had a most beneficial influence over the young men of his parish; he repressed them, and he instigated them; he unsparingly pruned them to give them growth; he encouraged them at all manly sports, but anyone caught card-playing, or at a night dance, felt the full force of Father Garrett's indignation. He was scarcely thirty years old, a fine broad-shouldered young man, with an intelligent face, and an enormous capacity for wearing out his clothes.

His only sister Nellie—indeed save for a brother, abroad, his only living relative—was a tiny edition of himself. She was a small, dark girl, with pretty brown eyes, looking out of a piquant, rather eager little face; standing on her feet with the buoyant lightness of a robin redbreast, ready apparently to take wing up and down, in and out, without feeling her body the least weight upon her soul.

She was the most useful and hopeful little person to be found. Work was play to her. Annoyances were to be borne, impediments overcome, contrivances achieved, everything made the best of. With the assistance of an old woman she did the business of her brother's house, made the butter of her one cow, minded her flowers, made up her muslins, and kept herself and her surroundings in the prettiest order. She came to live with her brother when she left school a few years before, and when he had been sent to Monastereen. He took a little cottage just at the end of the village. She had the interest of a few hundred pounds, and so they contrived to housekeep on a very modest scale. But if their means were limited, so were their desires, and they managed to get along comfortably and perfectly content. A few of the opposite sex, allured by Nellie's winsome little face and figure, made tender overtures. But the small maiden was unimpressionable, and only retained a memory of the wooer to heartlessly mimic his oblique looks and words of soft import for the benefit of Father Garrett, who would burst forth into one of his joyful laughs.

"But, Nell my girl, you must marry and settle down some time," he would say, "as you are going to remain in the world."

"I am settled as much as I want to be settled," Nell would answer.

"But I may die, Nell."



"Well, and is not a husband mortal? May not he die too?" answers Nell. "It often amuses me to hear people say, 'it is a pity she is not settled,' 'it is so well to have her settled,' as if marriage gave them a new lease of the world, and the things thereof. I think people are often as unsettled after marriage as before it, and as often left badly off. Husbands are fallible. They die, and they smash up."

"What a prudent virgin you are," says Father Garrett. "People must trust in God instead of anticipating misfortune. It is He that gives us the sun and the rain, the good and the bad."

"Well, that is just what I am doing," Nellie would reply. "Consequently I'll never be alarmed about being settled in life. I feel quite sufficiently rooted, and the idea of my being as fond of any man as I am of you is simply laughable."

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### CHEAP JACK'S COMPANION.

That evening they had a pleasant dinner at Mona. Mr. Taylor had been from home on business since the time of the races, and as the business had been successfully concluded, he had returned in the best possible spirits.

"Well, Father Garrett, have you a nest of Fenians anywhere on the mountains?" said he, when the cloth had been removed. "They are becoming nervous in some quarters; nervous old ladies expect to be robbed and murdered. The Fenians are the topic of the city."

"No doubt but the disaffection is spreading," answered Father Garrett; "some people fancy Father Gallagher is getting softening of the brain, he talks so much against secret societies lately."

"I'll fight if I get an open," said Vincent. "I am just the fellow to put the green above the red."

"More easy said than done," answered the priest. "I'd give my life for my country, myself, but what is the use of attempting impossibilities?"

"'Tis rank nonsense," said Mr. Taylor, "utter folly to think

of fighting England with powder and ball. Aren't half-a-dozen policemen able to hunt a mob? I have no patience with such headless attempts."

"Why not get enough of powder and ball to blow the enemy into kingdom come?" replied Vincent, peacefully sipping his punch. "I haven't got the organ of constructiveness. I'm *no* good to plan an attack; but as the American fellow said to his leader—'I'll storm hell if you plan it.'"

"Mr. Taylor is right—they are headless attempts," said Father Garrett, "and bring but sin and ruin in their train; yet I can sympathise with those rash but noble natures who have flung aside all personal ends in their desire for liberty."

"The persons who carry patriotism so far are usually those who have nothing to lose," answered Mr. Taylor.

"And the people who denounce the wisdom of patriotism are usually those who have something to lose," exclaimed Father Garrett, laughing, "which argues as badly for them."

"What makes liberty impossible?" said Vincent, in a lofty voice. "Craven spirits like those around me. If we had the strength of unity, who could withstand us? But one man is satisfied as he is; another is afraid; a third is indifferent; a fourth is incredulous; and a fifth advances himself by betraying me—that's the way in all the nations of the world, and the question is are they worth being regenerated at all? I say they are not, and I'll go instead and devote myself to the girls." Vincent left the room, and he was soon heard playing the piano with more vigour than sweetness. Father Garrett and Mr. Taylor continued talking seriously over many things until they were summoned to tea.

Next morning Vincent was down early to breakfast, and to go on the mountains with Father Garrett, but the latter had a sick call and it was almost ten o'clock before he returned. Nell was in and out about her business, having an occasional word for the impatient guest who anathematised all the sick old women in the parish.

"It is not an old woman at all," said Nell. "When anything crosses a man he is sure to try to trace it to a woman; it is an old man, Mr. Talbot."

"I don't believe it," answered Vincent; "I don't believe a word of it; it is not in the nature of a man to behave so un-

reasonably. Ah ! here he is," he let down the window and put out his head. "By Jove ! No, it's a foreigner, and hasn't he a stepper ? Come here Miss O'Malley, who on earth is he ?"

"Oh ! Cheap Jack, surely," said the girl, running to the window ; "there he is indeed, but whom has he with him ?"

The trap stopped, the "fellow" got out and the driver whipped up the splendid-looking grey horse, and dashed up the street ; round and round the village he went at headlong speed until he had passed the priest's cottage three or four times ; everyone looked from his door and window, the dogs barked and the children shouted in great glee at the excitement ; he pulled up at length at a publichouse, and the other stranger a tall, rather gentlemanly young man, sauntered up, patted the horse's neck, and gave some directions about him.

"Who are they ?" asked Vincent, "where did they come from ? That's a first class animal."

"That's Cheap Jack driving," answered Nell, "I was telling the Madam about him last night ; he is a pedlar, or something like it ; he was here last week. He is going to bring everything you could possibly think of, and to have auctions, day and night, below in Paddy Burke's barn ; won't it be fun ?"

"Auctions of what ? Clothes is it, or furniture, or what ?"

"No, not clothes, I think, but everything in the way of cutlery-ware, pictures and so forth, but I fancy he would bring you a man-of-war or a lighthouse if you ordered it. Ah, here is Father Garrett at last, I'll bring in breakfast."

When the meal was disposed of, they went outside the door, waiting until a messenger had returned, who had been sent to the parish priest's house, by Father Garret. They walked up the street to where the horse was standing, taking a drink of flour and water, and Cheap Jack was talking with professional volubility to a group that had gathered around.

"I have got the cheapest and most splendid assortment of wares in the world," he said, "cups and saucers, plates and dishes, knives, forks, trays, brushes, musical instruments, teapots for the grannies, and gold rings for the boys to give the girls," he winked knowingly at a few near him, who tittered accordingly, "there isn't a dresser in the parish but will be in the better of Cheap Jack, let everyone be gathering the halfpence, an' they'll get more than the value of them ; such value as they'll never have the

chance of again ; the girls won't be without a looking-glass to see their handsome faces ; nor the boys without a razor that will leave their chins as smooth as an egg. This is my way, driving about first to see what the people want, and see by-and-by will they want for anything. Come, boys, I'm dry from talking, let us have a drink to our better understanding. 'Tisn't the last we will have together, please God."

"That man knows how to do his business," said Father Garrett. "Nothing softens a fellow-creature like an invitation to take a drink. I know very bad men considered decent, generous fellows because they are ready to stand half-glasses."

They turned back again, and when they reached the door of the cottage perceived cheap Jack's companion sitting on the wall of the churchyard, which was quite opposite, tranquilly smoking a cigar.

"Come on," said Father Garrett. "Let us interview him. A fine morning, sir. We have been admiring this horse of yours ; he seems to be a well bred one."

"Yes, Father, he is a good one," replied the stranger, in accents that spoke unmistakably of foreign lands. "I have had him only for a year or so, but it would not be easy to buy him from me."

"Is he not too good for this work ?" said Vincent.

"Well, no, sir. A man's surroundings advertise him. We must turn out decently ; even Cheap Jack must put himself beyond the suspicion of poverty if he hopes to get on."

"A novel trade yours," said Father Garrett.

"It pays," answered the stranger, with a smile that showed his strong, white teeth, "and we really give good value ; my partner buys at the English manufactories things they are glad to get rid of, and the country people are glad to get what they want for half they would have to pay in the local shops. If you give me any orders, gentlemen, I shall do my best to please you."

"Perhaps when you come we may become customers," said Father Garrett, laughing ; "giving an order is a weighty piece of business, and commits a man to take something he isn't sure of."

"No, you wouldn't be bound to take it," answered the stranger. "We go around, sir, just to get an idea of possible requirements ; 'tis as easy for us to bring one thing as another. There is a young lady over the way ; she may have some little orders."

"Come over and let her answer for herself," said Father Garrett. "Where are you, Nell? Come here, and make known your wants in the crockery-ware line. You can't have too much for Biddy to break. This gentleman wants to know is there anything he could bring you."

Nellie's eager little feet bore her up from the kitchen.

The stranger lifted his hat.

"I shall be happy to execute any commission and bring anything on approbation," he said. "If it do not please, you will not be bound to take it."

"I don't know," answered Nellie, blushing and hesitating. "I am always wishing for a looking-glass to put there, over the chinmey-piece, but I'm afraid it would be too expensive."

"A looking-glass!" exclaimed Vincent, in a tragic voice. "Do you hear her, Father Garrett?"

"Yes, I hear her;" and Father Garrett shook his head resignedly. "She says nothing on earth can reconcile her to that damage on the wall."

"Well, and isn't it ugly?" said Nell.

"But why look at it? I never do," answered Father Garrett.

"Because you have no taste," said Nell.

"Yes, I have; and greater honesty than you. How you can hide away that defect under a fine looking-glass and make-believe it isn't there is more than I can fancy."

"'Tis actual hypocrisy," said Vincent.

"My inclination to hide defects, as well as my interest, makes me take the young lady's side," said the stranger, with a grave smile. "A glass would be the greatest improvement."

"And it will be a picture, also," replied Nell, "it will reflect the green hills beyond and the blue mountain, and——"

"She'll oftener look at them in the glass than out of the window," said Vincent.

"You would like a pair of candlesticks also," continued the stranger.

"One want brings on another," said Father Garrett. "Gratify one desire and you will give birth to another, to devour you, like the ungodly offspring of Cerberus."

"But I would not like you to bring anything for me specially," said Nell to the stranger. "I may not be able to take it. It might not suit, or may cost too much, and you would be troubled

"It will be no trouble," he replied; "I will be bringing all those sort of things, and you will find us very reasonable. Is the young gentleman who has gone out likely to be a customer, sir? He is not a resident here, I think."

"No, Mr. Talbot is a solicitor in Beltard."

"Looks fitter to be a soldier, sir."

"Other people may have mistaken their calling, too," said Father Garrett, scanning the fine proportions of the man before him.

The stranger hesitated, and then said:

"Well, sir, I had more trades than one. I served some years in the American army, but my regiment was disbanded, and I have taken to more peaceful ways."

"I thought so," said Father Garrett; "one can't mistake the legs of a soldier or a jockey; but you had better suppress the fact. Father Gallagher would fancy you were a firebrand come into the parish, disseminating your American ideas of freedom."

"The old world and the new have strangely different notions," answered the stranger, "and it seems to me those of the latter work better. America is a fine country, sir—there one man is as independent as another."

"No doubt, it is a grand country," said Father Garrett, "but the old world yields to the divinity that hedges in its kings. I have no objection to one myself, if the laws were but justly administered, and we were given fair play. Liberty is a word that is often misapplied. The laws of God and man are interwoven; 'tis hard to overcome one without breaking the other."

"Can justice and injustice become so closely amalgamated, sir?"

"Injustice, and many things human nature dislikes to bear are permitted as a punishment for sin," said Father Garrett.

"Injustice is sinful, and by submitting to it are you not suffering sin to continue?" answered the stranger. "One could argue for every side, sir; no cause so bad, but it could be fairly defended."

"Here is Willie Bawn at last," exclaimed Vincent, re-entering. "Look sharp, Father Garrett, 'tis after eleven o'clock."

"I trust I shall be able to please you," said the stranger to Nell, turning to leave the room, "and that you will be tempted to give us many orders when we come."

"You know my name, sir," Father Garrett said. "Will you tell me yours? 'Tis not the last time we shall meet likely."

"I hope not, Father. My name is Joe Smith." After a few more words the stranger took his leave; and, joining his companion, got into the trap, which he drove away at a headlong pace.

"A curiously matched pair," said Father Garrett. "Joe Smith looks like a gentleman."

"More like a soldier than a pedlar," replied Vincent.

"He served in the American army, it seems," said Father Garrett. "An odd sort of trade he has turned to at his time of life. He does not seem to be more than thirty. Hurry up, Willie; where did I leave my shot-pouch, Nell? Down, Rollo, down, sir. Here, turn out, Vincent."

"Do you mind how Limpidy Cus went, Mr. Vincent," said the small attendant, as they crossed the hills. "Many's the time I seen her skirtin' the ditch beyond, makin' for the gap. 'Twas aisy known she wasn't a right hare."

"What is that he is saying?" asked Father Garrett.

"He is telling me of Limpidy Cus," answered Vincent, "a lame hare that defied all the dogs in the country, my own included. She certainly seemed to have a charmed life. She always appeared, and disappeared."

"Didn't we hunt her with a black greyhound, without as much as one white rib of hair in him," said the little boy, "an' all to no use. She went from under his legs, a'most."

"When was she seen last?" asked Vincent.

"We never seen her since the night ould Peggy Dhuv died," answered the boy, in a low voice, "an' many's the one says—Look! look at Rollo, sir! He's spottin' somethin'."

They had a satisfactory day on the mountains, and returned to their several abodes with full bags, weary feet, and large appetites.

Vincent fell asleep on the sofa after dinner. Ethna was not inclined to talk, and advised him to lie down until tea was ready, which suggestion led on to slumber in five minutes. He departed next morning, loudly lamenting that he could not remain longer. There was no place like Mona, and he would soon come again.

ATTIE O'BRIEN.

*(To be continued).*

## GOD'S WILL BE DONE!

O my dear,  
 When twilight falls on the mountains grey  
 And the sinking sun marks the close of day;  
 When the birds a plaintive lullaby sing,  
 And the bees no more through the garden swing—  
 I think of thee.

Sitting here,  
 With a fairy scene before me spread,  
 With a lime-tree rustling overhead,  
 And the perfume from many a garden flower  
 Filling the air in my quiet bower.  
 I think of thee.

My folded hands  
 Oling to the book that forgotten rests,  
 While my thoughts are busy with other guests.  
 The blind bat whirrs through the silent air,  
 And my lips move fast in a fervent prayer,  
 O love, for thee.

Evermore  
 Through the still, strange hours of the mournful night,  
 When the dark gives way at the dawn to light,  
 When the noontide takes the morning's room,  
 When evening comes with its welcomed gloom,  
 I'll grieve for thee.

O my love,  
 The roses were bitter when June was here—  
 Last year we placed them upon thy bier:  
 The roses you loved in days of old,  
 Crimson and white and pied and gold,  
 Blossom and bud.

Father dear,  
 Nought is the same since you went away—  
 Summer or sun or winter grey.  
 Will never the past come back again?  
 Never the days that knew no pain,  
 The happy years?

'Tis well with thee.  
 But we miss thy smile, and thy cheering word  
 Will never again in our home be heard.  
 Remembrance brings us a mist of tears,  
 And a cloud of sorrow hangs o'er our years.  
 God's will be done!

M. E. CONNOLLY.



## THOUGHTS FROM CARDINAL NEWMAN.

**T**HERE are few books to which I turn more eagerly, in the hope of receiving a useful fillip or home-thrust in a few minutes' reading, than a very small book called "Maxims and Sayings of the Rev. F. W. Faber D.D." They were chosen with admirable judgment out of the writings of the brilliant Oratorian by some one whose name is not given.

The writings of a still more illustrious Oratorian would perhaps, from their greater loftiness of thought and greater austerity of style, afford less facilities to the compiler of a similar selection.

But evidently some one had formed the design of making such a collection of thoughts from Cardinal Newman, for he wrote thus to Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son of Dublin on St. Patrick's Day exactly twenty years ago.

"Dr. Newman presents his compliments to Messrs. Gill and Son, and thanks them for the compliment they pay him in their proposal of this morning. He is sorry, however, that he must decline it, as he cannot feel that anything which he has written comes under so high a name as that of maxims or deserves to be so presented to the public."

We may seem to be running counter to the wish here expressed : but the holy Cardinal would now approve of such a selection, made at least in this transient and informal way, if an elevating thought should but thus be planted in a few minds, raising them over the vulgarities of this sinful world.

\* \* \*

1. True faith does not covet comforts; they who realise that awful day when they shall see Him face to face whose eyes are as a flame of fire, will as little bargain to pray pleasantly now as they will think of doing so then.

2. The Eternal God deals with us one by one, each in his own way : and the bystanders may pity and compassionate the long throes of our travail, but they cannot aid us except by their prayers.

3. After the fever of life, after weariness and sickness, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding, after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy

state, at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision.

4. He knows thy weakness; He foresees thy errors; but He holds thee by thy right hand, and thou shalt not, canst not, escape Him.—*Callista*.

5. A man's moral being is concentrated in every action of his life; it lives in the tips of his fingers, and the spring of his instep. A very little thing tries what a man is made of.

6. The power to hate truly what is evil must be involved in the power to love truly what is good, and must, indeed, usually precede the growth of the highest kind of love.

7. One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves.

8. It is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste; and why is this but that it gives us Jesus for our food, and Mary for our nursing Mother?—*Discourses to Mixed Congregations*.

9. No one ever did a great thing without suffering.—*Letters, II.* 335.

10. Let me begin by wishing you and all your professors and students a happy new year. Every day indeed is the beginning of a new and endless term of days; but that does not make the 1st January less awful in its associations.—*Unpublished letter to Dr. C. W. Russell, Jan. 1st, 1868*.

11. Good comes even from our errors, if they are merely the effects of human frailty and made in a dooble spirit. On the other hand if points were never discussed, much knowledge would be missed which by discussion is attained.—*Ibid*.

12. One only both began and consummated the work with which He was charged. We, His followers, are abundantly blessed, if we are allowed to lay any portion whether of the foundation or of the superstructure.

13. All who take part with Peter are on the winning side.

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## GOD'S MESSENGER.

DEATH came in at the window.  
     With cold and stealthy tread,  
 And took my treasures from me,—  
     My heart in silence bled.  
 The summer's warmth and gladness,  
 The Spring-time's wild sweet madness,  
     Were dead—for ever dead!

Death came in at the window,  
     (Youth, hope, and joy had fled)  
 But he beckoned with his finger,  
     And again I raised my head :  
 All earthly thoughts of sweetness,  
 Of earthly love's completeness,  
     Were dead—for ever dead!

Death came in at the window,  
     He stood beside my bed,—  
 I saw him through the darkness,  
     God's light shone on his head ;  
 Weary toil, and weary waiting,  
 Doubts of my own creating,  
     Were dead—for ever dead!

Death came in at the window,  
     And all my tears were shed,—  
 Coming now, I gave him welcome,  
     "God's Messenger!" I said.  
 The world with all its sorrow,  
 Life's weary, sad to-morrow,  
     Were dead—for ever dead!

CONSTANCE HOPE.

## THE GOOD OLD DOCTOR.

A LITTLE more than two years ago, in a quiet corner up in the north of Ireland, one might see almost every day an old, white-haired man with a beautiful face, driving along the country roads and lanes. He is dead now, and lies in that quiet churchyard where every day the people passing up and down see his grave and remember.

It is a sweet old-world spot, and once you are there the hum of busy life grows faint and the sound of the river is in your ears instead. There is a little cluster of cottages, and beside them the large rambling house that used to be his home, with its delightful garden full of old-fashioned sweet-smelling flowers. I remember the rockery was half-covered with splendid blue harebells that looked like a bit of cool evening sky; and there were blue and white clusters of clematis clinging together all through the summertime, while further down the red and yellow roses had climbed up and met and broke into exquisite blossom over the trellised arch.

When one left the roses and lilies behind, and followed the sloping path, one came on the wide lawn rimmed round with shady trees. Down below there stretched the broad meadow, and beyond it the river whose keen music echoed up among the garden paths.

This was his home; and every morning the villagers could see the pony-chaise being led round to the door by the old coachman who had served his master for almost a lifetime. And then the master would come out and drive away to someone who required his medical skill, or who needed the wisdom of his wise and tender heart. At some time or other that kindly and noble vision had brought healing and comfort to every heart in the country-side.

My own childish recollections of him are all clustered in little acts of kindness. His heart was very ready to respond to a child's touch, for he had still kept some of his own child-nature in that simplicity which seems to be the dower of great spirits.

I remember the summer afternoons we used to spend with him in the garden, wandering among the brilliant flower beds, or sitting in the shade of his favourite chestnut, while he told us stories of the old coaching days and of highwaymen, and his own

hair-breadth escapes and adventures, which we believed in with a credulity which must have amused him vastly. Or sometimes he would take us with him when he was going on his rounds, talking to us half-seriously, half-humourously, veiling some useful bit of knowledge or wise truth under a fanciful tale or allegory. It did not seem anything wonderful to us then. We did not think any further than that we loved him, but now in the fuller light of years it is something very noble and good to remember.

He had come near the end of a long life when I knew him, and he gave one the impression of having passed by all that was wrong and unworthy, and of having gathered into his life only the warmth and sunniness and love. And it was this which gave to that splendidly handsome face the charm you never forgot, for there you read plainly of gentleness, and loving-kindness, and the overwhelming desire to help others of which his whole life spoke. The brightness of youth hung around him always; and, when he talked to you, you felt the spell of his kind, beautiful face and courtly charm of manner until he might have been the hero "noble and right knightly" of an old romance.

For more than thirty years he spent his life in going out and in among the poor and sad, healing their sickness and comforting their hearts.

I think the people who loved him best were the children, and the frail and aged to whom his visits were the brightest sunshine of their day. In these poor little homes he was loved so dearly for his kind ways and the sweetness of his simple heart. In his brave gentlehood he helped all the lives that crossed his, whether high or low, and in his face the "sweet records" spoke of years full of kindly ministry. His warm and beautiful life was lived out contentedly in the quaint peacefulness of country ways, and among homely folk. He was a very noble gentleman.

The news of his sudden death swept the country for miles round into bitter grief; and round his grave the strong men stood weeping like little children. He died in the old house among the people that he lived for, and in their hearts his memory is as sweet and fragrant as the summer flowers, or the scent of the new mown hay when the men and women he loved are gathering in the harvest.

## BONCHURCH.

O WILD west wind! you are blowing, blowing,  
 Wet with the spume of the salt grey sea,  
 'Twixt the wrack that gathers, the tide that's flowing,  
 The past that is past, and the days to be.  
 Through the tangled trees the sea-sand drifting  
 Over the graves to the old church-wall  
 Where the sea is encroaching, the low land shifting  
 To whelm and cover them, one and all!

O sea-gull wild! you are crying, calling  
 To the deaf dead ears that are laid below,  
 "In a thousand years where the worm is crawling  
 The fish will swim, and the tide will flow!"  
 You are crying, as if to the dead it mattered  
 Whether here they sleep beneath earth or sea,  
 Where the faith is dead, and the lamp is shattered,  
 And the church stands vacant—so let it be!

MONTAGU GRIFFIN.

## DOMINE DEUS!

WHEN the tide long has left a sun-parched shore,  
 Where grey rocks raise grim faces to the sky;  
 When seabirds droop their wings, nor seek to soar,  
 And, panting, seem sea-nurtured things to lie:  
 When breath brings no refreshment from the air,  
 And no sound comes from the far-distant sea,  
 When pools lie dark and silent as despair:  
 So, Lord, is life for them who thirst for Thee,  
 If Thou withhold Thy grace  
 And hide from them Thy Face.

But when the soft stir of the distant tide  
 Steals like a song over the waiting strand;  
 When seabirds soar and sail through spaces wide,  
 And panting things are by a cool breeze fanned;  
 When laughing ripples sleeping pools awake,  
 And seaweeds float and shake their fringes free;  
 When shy waves creep along the sands and break:  
 So is life sweet to them who long for Thee,  
 If Thou bestow Thy grace  
 And turn to them Thy Face.

J SIEE TULLOCH.

## PRIEDIEU PAPERS.

## No. XIII.

## ON THE EXPEDIENCY OF BEING ASHAMED OF OURSELVES.

**T**HAT is a very pointed question that St. Paul puts in the sixth chapter of his epistle to the Romans: "What fruit had you in those things of which you are now ashamed?" Let us put this same question to ourselves, and see what answer we can honestly give to it.

But, first, it is well to take notice that the Apostle's question contains not only a rebuke but a compliment. The rebuke is plain enough, for the question supposes that we have done many things for which (to use an expressive Irishism) "we have a *right*" to be ashamed; and God knows we have. But, besides, the persons addressed are paid the compliment of being supposed not to belong to that most wretched and most hopeless class of all—those who are incapable of feeling shame, who brazen out their sin, who glory in it, or at least make light of it as if it were a mere matter of course. Worse than doing shameful things is to do them shamelessly; and the hardest epithet you can fling at a scoundrel is to call him an unblushing scoundrel.

The first reparation, then, that we have to make for doing wrong is to be ashamed of having done it. We cannot repent of what we glory in; and on the other hand we have begun already to feel sorrow (not a sufficient or supernatural sorrow perhaps) for that of which we are ashamed. Those persons were at least on the road to repentance and amendment to whom St. Paul first put the question that we are putting now to ourselves.

Shame itself, then, is not one of the things of which we are to be ashamed. On the contrary, shame, the capacity of being ashamed of what is wrong, is one of the faculties of our rational nature, which distinguishes us from beasts. If we had not souls, we could not blush. St. Thomas of Villanova says that beasts can be struck, killed, burned; but they cannot be put to shame. *Jumenta possunt percuti, occidi, cremari; verecundari non possunt.* Man has been defined *animal risibile*, but an ape can make a better attempt at laughing than at blushing. Brutes cannot blush;

and some men sink to the level of brutes in losing utterly their sense of shame.

Like everything else, however, that men possess, it is in their power to apply wrongly this faculty of shame; and it is plainly desirable that we should use it for the proper objects for which it was given to us. But alas, many men are ashamed of the very things of which they ought to feel proud; and they take pride out of the things which ought to bring the blush of shame to their cheeks. For instance, silly and vulgar boys—aye, and silly and vulgar men (often calling themselves gentlemen)—are ashamed of not cursing wickedly enough, of being left behind in the foulness of their language, of not drinking as much as others, of not being foolish or wicked enough in matters more horrible, more unmentionable than drinking.

In days not long gone by, and even up to the present day in some countries, those who called themselves gentlemen were ashamed of being branded as cowards if they did not consent to fight a duel with every fool or villain that challenged them to risk their lives in that way, and so to run the chance of becoming murderers or else going before the judgment seat of God in the very act of murder and suicide. Whenever we are inclined to imagine that anything patronised by sensible, well educated people cannot be atrociously bad, let us call to mind the detestable practice of duelling which was once imposed as a duty by the cruel tyranny of fashion. Men who pretended to be wise and brave and even good were ashamed of not incurring such guilt as this. They were ashamed to shrink from taking this guilt upon their souls, just as some are ashamed now-a-days of being left behind by comrades in some other custom which involves folly and wickedness, though on a smaller scale.

It is plain, however, that these things and such things as these are not the things for which we are to feel shame. It is not to such matters that the Apostle refers when he asks: "What advantage had you in those things of which you are now ashamed?" It was he himself who said: *Non erubescio evangelium*, "I am not ashamed of the gospel"; and St. Peter: *Si ut Christianus, non erubescat*, "If as a Christian any one suffers, let him not be ashamed." Whatever the law or will of God in any way asks from us, of that we must be proud and not ashamed. Ashamed of making the Sign of the Cross, ashamed of paying a



mark of respect in passing a church, ashamed of that weekly overt act of obedience, the Friday abstinence, ashamed of going to confession, ashamed of showing that you are an obedient and faithful Catholic—of these things we must not be ashamed, but we must glory in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in any share of that cross which may be involved in acting up to our faith and practising Christian virtue.

Let us, then, economise our blushes and not waste them on matters on which our sense of shame was never meant to be exercised. That sense of shame was given to us for wise ends and must be reserved for its proper uses. We need not be ashamed of poverty unless it be (as it often is) our own fault and brought upon us and upon those who depend on us by our extravagance and our idleness. We need not be ashamed of shabby clothes unless they indicate (as they often do) too intimate an acquaintance with the public-house and the pawn-office. But when poverty and shabby clothes *are* caused by the pawn-office and the public-house, they are a proper subject for shame and confusion; and to these things St. Paul's question applies most pointedly: "what advantage had you in those things of which you are now ashamed?"

Except the various forms and degrees of that vice which is so dangerous and so horrible that the same St. Paul says it must not be even named amongst Christians—that the very thought and mention of it ought to be left to those who are practically pagans not believers in the All-Holy and All-seeing God, not disciples of Jesus Crucified, Son of Mary Immaculate—except the loathsome vice of impurity there is nothing more degrading and therefore more shameful than the brutal vice of intemperance. Indeed in calling it a brutal vice we are unjust even to the brute creation: for the very brutes stop short of such excess. They drink to satisfy a natural thirst, and when nature is satisfied they desist. But the drunkard drinks for the sake of drinking, although he knows that he is dooming himself to sickness, remorse, and many evil results which will force him hereafter to say to himself, "what advantage had you in those things of which you are now ashamed?" And, if those evil consequences were confined to the drunkard himself, we might find it easier to be satisfied and to say "Serve him right!"—But when a patient loving wife and innocent children or even a wife and children who are not patient or loving or innocent (for how can a drunkard's wife and children

be all this ?)—then indeed the sin and woe of intemperance are a fit subject for shame and self-reproach ; and when the sinner has partly freed himself from this disgraceful slavery, he will feel keenly the force of this often repeated question : “ what advantage had you in these things of which you are now ashamed ? ”

It would, however, be a great mistake if we confined this question to those two chief and most beastly sins, which very often, but by no means always, go in partnership—intemperance and impurity. Not only these but all other sins are punished long before the unrepenting reprobate has begun his eternal punishment. This is one of the dispositions of God’s merciful providence over souls, by means of which He hinders the sinner from resting contented in his sins. “ Woe to the rich man who has peace in his riches ”—Woe to the sinner who has peace in his sin.

I sincerely trust that for those under whose eyes these pages will fall, though we all have memories that make us blush, and though for all of us the Apostle’s question is a homethrust and bears a very definite meaning, even as regards serious sin—nevertheless I hope that the subject will become more practical for us, especially as concerns our present conduct, if we extend this question to other things besides great sins, nay, to things which hardly involve any positive sin at all. The rebuke that is often administered to a froward child, appealing very early to the child’s self-respect—“ you ought to be ashamed of yourself ”—in the tribunal of our own conscience, sitting in judgment on ourselves, may we not apply that rebuke with great force and with profound sincerity to many of our doings, to a great part of our conduct, even when those around us would bear testimony that we were leading edifying lives ?

“ What advantage had you in those things at which you are now blushing ? ” I blush to think of all the sins that have ever stained my soul in the sight of God from whom not even the most secret passing thought is hidden ; but I blush also to think of the indifferent use I have made of all the opportunities of pleasing God that have been mine in every moment of every day of the many long years since I came to the use of reason and was first capable of loving and serving God. How much of all that has been wasted ! If a minute account of my goings on hour by hour since the day (for instance) of my first confession as a little child who

was considered capable of perhaps committing serious faults—if a minute account of all that has happened to me since then could be given to some one for whom I have love and respect, how very much of it I should wish to be very different! Of how much of it, not only at my worst time but at my best time, and up to this very hour, this very minute, should I be heartily ashamed?

Seneca, a pagan whom some have thought to be half a Christian, advises us to behave ourselves with men as if God saw everything—which He does—and on the other hand to behave ourselves with God as if men saw what we were doing and how we were doing it. If this latter test were applied (for instance) to our prayers, how would they stand it? Would the result be creditable? If our accounts with God could be audited with the minute care with which a chartered accountant examines the books of a commercial house, what sort of certificate should we be entitled to? Let us describe to ourselves in plain prose our past conduct, and past dealings with God and with our fellow-creatures up to the present; and, as the result is sure to be unsatisfactory, as we are sure to be ashamed of ourselves if we have proper sense and proper feeling—then will come in the question which we need not repent any more. Everything that took us away from fulfilling perfectly the designs of God—everything that was selfish, imperfect, in the wrong direction, though stopping far on the safe side of mortal sin—every such obstruction to the perfect reign of God in our hearts is seen now already to have been a mistake, a blunder, a misfortune. And if this is our verdict on each bygone portion of our mortal life while we are still in it, subject to its vicissitudes and vanities: how shall it be when the “bewitching of vanity” is over for us with mortal life itself, and when we shall look back on time as revealed in the light of eternity? The searching question which St. Paul has pressed upon us will then require to be couched in far sterner terms, and will for the lost soul enter into that soliloquy of despair beginning *Nos insensati*, “We fools!” That some mitigated form of the question will not sadden the happiness of some among the blessed whom God’s mercy has saved in spite of sloth and cowardice and much ingratitude and much unworthiness, is one of the deepest of the many deep mysteries of heaven.

## A FRIEND.

**I**T chanced one night my Guardian Angel, meeting  
 My boat that laboured on the bitter foam,  
 Let droop his wings, and with a tender greeting  
 Gave me a message from my Father's home.

"Christ loveth thee," he said, "thine hours of sorrow  
 Fall to thee from the sacred Crown of Thorn;  
 Choose now some boon from Him, that on the morrow  
 Thy heart's desire may ripen with the morn."

And I, with eyes towards that dim haven reaching  
 Whence joys and sorrows come and find their end,  
 Knelt at his feet, and answered him, beseeching  
 "Pray the Great God to send my soul a friend!"

And so God made thee, Dearest, strong and tender,  
 Weaving divine and human, weft and woof,  
 And sent thee to me, that my soul's surrender  
 Might put His promise to the furthest proof,

And make thee mine, Beloved, through the ages,  
 Mine in the fellowship of hopes and fears,  
 Mine at the closing of life's solemn pages,  
 Mine when He reaps the harvest of His years.

So in thy presence all my soul is rested,  
 In thy dear eyes I read the future right;  
 Or calm or storm, the countless waves are breasted,  
 And I with thee sail eastward to the Light.

Alice M. Morgan.

## CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

## A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

## PART VIII.

P.S.D., H.P., and J.W.A. have been successful in solving Nos. 13 and 14; *Anon* and *Warden*. The "lights" of the former are Arno and Norton (namely the Honourable Caroline); of the latter, *wood*, *ace*, and *rattan*. By the way J.W.A. gives *age* in place of *ace*, whereas the lines evidently refer to cardplaying.

Before me fall sovereigns, commoners, all,  
Though at times to the meanest I yield.

The same expert Acrostician confesses his ignorance of Ned, whom "F," in ringing the changes upon *warden*, introduces incidentally as "one among the sable choir whose head and harp have won him fame." J.W.A. is more familiar with Greek choruses than with nigger songs; but has he never heard of "poor Uncle Ned, who had no wool on the top of his head in the place where the wool ought to grow?"

The initials appended to the next two Acrostics, which we hand over to the ingenuity of our readers, stand respectively for Mr. Robert Reeves, Q.C., and another barrister, also dead many years, Mr. Daniel O'Connell—no relative, we think, of his illustrious namesake.

## No. 15.

## I.

Gem from her finger fell—  
Gift of her lover—  
Long though she search and well,  
Ne'er to recover!

## II.

Fast flow the maiden's tears—  
My hand can dry them—  
Soothings to calm her fears?  
I can supply them.

## III.

Fast as the waters slide  
 Down in the river,  
 So from her bosom glide  
 Jewel and giver.  
 Maiden another's bride —  
 Lover left rueing,  
 " Only my whole," he cried,  
 " All my fond wooing ! "

1. " They're off ! " " Oh ! are they ? " lisps the languid swell.  
 He means the horses, I the legs as well.
2. This word in that command you're sure to find  
 Where Dante talks of leaving hope behind.
3. The fishers three would now be safe and sound,  
 If, far from me, they'd stayed upon dry ground.
4. Seek for me now in Erin's humblest home,  
 Though once my wit delighted ancient Rome.

R.

## No. 16.

Whether in prose or gentle verse, 'tis plain  
 An adjective unyielding I remain ;  
 When joined to ship of whatsoever fleet,  
 I trust the reader we may never meet.

A source of good and evil to mankind,  
 What many seek for, but what few can find ;  
 Of which but few can learn good use to make,  
 And aid their fellows for their fellows' sake.

1. Where'er it comes, a wildly mournful strain,  
 And dire confusion, hate, and terror reign.
2. The tuneful Darcy comes from distant me,  
 Love in his heart and banjo on his knee.
3. In intervals like this our Solons turn  
 Their thoughts and energies to fresh intent,  
 In order that, invigorate, they may earn  
 Their country's praise, their own emolument.
4. Rapid my pious exercises are,  
 No Christianity more muscular !

O'C.

## THE FOUNDER OF ST. JOSEPH'S ASYLUM, DUBLIN.

A LONG and useful life has lately come to an end—long and useful, but so obscure that the ending of it has not furnished a paragraph to the newspapers. Yet there are very many who, when they pass away, are commemorated in elaborate obituaries, although they have honoured God and served their fellow-creatures far less than the good old man with whose name we have feared to head this paper, so utterly unknown is it.

James Murphy was a native of Drogheda, where he was born in one of the very earliest years of this century. To the end of his long life he spoke with great affection and reverence of his parents, and had Masses offered for the repose of their souls. He particularly cherished the memory of his mother. During his apprenticeship to the business of grocer in his native town, his mother came to Dublin about the year 1820. One day after making her confession in St. Michan's Church, Anne Street, she told the priest that she felt sick. He bade her seat herself at once on the bench outside the confessional, where in a few minutes she expired. This was the sad occasion of James Murphy's first visit to Dublin. He took the beloved remains home to Drogheda, where they were buried in the old cemetery of the Cord—a quaint name which we believe is connected with an ancient Church of St. Francis that has disappeared. Quite towards the end of his life Mr. Murphy expressed a half-wish to be buried near his mother; but, probably to avoid trouble and expense, he refrained from giving effect to this desire.

When his apprenticeship was over, he removed to Dublin, and after some time began business on his own account in Crane Lane. He married about this period, but he had no children. His wife, who died fifteen or twenty years ago, encouraged him earnestly in his good works. From the first he was a religious young man, teaching catechism on Sundays and helping in various ministries of charity under the zealous parish priest of SS. Michael and John's, Dr. Michael Blake, soon to become Bishop of Dromore.\*

\* A full account of this holy prelate, with many original letters and other documents, runs through our ninth volume (1881) and is concluded after a long break in our volume for 1890.

Newry people whose memory goes back to the middle of the century will recollect that one of Dr. Blake's charities was to give breakfast to as many poor children as possible. He had already in his Dublin parish begun this practice,—and one of the first duties that he imposed on James Murphy was to superintend this frugal repast.

Dr. Blake's removal to St. Andrew's Parish, Westland Row, and even his elevation to the Episcopacy, did not dissolve this partnership of religious zeal. In the title of this paper we have called Mr. Murphy the Founder of St. Joseph's Asylum. It dates from the year 1836, whereas Dr. Blake was consecrated Bishop of Dromore on St. Patrick's Day, 1833, and ever after lived in Newry : so that it was only from a distance, and by correspondence, that he encouraged with his counsel the practical founder and manager of the infant Institution.

As usual, the good work which promises to endure for centuries began on the humblest scale and almost by accident. A respectable lady was left destitute under peculiar circumstances that excited Mr. Murphy's sympathy. He procured lodgings in Clarendon St. for her and another equally deserving and equally destitute, and exerted himself to obtain money for their support. For some reason the landlord objected to this tenancy; and a small house was taken in Portland Row, on the site of the present fine establishment. We cannot give the details of its development, but it was not till the year 1839 that it was so far recognised as to be allowed to make its appeal to the generosity of the faithful in a public church. The first charity sermon for "St. Joseph's Asylum for aged single females of unblemished character" was preached in the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin, on the 5th of May of that year, by the Co-Founder, the Bishop of Dromore, who for six consecutive years returned to plead the cause of St. Joseph's Asylum in the same pulpit from which similar appeals have been made every year since then. On every one of those fifty-eight occasions the business arrangements were superintended with unflagging zeal by James Murphy, whom the old Bishop would sometimes induce to visit him in his home, Violet Hill, Newry. When Dr. Blake died in 1860, he bequeathed to St. Joseph's a fourth of his property : when his zealous henchman died 37 years later, he gave his all—but neither the old bishop or the old layman had much to leave.



One of the happiest days of Mr. Murphy's life was the 15th of October,\* 1856, when the Chapel attached to St. Joseph's Asylum was dedicated to the public worship of God. Dr. Blake preached on the occasion his last sermon in his native city. The first chaplain was the saintly Father Henry Young, whose biography was written by the saintly Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and appeared by instalments in the second year of this Magazine before reappearing as a separate volume.

Another little book connected with St. Joseph's is "A Shrine and a Story," by the Author of *Tyborne*, published by the Catholic Truth Society. And indeed St. Joseph's, Portland Row, deserves the name of a shrine, a sanctuary, a place of pilgrimage. Besides the pious inmates of the Asylum, and the Nuns who are now associated with them and devoted to their service, the chapel is a favourite resort of the devout faithful through the day. Within its walls from early morning to late evening prayer never ceases, aloud or in the sacred silence of hearts. Some whose privilege it has been to visit Lourdes and other holy spots say that they experience the same feeling of devotion in St. Joseph's as a place where one can pray long without weariness, and where there is a sense that prayer is heard and answered. Innumerable are the novenas, triduumms, rosaries and prayers offered up in compliance with the wishes of those who write from far and near for such succour.

We do not know if there are materials for calculating the number of virtuous unmarried women whose last years have been provided for at St. Joseph's, or how many happy deaths have taken place under this holy roof during these last sixty years. We at least are unable to furnish these edifying statistics. Never for a week nor for a day during all those years did the holy man who began the work falter in his patient zeal to maintain and preserve it. Helpers he had; but they came and went, or death took them away. He was fond of recalling the extraordinary devotion to St. Joseph manifested practically by Father Michael Kavanagh, S.J. (dead these many years) and by a good lay brother of the same Society, Brother Martin Doyle, who was indefatigable in working for St. Joseph's, and in inducing others to give the monetary help he could not give himself.

\* This is the reason (besides gratitude for all that she has done for St. Joseph's honour) why the Feast of St. Teresa, October 15th, is kept at St. Joseph's

Mr. Murphy's chief auxiliary for many years was an admirable lady who acted as matron of the establishment, Miss Ellen Kerr. She ought always to be remembered with gratitude in Portland Row.

The venerable Manager of the Institution had for years sought to give stability to his work by confiding it to the care of a religious congregation. Many negotiations were carried on with this object from time to time. Miss Kerr's death, in the early part of 1888, proved more than ever the expediency of such a measure, and perhaps her prayers now hastened its accomplishment. Three months after her departure he had the consolation of learning that the Archbishop of Dublin had confided the care of St. Joseph's to the nuns called the "Poor Servants of the Mother of God." On the 25th August, 1888, Mr. Murphy with the Trustees gave them a hearty welcome at the church door; and Canon Fricker, speaking from the altar, expressed the feelings of all towards the good Religious, declaring that St. Joseph, who was the first "Poor Servant of the Mother of God," would bless and aid the community working in his name.

During the nine years which have since elapsed, there has never been even the shadow of a misunderstanding between the holy old man and the Sisters who, in a good sense, had supplanted him, and entered into the fruit of his labours. It might have been expected that one so old and so settled in habits could not easily accommodate himself to the altered arrangements, but would either withdraw altogether from the work or interfere in an inconvenient manner. Mr. Murphy did neither. He remained as devoted a friend as ever, superintending the collections, and was ever ready to render any service required; and he never interfered even as much as by a look, though probably the Sisters made changes that were distasteful to him. The various improvements, the fine new building opened in 1891 by the Archbishop, and the painting and decoration of the Church were the keenest delights of his declining years.

On Monday, August the 30th, he obeyed a summons to the Convent and transacted some business there, though in reality he was dying at the time. "He seemed a little tired," said one of the community, but he complained of no illness. Returning to his residence, 24 Eustace Street, he consented to have a doctor sent for, and the faithful and devoted attendant who had watched

over him for a great number of years, summoned also his confessor. With great joy and gratitude he received the last consolations of religion. His happy and peaceful death occurred on the 1st of September—Wednesday, the day of the week which the devout consecrate especially to St. Joseph. On the following Friday his remains were interred in the beautiful cemetery of Glasnevin.

“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord . . . for their works follow them.” The work that we have described, kept up through all difficulties for more than sixty years, proves James Murphy to have been a man of rare and solid virtue. His life was filled besides with innumerable other charities and acts of benevolence, marvellous in a man of his limited means. His zeal was inspired and supported by a vivid faith and a tender piety, especially towards the Sacrament of the Altar. His name, and one or two other names that we have linked with it, are worthy of this slight commemoration. A better remembrance will be the prayers perpetually offered for him in the house with which his name is linked for evermore.

M. R.

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FAILTE !

*Ad R.P.— ex Australia reducem.*

AS the long voyage closed from lands that wear  
 Their splendid prime, where the young city gleams  
 Gemlike beneath despotic summer's beams,  
 Father, you may have thought, “Not bright nor fair  
 This ancient Motherland, but darker, greyer  
 Than the grey seas that gird her. Wan she seems  
 With brooding over memories and dreams,  
 And wrinkled from long centuries of care.”

Yet she hath rayed the noblest light of all  
 From 'neath that age-long veil of mist and mourning—  
 Her fires of kindly charity kept burning,  
 Though raged the storm. These, farther forth than Paul  
 Or Xavier, you have borne ; these loudly call  
 Our Irish hearts to greet your home-returning.

G. O'N.

## A DULL GIRL.

**S**HE was always counted a dull girl. She was a dunce at school, where neither severe punishments nor threatenings of 'disgrace' could force the simplest knowledge into her head. Every morning with stolid indifference, she held out her hands for the "slaps" which were her daily portion; and yet she used to study diligently in the evenings at home, conning over the lessons word for word, until it seemed that memory must aid her where understanding failed; but when she laid aside her books, her mind was still a blank on which her labour had left no mark. Her parents at length decided to keep her at home, for they felt ashamed of her stupidity.

"'Tis better for her stay with me, an' try to be of some use in the house," the mother said, "than to keep her goin' to that school where she is learnin' nothing, an' only makin' a fool of herself an' of us before the country."

The father acquiesced, and Maggie became a household drudge, the butt of her brothers' and sisters' thoughtless jests, and an object of amusement to her former companions. The mother was at first inclined to be hard on her, but when she found her a willing little slave, who never complained, no matter what amount of work was allotted to her, and who went through it all satisfactorily, she repented of her harshness, and protected her from the unkindness of the others.

As they grew into manhood and womanhood, her brothers and sisters, who were lively young people, enjoyed themselves at all the amusements, which they and their friends got up during the long winter nights and the summer evenings; the dances in barns and at cross-roads to the familiar music of the shrill flute, the singing of the latest ballad, and the card-playing for geese and turkeys—this last by no means favourably regarded by the elder and more sensible people. But Maggie possessed none of these rustic accomplishments; she could not learn to dance or sing or play; music seemed to her but a succession of sounds having no relation to each other, and dancing, the tracing out of an intricate pattern, the circles, squares, and interlacings of which would simply bewilder her. So she remained at home with her father

and mother, when the others were all away ; in the winter sitting beside them, stocking in hand, near the kitchen fire, listening to their conversation, but seldom speaking except in answer to a question. In the summer she often stole out when her work was done to wander over the bog which stretched in front of the house, pausing at every step to examine some flower or fern, which she never plucked, but whose growth she watched with a jealous care, noting the unfolding of leaf and frond, the imperceptible changing of colour, from the fresh, pale green of the first days to the deeper shade of maturity, and then the waning into the "sere and yellow."

The meadow at the back of the house was another favourite retreat of Maggie's. The great clump of yellow iris which grew in one corner near the river, had a wonderful attraction for her ; she had never seen prettier flowers, and she could spend hours gazing upon them. Alas ! she had not the hours to spare, but, while they were in bloom, every moment that she could snatch from the day was spent amongst them. One evening she sat there on the moat which ran along by the river ; a June moon was riding high in the heavens and flooding the land with its golden light, the frogs were croaking in the dikes. Anyone passing by would have taken Maggie for a ghost, as she sat motionless, her shawl wrapt tightly around her, and her face resting on her upturned palms ; her cousin thought so, as he approached her.

"Is it wantin' to frighten the life out of some poor devil you are, Mago, or tryin' to turn into one of thim flagger-flowers?" he jocularly asked when he reached her. "Sure I took your head in the distance to be a dozen flaggers in one."

She looked up without a start of surprise or fear, though she had not expected him, and had not seen him coming.

"Good evenin', Tim Connors," she said in her matter-of-fact tones.

"Why aren't you at Nestor's party? There is more fun there than sittin' out here in the cowl'd moonlight, with a lot of flaggers for companions, an' ne'er a one to speak to."

"The others are gone there, Tim."

"Yes, I know, but why aren't you with thim? Why is it that you never go anywhere?"

She paused to consider ; this had not struck her before.

"Someone must stay at home."

"Then Julia and Kate ought to stay in turns, an' let you out sometimes. 'Tisn't fair or right to have all the fun to themselves. I'm thinkin' you don't ask to go."

"No,"

"Is it because you can't dance?"

Another pause. "I don't know, maybe it is."

"Well, then, why don't you try to learn? Get Patsey or Julia to teach you; they're the best steppers in the country."

Maggie shook her head.

"You wouldn't ask thim, is it? What a quare girl you are. Come on now, an' you an' I'll have a hop together. There's nobody in the kitchen but your mother, 'twas she told me I'd find you here. Your father's gone to bed."

Maggie rose obediently, and went with Tim to the house. Her mother was nodding by the fire, but their entrance roused her.

"So you found her, Tim *alanna*. Sure she's an *omadhaun* to be wanderin' over the country, this hour of night, like a sperrit that couldn't rest, the Lord between us an' all harm. A dacent girl wouldn't be giving the neighbours room to talk, but, for sure, they say enough already."

Her daughter's strange ways were a sore point to Mrs. Connor's; she heard what the people said, the remarks they passed, and the laughs they enjoyed at Maggie's expense, and it grieved her that one belonging to her should be a subject for such.

"Mago an' I are goin' to have a hop for ourselves on the floor here, Ma'am; 'tis a pity you can't 'jig' for us, as I am badly able to whistle and dance together." And the young fellow drew himself up to his full height, shoved back his cap, stretched his legs one after the other, then turning to the girl, who was standing stolidly by, he extended his arms, saying, "Come on, Maggie, an' let us make a beginnin'."

The mother looked on with a pleased expression on her old withered face. No one before had taken the least interest in the girl. None of the young men of the village had ever paid her any attentions; they had not tried to teach her to dance, or to get her to accompany them to places of amusement; her dulness and want of even ordinary attractions had completely isolated her. It seemed strange for Tim Connors to leave his friends and his pleasures that evening to bother himself about the lonely girl, and

the mother hoped it was a good omen.

"There isn't a bettther house-keeper in the side of a country," she whispered to herself, "an' her butter can't be bate in the market; sure if she isn't tall an' likely, an' smart of tongue, she makes up for it with her hands, tho' I'm her mother that says it." Aloud she remarked, "Ye're gettin' on grand, Tim: step it out, Maggie, that's the girl; you'll bate thim all out yet."

Alas! poor Maggie was like a log of wood, which Tim dragged here and there: the grace of motion was not a latent quality in her, she was stiff and awkward, and seemed every moment to be getting more and more stupid, as the unusual excitement bewildered her. Tim was becoming exhausted with the double exertion of whistling a tune, and trying to get her to move her feet in harmony with it, when peals of laughter from the door-way brought them both to a stand-still. Maggie, looking up, shrank back into a corner, and Tim's face crimsoned with annoyance. His cousins and some of their neighbours rushed into the kitchen with amused smiles and merry jests, they had been watching the dancing for some few minutes, and Tim knew he would be the butt of many a jest and joke for months to come.

He tore himself away from them as quickly as he could, and in, by no means, an amiable manner. Maggie had received her first and last lesson in dancing, the only attention a young man ever paid her. To her mother's disappointment Tim did not return, and no one seemed inclined to take his place.

Her brothers, except the eldest Jer, went off to America, and her sisters got married, but Maggie remained on at home unsought and unwed. And yet she was not one whit plainer looking than many of her old companions who flitted with each successive Shrove. Her figure was squat and slovenly, her face colourless, her light eyes lacked expression, but many carried like disadvantages, while some of the village beauties envied her wealth of yellow hair, which ought to have compensated for much that was wanting.

No one could tell if she felt her lonely position; a mere drudge in the household, though they treated her so kindly—how could one ask her opinion and consult her tastes when she had none? If she had any regrets, she did not show them, they were not reflected in her face, neither did they find an outlet in tears or murmurings or discontented looks. She performed her daily

duties with scrupulous exactness, yet in a mechanical manner which precluded all idea of enthusiasm. She was not in love with her work, but neither did she dislike it.

Her father and her mother passed away, and they were laid to rest under the shadow of the old Abbey, which, looming up darkly in the waning light, kept Maggie from wandering in the bog after the sun had set, and sent her to seek enjoyment among the "flaggon-flowers" and daisies in the meadow.

A few years later her brother Jer got married to the sprightly daughter of one of his neighbours. Betsy had not much respect for her quiet sister-in-law who was generally regarded as a dull-witted creature; but though in no way considerate for her feelings, when Maggie's conduct amused or irritated her, she was otherwise kind to her.

When the laughter and prattle of little children filled the house with glad sounds, nobody listened to them with a happier smile than the awkward aunt whom their mother would not trust to bear them in her arms lest she might let them fall. Wherever they were, whether crawling on the floor, or sleeping in the cradle, her eyes continually sought them; and as they grew older they seemed to understand the depths of the love and devotion which her unfortunate manner prevented her showing openly. They wished to be constantly with her: when she worked in the house, they amused themselves, plucking at her dress, and running around her; when she went out to draw water from the well, to bring turf in, or to milk the cows, they trotted after her, tumbling over one another, in their effort to keep up with her quicker steps.

Their growing affection for this very common-place aunt filled their mother with surprise. She had always felt a good-natured contempt for her sister-in-law, whose lack of attractive qualities she was wont to bewail with a smile and toss of her head, and she could not understand how her children were drawn to her, for apparently she made no effort to win their love and confidence.

"Children like being talked to," she would remark, "and Maggie can hardly say a word beyond 'yes' or 'no'; they like one to play with them and make them laugh, and Maggie never does; yet they are, I'm thinkin', fonder of her than they are of me."

It certainly seemed so. They insisted that "Aunt Mago" should put them to bed every evening, and though this was a duty



the mother would have liked to keep to herself, she felt herself obliged to yield to their wishes.

One evening the father coming into the kitchen found Betsy standing in front of the fire, gazing into it with a puzzled look on her face. When he reached her, she raised her eyes to his.

"I thought Maggie was no scholar," she said.

"An' sure she isn't," Jer answered. "She wint to school like the rest of us, but whin they found she could learn nothin' my father and mother kept her at home. I hope none of our lads will take after her."

"If she is no scholar, where did she get all the stories, she tells the children?"

"What sort of stories?"

"Oh the quarest you ever heard! About flowers and fairies an' things like that. I heard the gib-gab in the room to-night when she was puttin' thim to bed, an' I stole up to the door an' listened till my heart stood in my mouth. There she tellin' thim that the flowers turned into fairies every night, an' the flagger is the queen of thim because she is so tall an' stately, an' all of the colour of gold, an' the *noneens*, an' buttercups an' cuckoo flowers are all her people, just as we are the Queen's. You never heard such stories, sure they couldn't be anywhere but in a book."

Jer stood open-mouthed in wonder.

"I always said there was something not right about Maggie," he remarked. "'Tis a quare thing for a girl to be sittin' out in a meadow of nights, an' a lot of flagger flowers standin' round her."

"An' she said 'twas grand to see thim dancin' whin the moon was shinin' on thim, an' the wind playin' a tune for thim," Betsy continued. "She promised little Pat to bring him out some night to see thim."

"That she never will"—the father's face grew red with anger—"she'd want to have thim like herself."

If Maggie had been an observant person, she might have noticed that the children were kept as much as possible away from her after this, and a fear of going out after dark, especially of going to the river meadow, was instilled into them by both the father and the mother.

As soon as they were old and strong enough to walk to the school, the father insisted on their regular attendance there, while in the evenings he superintended their studies at home.

"I won't have any of my children dunces," he said, with a significant glance towards Maggie, who however did not seem to take in its meaning. "They will be scholars, or else—I'll know why." And this time his eyes rested on a huge whip, which hung over the fireplace, and the children trembled as they bent their heads, until they almost touched the books.

Jer was a tender and considerate man, and his boys and girls were deeply attached to him, but a fear was growing in him that some of his children would take after their aunt, and turn out awkward and dull, and this was causing him much uneasiness, and making him severe in all that related to their education. Such a misfortune should be prevented at any cost.

"Better," he repeated over and over again to his wife, "better even that they should die, than grow up to be a laughing-stock in the country."

Little Pat was a wilful child; besides being the eldest of the family, he was the brightest, and therefore he was much indulged, and without fear of punishment, he often disobeyed his father's commands.

One evening when school was over he came home by the fields, which he was forbidden to do while there was a flood in the river. The water was much higher than he had expected to find it, but having come so far he would not turn back, and he tried to cross the narrow plank on his hands and knees. He had got half way over when his clothes were caught by some bushes, which, brought down by the flood from a distance, had become entangled there, and in trying to get these free, he tumbled into the water. He was a brave little lad, and though greatly frightened, he did not lose his presence of mind; he caught hold of the bushes and clung to them, screaming at the same time with all his might.

Maggie, who had been standing at the turf-rick, heard him. "'Tis Patsy! tis Patsy!" she whispered to herself. "I would know his voice in a hundred"—and she ran wildly down the hill. The moment he saw her, he cried out:

"Oh, hurry, Auntie Mago, hurry! I'm nearly drowned. Oh, I'll never come across again!"

She crept along the plank, until she was close to him, but yet, she was not near enough to reach him, and she threw herself into the water, clutching the bushes with one hand, while with the other, she tried to drag him nearer; at last she succeeded in

getting him upon the plank, and when they both reached the meadow, she was nearly exhausted. Some men, who had been attracted by the child's screams, came up then, the father among them. He took the boy in his arms and carried him home, Maggie following wearily.

The evening was spent nursing him, and in the confusion and fright Maggie was forgotten. She did not give herself time to change her wet clothes, so anxious was she about the child who was her favourite nephew, so eager to be in sight of him. The next morning she was too ill to get up, and a week later they laid her beside her father and mother, under the shadow of the old Abbey.

A small boy forced his way through the mourners around the grave, and, stooping, laid a bunch of yellow iris upon the coffin.

"Auntie Mago loved the flowers," he said with tears in his grey eyes, "and nobody knew so much about them, and nobody could tell the stories that she could. Oh, she was so clever; there is no one at all like her now!"

The men and women looked at one another with surprise, and one of them murmured, "Well, it is all a matter to her now. God rest her soul!"

M. E. CONNOLLY.

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#### NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Crescent College Review: An Annual School Magazine*. Edited by the Pupils of Sacred Heart College, S.J., the Crescent, Limerick.

This is the newest and in many respects the most interesting of the very numerous college magazines which have sprung up within the last ten years or so in at least all English-speaking countries. We have not heard of any similar undertakings in French, Italian or German. That "annual" limitation in the title pleases us, for we should dread undesirable consequences from a more frequent appearance, especially in connection with a college circumstanced like the one which has sent forth this splendid Number One. It is hard to conceive how even once a year those who are responsible will be able to provide so sumptuous a banquet of art and literature. We do not envy the Editors of Number Two. Will *they* be able to give us for sixpence sixteen admirably executed portraits of past distinguished pupils, five or six large groups of the present generation, excellent

pictures of various Limerick scenes, such as the O'Connell Statue, opposite the Sacred Heart College, Thomond Bridge, St. John's Hospital, &c., besides domestic scenes, church, class-rooms, and so forth, not to speak of the very beautiful full-page illustration reproducing exquisitely Bottoni's celebrated picture of St. Ignatius? The preceding enumeration does not nearly exhaust the Art division of the "Crescent Review." The literature is supplied by the youthful Editors and by Mr. Charles Doyle, M.A., Mr. Joseph Nunan, B.A., LL.B., Mr. Martin O'Brien, Mr. Francis Sheehan, and Surgeon A. X. Lavertine, R.N. whose "Notes from my Log Book" is one of the pleasantest items.

2. It is not usual to review a work a month or two before publication, especially when one has not seen it either in manuscript or in proofsheets. But we can safely recommend to our readers "The Life and Writings of James Clarence Mangan" by D. J. O'Donoghue, though it will not be published for some weeks. Mr. O'Donoghue's extraordinary industry and his minute and most accurate acquaintance with Irish bibliography of this century have been proved in his work, "The Poets of Ireland." He has devoted himself earnestly for a considerable time to the preparation of the first full account of that true poet and most interesting man, James Clarence Mangan. Everything extant about him in print or manuscript or in the memories of surviving friends, along with notices of many interesting men connected with him, will be given in this volume, which, though produced in large octavo and in the best library style, will be sent post-free for five shillings to those who subscribe before publication. Subscriptions may be sent to the Author, Drogheda Lodge, Finglas, Co. Dublin, or to Mr. T. G. O'Donoghue, 3 Bedford Road, Aston's Quay, Dublin.

3. *In the Days of Good Queen Bess.* (London: Burns and Oates.) The titlepage of this nicely produced volume goes on to describe it as "The Narrative of Sir Adrian Trafford, Knight, of Trafford Place in the County of Suffolk;" and furthermore the work is stated to be "edited by Robert Haynes Cave, Rector of Blyborough, Lincolnshire." We suppose this last to be the author's real name and that his book is an historical novel. It is well written and fairly good of its kind, but we confess that we have little taste for this kind of story which is neither history nor fiction; and in the present instance neither the epoch nor the plot nor the style has been very effective in overcoming our prejudice. It may succeed better with several classes of readers more interested in good Queen Bess and her times.

4. Messrs. Fallon and Co., 16 Lower Sackville Street, Dublin, have added to the School and College Series, edited by the Rev. T. A. Finlay, M.A., F.R.U.I., three School Readers with the price increas-

ing in geometrical progression—a halfpenny, a penny, and twopence. They are beautifully illustrated and printed, and quite wonderful at the price. In the same series has appeared a School Edition of "Our Village" by Mary Russell Mitford. The Life of the author prefixed and the notes appended help the reader greatly to appreciate this quiet little classic, which we recommend even to adults who have no interest in Intermediate Examinations. It is too pleasant for a school-book.

5. *Aesop's Fables in Verse*. By John Nolan, O.D.C. (Dublin: Brown and Nolan). A particularly neat little quarto gives a large number of short and lively fables translated in a variety of metres. They are done with a great deal of spirit and cleverness, and Father Nolan has an easy knack of rhyming. But we think that the translation of a fable might be more of a work of art, capable of more elegance and greater fidelity to the original than Father Nolan seems to have aimed at.

6. The same publishers have issued in the form of a sixpenny pamphlet "Our Duties to Our Neighbour," by a Northern Priest. Even so unpretentious a work ought, one would think, to have sought an Imprimatur. It is full of solid and edifying matter, but many expressions might be improved here and there.

7. As very few new books have presented themselves this month, we will refer back to a book that is in the hands of the public for a considerable time. Some who revere the memory of Cardinal Newman have perhaps not yet learned to appreciate his "Meditations and Devotions" published after his death. The Cardinal's devoted friend and disciple, Father Neville, seems to us not to have arranged his materials in the most judicious manner. If he had begun with the Third Part, many readers would at once have been caught by the meditations about God, simple yet profound, while they are disappointed at the present arrangement which gives the book the appearance of another *Mois de Marie*. If such readers will take up the book again and read it meditatively from page 400 onward, they will, we think, see that it is worthy even of the name of John Henry Newman.

8. The Redemptoristines, whose beautiful Convent has given its name to St. Alphonsus Road in Drumcondra, have now been established in Dublin for thirty five years. The first colony they have sent out have just planted themselves in Rectory Grove, Clapham, London. Inclosure was solemnly established in their new convent on the 25th July, 1897. The beautiful instruction given on the occasion by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.R. has been printed under the title of "Prayer without Impediment." An appendix describes the history,

nature, and spirit of this institute of Nuns of the Most Holy Redeemer

9. *The Commandments Explained according to the Teaching and Doctrine of the Catholic Church.* By the Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. (R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London).

The Author of "The Creed Explained," "Convent Life," and other works of practical instruction for various classes of Christians, has in the present large and well-printed volume applied the same plan to the explanation of the Decalogue. He confines himself to full, clear and explicit instructions on all the points included under the ten commandments of God, abstaining altogether from exhortation and illustration and aiming only at furnishing accurate and adequate information. Both priests and people will derive profit from the study of this work. Father Devine quotes some unusual authorities. As regards hypnotism, he alleges the testimony of Sir Francis Cruise; but these observations were addressed to a professional audience, and we are not quite sure that our eminent Dublin physician would take quite the same tone now in a treatise of popular instruction.

10. Probably we announced before, but it is a pleasure to emphasise so edifying a fact, that a fifth edition of Father Gallwey's "Watches of the Passion" is now in circulation. Such a success in so short a time is phenomenal, especially as regards a work of Catholic piety consisting of two large and thick volumes.

11. *Bone Rules; or, Skeleton of English Grammar.* By the Rev. John B. Tabb. (Benziger: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago).

This oddly named school book is "inscribed to his pupils, active and passive, perfect and imperfect, past, present and future, by their loving Father Tabb." It is very original and clever, and we think sensible and useful. There is much freshness about the rules and examples. Many good hints are given about punctuation, though we demur to the opening sentence of this section. "Punctuation-marks are used to show to the reader the pauses that will best convey the meaning of the writer." The word "pauses" seems to show that Father Tabb speaks here of one who reads aloud. A judicious reader will pause, and even pause very long, in places where it would be quite wrong to put even a comma. Punctuation is meant more to show the meaning of the sentence, how the writer intends his words to be grouped and separated, in order to bring out the proper sense for the reader who perhaps does not use his voice at all.

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## PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

Histories the most carefully and most conscientiously compiled must swarm with erroneous statements. Any page that deals with facts is pretty sure to have a mistake or two. This generalization of the fallibility of uninspired writers is the comfort we fall back upon when we occasionally detect ourselves in printing and publishing a material lie—the qualifying epithet here being opposed not to “immaterial,” but to “formal.” The last of these unintentional inaccuracies occurs in our brief obituary of Sister Mary Stanislaus MacCarthy in our September Number. We there, besides giving a wrong name to St. Catherine’s Convent, Sion Hill, Blackrock, commit ourselves to the statement that Father Faber and Father Thomas Burke died at the same age—49. That was indeed the term of the Oratorian’s crowded life; but the Dominican was born in 1830 and died in 1883. May they both rest in peace. Their works have followed them.

\* \* \*

A French newspaper lately recorded the death of M. Ludovic Sarlat of that ilk, as they would say in Scotland—for he died at Sarlat in Dordogne, aged 82. He was “greffier en chef du tribunal Civil” in that town—something like Clerk of the Crown probably—and he was a poet into the bargain. In his published volumes there are twelve hundred and seventeen sonnets, besides more than four hundred uncollected from various journals. He had not lived in vain.

\* \* \*

Dr. Douglas Hyde has displayed in a wonderful degree the perseverance of genius in mastering the living language and legends of the Irish-speaking remnant of our race. It is immensely to his credit that he, a Protestant, the son of a dignitary of the Protestant Church, can enter so sympathetically into the religious feelings of the Irish peasant, as he shows in recent contributions to *The New Ireland Review*. The next pigeonhole contains an interesting passage of Dr. Hyde’s about the salutations of the Irish. He omits noticing that an Irishman, coming into a company, says “God save all here,” and that the return-salutation is “God save you kindly.”

\* \* \*

“A pious race is the Gaelic race. The Irish Gael is pious by nature. He sees the hand of God in every place, in every time,

and in every thing. There is not an Irishman in a hundred in whom is the making of an unbeliever. The spirit and the things of the spirit affect him more powerfully than the body and the things of the body. In the things he does not see he does not believe the less for not seeing them; and in the things he sees he will see more than a man of any other race; what is invisible for other people is visible for him. God is for him a thing assured, true, intelligible. He feels invisible powers before him, and by his side, and at his back throughout the day and throughout the night. It is from this feeling that the ordinary expressions and salutations of the Irish language come. When he meets a neighbour, instead of saying *bon jour* or good morning, like other races, he says: "God salute you." If he sees a person at work, he says: "Prosperity from God on you." If you are parting from him, he says: "May God prosper you sevenfold." If he is blessing you he says: "May God life-lengthen you." If you sneeze, he will cry: "God with us;" and when you salute him saying "God greet you," his answer is: "God and Mary (*i.e.* the Virgin) greet you." When he takes snuff from you, he will say: "The blessing of God be on the souls of your dead." If a sudden wonderment surprise him, he will cry "A thousand laudations to God." If he be shown a young child or anything else for the first time for the first time, he will say: "Prosperity from God on it." If there come sudden trouble upon him, he will say: "The cross of Christ upon us." When the cock crows, what he hears in its note is: "Moc na ho-ya slaum," "the Son of the Virgin saved." If he make complaints, what he says is: "O Wirrastru" (*i.e.*, "O Mary it is a pity.") There is no other race in the world, as my friend Father O'Growney once observed, which has too names for Mary—"Maurya," when the name is given in baptism to a woman; "Mwiryra" when they speak of the Mother of Our Saviour. God is, then, in his mouth and before his eyes day and night; he is the true son of those old saints who spread the light of Christ throughout the world. He is now by nature a Christian from the day of his birth to the hour of his death.

His mind on the subject may be summed up in those two sayings, that of the early Church, "let ancient things prevail," and that of Saint Augustine, "*Credo quia impossibile.*" Nature did not form him to be an unbeliever; unbelief is alien to his mind and contrary to his feelings.



NOVEMBER, 1897.

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DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY'S DAUGHTER.

THE scope of this paper is indicated by the name that it gives to the late Sister Mary Stanislaus, of Sion Hill. We must not dare to attempt any account of her in her personal character so amiable and attractive, nor as a holy religious of the Order of St. Dominick; but last month, in announcing her death, we promised to return to the proof that she gave, almost in spite of herself, of her hereditary gift of song. Since then, however, it has happily been arranged that a volume containing the poems of "S.M.S." will very speedily be published. Our readers must wait for this holy and beautiful book—it is sure to be holy and beautiful—if they need to be convinced that the poet's daughter was herself a true poet. Any extracts that may be given in the present paper will be taken mainly from pieces that for one reason or another are hardly likely to be included in the permanent collection.

Mary Mac Carthy was not long on earth before she inspired poetry. Her father, with his singularly affectionate nature and his exuberant lyrical faculty, is sure to have pleased the gentle mother with such little tributes before her first-born was even fourteen months old; but at that date her praises appear in print. *The Dublin University Magazine*, long since dead and forgotten, was then second to none but *Blackwood*. It was in its pages that Denis Florence Mac Carthy's "Waiting for the May" and "The Bridal of the Year" excited the enthusiastic admiration of the famous mathematician, Sir William Rowan Hamilton, who wished also to be a poet. There, in the March Number of 1851, appeared "A

Valentine : to my daughter 'Murillo' fourteen months old"— for it was dated February 14, 1851, and its subject was born December 26, 1849. It reappeared in one of his volumes as "To Mary fourteen months old"—with a good deal of musical nonsense left out, to which a note in the *D.U.M.* had referred thus : "The above recondite allusions in italics, referring merely to little Eleusinian mysteries of the nursery and parlour, must, like much of the wit of Aristophanes, ever remain a puzzle to the critics." So soon after the happy ending of the life that began so brightly there is something pathetic in this first appearance in print of Denis Florence Mac Carthy's daughter.

Little darling daughter mine,  
 Wilt thou be my Valentine ?  
 Wilt thou give to me a part  
 Of thy little fluttering heart ?  
 Give thy laughter without words,  
 Musical as song of birds —  
 Give thy twinkling fingers' play  
 And thine every sportive way,  
 Give thy look of glad surprise,  
 And the witchery of thine eyes,  
 Give the bounding of thy feet,  
 And thy liberal kisses sweet—  
 Give thy nods and mute commands,  
 And the clapping of thy hands —  
 Give thy rapture and good-will,  
 When upon the window-sill  
 For the expected feast of crumbs  
 Every morn the redbreast comes.  
 Canst thou these to me resign ?  
 Wilt thou be my Valentine ?

These sportive trochees are followed by a few graver iambs, presented probably on some other little domestic occasion :—

Darling, thy mother sends to thee  
 Blessings and love from her and me ;  
 And, as to years thy brief months glide,  
 Be, as thou art, our joy and pride ;  
 Cheer the kind hearts that late were sad  
 And with thy gladness make them glad ;  
 Fill them with hope for many a year,  
 And wake the smile, and chase the tear.  
 As thou art now, be ever thus,  
 A boon from God to them and us.

The poet's prayer for his child was heard ; she was " a boon from God " to many more than he had then in his thoughts.

I have been allowed to examine a very interesting relic of Sister Mary Stanislaus—the small and rather shabby oblong book into which, with the aid of an extremely minute and clear handwriting, she crushed a great part of her verse-making for some twenty years. It is a pity that she chose this injudicious way of showing her love of poverty, instead of providing her Muse with more sumptuous pages affording " ample room and verge enough the characters of [heaven] to trace." I wish the titlepage could be reproduced here. The title, " Extracts and Translations etc.," is flanked with little vignettes very prettily done with pen and ink—a castle and a martello tower, Napoleon's grave, and a yacht (probably Shelley's last sail)—with festoons of shamrocks, and in the corners the names of the gods of her girlish idolatry written ornamentally : Napoleon Bonaparte, August, 15, 1769—May 5, 1821 ; George Gordon, Lord Byron, Jan. 22, 1788—April 19, 1824 ; Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1792—1822 ; and then, among the living, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Alfred Tennyson, and John Henry Newman.

The title, " Extracts, Translations, etc.," was hardly justified in the event : the extracts cease after a page or two, and the translations are few compared with the original pieces hidden under the " etc."

This extremely interesting little book exemplifies one of her early partialities to which the author alludes in a sonnet to her brother Florence, which this Magazine published some years ago and which will of course be found in the forthcoming volume of her poems. This is her enthusiastic admiration of Napoleon Bonaparte. Many of her early verses are inspired by him ; and he turns up in unlikely places, even in a poem on the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, which she rather prematurely calls an " autumn feast."

Dear Mother ! her long banishment is o'er,  
She joins her Son to leave His side no more.  
She goes :—as though her presence summer made,  
Earth's last fair blossoms hang their heads and fade.  
They cannot stay behind their Virgin Queen,  
Nor deck the footpaths where her steps have been.  
She goes :—the genial sunshine streams no more,  
Dead leaves drop round—the summertime is o'er.

No wonder that my gentle, boyish Saint  
 Should feel his longing homesick spirit faint,  
 Should pine to follow where his Mother goes  
 Before the golden, parted clouds should close.  
 No wonder (such this longing's magic powers)  
 He gently faded with the other flowers.  
 Thus closed his brief career so calmly run—  
 What contrast to a life this day begun !  
 A strange wild life, of genius quite sublime,  
 Bloodshed, ambition, robbery, and crime—  
 A life which, strangely fascinating still,  
 Wins men's blind worship almost 'gainst their will ;  
 Full of those gracious traits which, careless cast,  
 Will gild his name while time itself shall last :  
 A life which, written on the old world's pages,  
 Will stand out boldly through the lapse of ages,  
 An epoch on our globe— in Time's wide span  
 The life of one bold, ruthless, self-made man,  
 Result of force resistless when combined  
 Of iron will and of a master mind.

Strange these two lives, so various, so apart,  
 Should somehow wake an echo in my heart,  
 Each stir a fibre, and each smite a chord—  
 Hard to account for, to define more hard.  
 Yet this is true ; so true I scarce can say  
 Which, Saint or Sinner, bears the palm to-day.  
 Our wayward fancies curious riddles prove :  
 What wide opposing claims our interest move !  
 These sympathies beyond our own control  
 Which stir our hearts and move our inmost soul,  
 Whence come they ? For what hidden purpose sent ?  
 What is their cause, their object, their intent ?  
 How can extremes, opposed as night to day,  
 Within our fancy wild united sway ?  
 Ah, all these queries with which minds are rife  
 Go but to swell the mystery of life.  
 Unanswered they have been and must remain  
 Till all life's varied mysteries are made plain.

A curious train of thought is this, to be suggested to a young Nun by the feast of Lady Day in Harvest—so unlikely that we suspect that these lines were written before her noviceship began, though she had evidently chosen her patron-saint. Later on, she would scarcely be drawn away from Our Lady's Assumption by recollecting that that was the birthday of Bonaparte and the day of the happy death of Stanislaus Koska.

Other indications of her devotion to Napoleon are sonnets in this book " On the fate of the Duke de Reichstadt (Napoleon the

Second) " and even "On the Obsequies celebrated on the first Anniversary of the Death of Napoleon the Third." Nay, when M. Ollivier lost his election to the French Academy through having spoken too favourably of Napoleon III., compensation was made to him by an indignant sonnet that never went beyond the privacy of this little manuscript book. An incident on the eve of Marengo (June 14th, 1800) is also commemorated at greater length, and so are "England's Revenge" at St. Helena, and "Last Moments of the great Napoleon." Of these Napoleonic pieces we shall give only "Napoleon's Happiest Day" :—

One who had reached the zenith of his fame—  
 Kings and their kingdoms trembled when he frowned—  
 Was asked by those who worshipping stood round  
 His gladdest day, his brightest hour to name.  
 Without a moment's pause the answer came.  
 Lodi or Austerlitz ? Marengo ? No !  
 Nor splendid conquest nor triumphal show  
 To that proud appellation may lay claim.  
 " My First Communion Day," he brief replied,  
 " That was the happiest day I ever knew."  
 And then as answer so unlooked for tied  
 The tongues of all that rapid, worldly crew,  
 He murmured to himself and sadly smiled :  
 " Ah, I was then a young and guileless child."

This is copied from page 45 ; and at page 52 it reappears with a few very skilful changes of words and in stricter sonnet-form. For this more perfect copy the reader must wait for the volume that we have announced.

The poets of Young Ireland did not care much for sonnets. "*The Spirit of The Nation*" contains only two. Even Mac Carthy, by far the most literary of the band, was rather sparing in his use of the sonnet, and left far fewer behind him than his daughter enshrined by stealth in her little book. Inside one of the covers she summarises, evidently from some unnamed authority, these "conditions for a perfect sonnet :"

1. The quatrains must not contain more than two, or the tercets more than three, rhymes.

2. The rhymes must be sufficiently varied and contrasted without being forced. The contrasted rhymes must not play on the same vowel. A word, much less a line, must never be introduced for the sake of rhyme. The contrast of rhymes must not only be observed with respect to the two rhymes of the quatrains, but these must be in contrast with the two or three rhymes of the tercets.

3. The sonnet must contain one leading idea or thought or feeling.

4. The words employed must be choice and effective ; no word must be out of place ; and there must not be a word too much or too little.

5. The thought must be worked out with perfect clearness ; there must be no obscurity of meaning, no sense of irrevelancy or insufficiency ; but the poem must go on increasing in interest, and lead up to an impressive close.

6. It must be further noted that the second quatrain must not run into the first tercet but must close with a full point. The sonnet must not end with a couplet or an Alexandrine.

The object of the regular or legitimate Italian sonnet is to express one and only one idea, mood, sentiment or proposition. This must be introduced in the first quatrain, and so far explained in the second that the latter may end in a full point ; whilst the office of the first tercet is to prepare the leading idea of the quatrains for the conclusion. Which conclusion is to be perfectly carried out in the second tercet, so that it may contain the fundamental idea of the poem and end as it were with the point of an epigram. In short the quatrains must contain the proposition and its proof, the tercets its confirmation. Such conditions exclude the final couplet of the sonnet and the practice of running the last quatrain on into the first tercet."

With regard to some of these rules when not merely mechanical, the natural comment would be the old, mocking question : " Don't you wish you may get it ? " They are well carried out in the following sonnet " On the Second Anniversary of a Death." Whose death ? Was it her father's ?

Two years since he departed—two brief years !  
 And suns have set and risen ; seasons came ;  
 Earth wound her course ; life sped ; all seemed the same,  
 And we have had our smiles since, aye and tears  
 For other thoughts than his ; and hopes and fears,  
 Projects and plans, have filled both mind and heart  
 In which he had no voice and took no part—  
 And (strange) how natural it all appears !

Could we have fancied once it could be so ?  
 Not that he is forgotten—ten times No !  
 Daily regrets, true, heart-felt, he has had ;  
 Few leave such real mourners to deplore .  
 Their going hence—what can I ask for more ?  
 In truth I know not, yet it makes me sad.

In the first volume of *THE IRISH MONTHLY*, in the same month (December 1873), there were poems by father, sister and brother.\* The youthful Nun's share was confided to me by Mr. Mac Carthy, to to whom was addressed this "Rebuke for mourning the death of a dear Child." He alluded to the lines in a letter written a few months later, April 4, 1874 :—

"I have copied out the lines I mentioned to you yesterday ; but there can be little doubt that they are of too private and personal a nature for publication. I should be glad, however, to have them in print ; and if Mr. Gill would be good enough to strike off some copies as companions to the exquisite lines of Sister Stanislaus which he printed so neatly, I would feel much obliged. The allusions in the lines are simple enough. Willie died, November 30th, 1854, aged 13 months ; Lillie, born June 15, 1860, died September 30, 1873, aged 13 years ; and Josephine, born on the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, April 29, 1855, died on St. Joseph's Day, March 19, 1874, aged 18."

As the verses referred to were not included in any collection of Mr. Mac Carthy's poems, they may be given here. With them we may join the inscriptions that the Poet placed over "the graves of a household" in our beautiful Dublin cemetery of Glasnevin. We copied them some years ago, not far from the stone "erected in memory of James Clarence Mangan who died June 21, 1849, aged 46 years."

"Pray for the souls of Sarah Mac Carthy, who died March 17, 1845, aged 57 years, and of John Mac Carthy, who died April 8, 1857, aged 70. To their dear memory this cross is affectionately inscribed by their son, Denis Florence Mac Carthy. May they rest in peace."

"In affectionate remembrance of Elizabeth, the dearly beloved, revered, and lamented wife of Denis Florence Mac Carthy. After a life of piety, charity, and love, with her heart pure and unsullied, she died August 22nd, 1874, aged 53 years. May she rest in peace."

"Pray for the souls of Lillie and Josephine, the beloved daughters of Denis Florence Mac Carthy. Young and innocent, they departed this life in perfect resignation to the will of God.

\* *THE IRISH MONTHLY* for March, 1879, contains contributions from three sisters and a brother, belonging to another gifted Irish family.

Lillie died September 30th, 1873, aged 13 years; Josephine, March 19th, 1874, aged 18 years. May they rest in peace."

These two last, along with their one-year-old brother who had long preceded them, were the "Angels in Heaven," whose father thus wrote of them on Good Friday, 1874, before the Month's Mind of the eldest of the three.

Oh, what a grace to me is given  
To have my angels three in Heaven,  
Three angels who with me have been ;  
One was my baby-wonder Willie,  
One was my darling little Lillie,  
And one my gentle Josephine.

A bud of one brief spring-tide's brightness,  
A lily whose unsullied whiteness  
Through thirteen joyous Junes was seen,  
While eighteen summers with the sweetness  
Of the roses—and their fleetness—  
Twined their wreaths for Josephine.

That bud a perfect bloom is blowing,  
That lily now is lovelier growing,  
Transplanted to a sunnier sod,  
While she, the sunflower of the seven,  
Revives, the amaranth rose of heaven,  
Amid the garden groves of God.

Ah, shall I ever see those bowers ?  
Ah, shall I ever clasp those flowers  
Once more unto my beating breast ?  
Ah, shall it be, my sins forgiven,  
My stains washed white, like snow that's driven,  
I with my angels too may rest ?

O blessed hope ! Delight elysian !  
O blissful dream ! Ecstatic vision !  
O Life that Death cannot destroy !  
To see once more my darlings' faces,  
To fold them in my fond embraces,  
To taste with them eternal joy.

O Josephine, by Joseph kneeling,  
O Lillie, to the Lamb appealing,  
O Angel, to the Angels' Queen,  
Join all your prayers and your entreating,  
Bring round for me that happy meeting,  
And make to be what once hath been.



And for the others here remaining,  
The gentle mother uncomplaining,  
The sweet nun-sister in her cell,  
The tender one that needs most caring,  
The brothers for life's fight preparing,  
Oh, guard the golden circle well.

Let not the precious ring be broken,  
Let not a missing pearl betoken  
A loss beyond all other loss,  
But, as the Master-hand hath finished,  
Be found undimmed and undiminished,  
Encrowned and crimsoned by the Cross.

"The sweet nun-sister in her cell" had not thought that Lillie would so soon be the subject of an elegy when she sent her these verses on her birthday, Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1872. The first stanza has a roguish allusion to her father's,

Ah, my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May—  
Waiting for the pleasant rambles  
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,  
With the woodbine alternating  
Scent the dewy way.  
Ah, my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May.

It shows considerable artistic facility and a conscientious regard for rhyme to produce for a young sister's birthday lines like these, meant for only three or four pair of friendly eyes. No other eyes have ever seen them since, for this little book was never shown even to any of her beloved community.

Dear Lillie, gentle little sister mine,  
Your happy birthday now again comes round.  
Fifty it comes in beauteous summer-time  
With sweetest flowers and brightest sunshine crowned.  
Dark winter's frown has long since passed away;  
Gone are the gales which boisterous March doth raise,  
All April's tears are dried before this day,  
Gone is false May who mocks the Poet's lays.  
The Poet now if he would make his rambles  
Among "the fragrant hawthorn brambles"  
Must do so in a warm great-coat,  
Muffler well wrapped about his throat  
And stout umbrella o'er his head,  
Likely to spend next day in bed.  
So does deceitful, fickle, changeful May  
Repay the "weary waiting" Poet's lay.

Not so the smiling, faithful, beauteous June,  
 Sweet placid month of steady constant charms,  
 Beneath whose smile the timid flowers may bloom,  
 Trusting look up and fear no coming storms.  
 The Church, our watchful Mother, who disposes  
 All things with thoughtful care and skilful art,  
 Has rightly chosen this sweet month of roses  
 To honour best our Saviour's Sacred Heart :  
     That tender Heart which bore all sadness  
     To fill its chosen ones with gladness—  
     For *Him* the world's rude scoffs and scorns  
     The bitter cross, the crown of thorns ;  
     For *us* the sunshine and the flowers,  
     Bright tranquil days and pleasant hours.  
 And we, ungrateful and ungracious to ,  
 Enjoy all these and think them but our due.

Lillie, that gentle Saviour's Sacred Heart  
 Has special claims, has great designs on *you* ;  
 He destines you to act a noble part,  
 He has a special work for you to do.  
 Seek for that work. It may be you will find  
     Within the circle of your home it lies—  
 A lowly work perhaps to man's weak mind,  
 But angels honour what proud men despise.  
     Some gloomy days with joy to fill,  
     To make some bright one brighter still—  
     With loving words and gentle wile  
     To change a frown into a smile—  
     To take from life a thorn or two  
     And in their place fresh flowers to strew—  
 To be (and can you seek a better part?)  
 A little sunbeam of the Sacred Heart.

And all this was addressed to a child twelve years old, who died the next year, and meant only for the little home-circle of Summerfield. There is no knowing what perfection "S.M.S." might have acquired if she had had any literary ambition and had duly cultivated her gift; but she could never be induced, even by her religious superiors, to do more than console some mourner or add a charm to some little domestic occasion ; and she was never so happy as when hiding herself in the routine of humble duties. I will set down here, out of their proper place, some little items that have reached me. In her last brief illness she spoke of the Saturdays as having been the happiest days of her weeks : because on Saturday it was her duty as sacristan to sweep and arrange the chapel. It is needless to say that she had the tenderest devotion towards the

Blessed Sacrament. She was wonderfully unselfish in trying to promote the happiness of those especially who were much younger than herself, though till the end she seemed very young. She devoted herself to the children under her care; and, after they had long passed out into the world, she exercised a holy influence over them. In the short Christmas holidays she would employ her leisure in writing affectionate letters to a hundred perhaps of former pupils who were all the more likely to do their part well in their different homes for being thus reminded of their beloved Mother Stanislaus.

We have exemplified, from her secret little manuscript book, her devotedness to Napoleon Bonaparte. Another of her heroes was John Henry Newman. The venerable man showed an affectionate interest in her for her father's sake and for her own. It was not this feeling merely that made this austere master of style bestow warm praise upon her solitary prose work, the life of St. Emmelia, whom she called "A Saint among Saints." This kinswoman of many "Greek Fathers" would have led her to Newman's "Church of the Fathers," if she had not been acquainted with it before. Probably it was then that the following little poem was written in his praise:—

It was reserved for later time  
And for a harsher northern clime  
To see these several graces blent :  
Origen's penetrating mind,  
Grave Basil's strength of will, combined  
With heart as Nazianzen's kind,  
'Tongue as Chrysostom's eloquent ;  
Pen that with Clement's own had vied,  
A sway more lasting far and wide  
'Than e'en of Denis' self they sing ;  
Trials alike from foe and friend,  
Injustice—triumph in the end,  
Like his, the oak that would not bend,  
Alexandria's prelate king !

Was she right in joining the Areopagite with St. Athanasius ?

We have named Summerfield more than once—the beautiful home that Mary Mac Carthy left in her eighteenth year and never saw again, though living only two or three miles away. It stands on the upper road behind Dalkey looking out over the Bay of Dublin, which is the theme of one of Denis Florence Mac Carthy's best poems. To Summerfield the young Nun addressed this sonnet:—

Oh, fairest spot in all the world to me,  
 Green, tranquil, smiling, beauteous Summerfield !  
 Thy name shall golden memories ever yield,  
 Though never more my eyes may look on thee.  
 Sweet early home, whence young and sorrow-free  
 We wandered forth to find Life's woes revealed,  
 To taste of grief, man's sentence unrepealed—  
 Still present to my heart and memory be !

I'll tread thy shady walks and scent thy flowers,  
 And hear again with deep yet softened pain  
 (True proof that these indeed are bygone hours)  
 Dear loved lost voices rise in joyous strain—  
 Turning to thee when Earth's dark storm-cloud lours,  
 O first bright oasis on Life's bleak plain !

Summerfield may perhaps never be mentioned again ; and therefore, to establish its place more securely in literature, we shall quote at full length the tribute paid to it by Mr. Mac Carthy himself. He had ceased to reside there, though he retained the ownership of it, when a letter reached him which was marked on the envelope "Not known at Summerfield." Forgotten so soon at the place which he had beautified so much ! His hurt feelings found vent in rhyme. Calderon had drawn him to give most of his time to Spanish, and Summerfield became Campo de Estío—a name which explains itself to those who are acquainted with the Campus Martius of Roman history and the Pars Aestiva (or Summer Quarter) of the Breviary. Once the poet had hit on this sonorous *alias*, the poem was practically as good as written. He had nothing to do but to press into the service of the playful yet half serious Muse all the possible rhymes for Estío. He omits "trio" indeed, which perhaps he gave the English sound of *i*, as he gave the English sound of *e* in "Laus Deo"—not as in the following Learism :—

There was a young lady of Rio  
 Who tried to play Hummel's grand trio ;  
 But her skill was so scanty  
 She played it *andante*  
 Instead of *allegro con brio*.

The publishers of our Magazine are able to furnish a very cheap and neat volume containing Denis Florence Mac Carthy's poems. It ought to be in every Irish home. There is not a line in it to exclude it from a convent library. Shame on us for neglecting

our own! The following is one of the lightest and least important of its pages:—

A beauteous summer-home had I  
 As e'er a bard set eyes on—  
 A glorious sweep of sea and sky,  
 Near hills and far horizon.  
 Like Naples was the lovely bay,  
 The lovely hill like Rio—  
 And there I lived for many a day  
 In Campo de Estio.

It seemed as if the magic scene  
 No human skill had planted;  
 The trees remained for ever green,  
 As if they were enchanted:  
 And so I said to Sweetest-eyes,  
 "My dear, I think that *we* owe  
 To fairy hands this paradise  
 Of Campo de Estio."

How swiftly flew the hours away!  
 I read and rhymed and revelled;  
 In interchange of work and play,  
 I built, and drained, and levelled;  
 "The Pope," so "happy," days gone by  
 (Unlike our ninth Pope Pio)  
 Was far less happy than I  
 In Campo de Estio.

For children grew in that sweet place,  
 As in the grape wine gathers—  
 Their mother's eyes in each bright face,  
 In each light heart, their father's:  
 Their father, who by some was thought  
 A literary *leo*,  
 Ne'er dreamed he'd be so soon forgot  
 In Campo de Estio.

But so it was:—Of hope bereft,  
 A year had scarce gone over,  
 Since he that sweetest place had left,  
 And gone—we'll say—to Dover,  
 When letters came where he had flown.  
 Returned him from the "P. O.,"  
 On which was writ, O heavens! "Not known  
 In Campo de Estio!"

"Not known" where he had lived so long,  
 A "cintra" home created,  
 Where scarce a shrub that now is strong  
 But had its place debated :  
 Where scarce a flower that now is shown  
 But shows his care: O Dio!  
 And now to be described, "Not known  
 In Campo de Estio."

That pillar from the Causeway brought—  
 This fern from Connemara—  
 That pine so long and widely sought—  
 This *Cedrus deodara*—  
 That bust (if Shakespeare's doth survive,  
 And busts had brains and *brio*),  
 Might keep his name at least alive  
 In Campo de Estio.

When Homer went from place to place,  
 The glorious siege reciting  
 (Of course I presuppose the case  
 Of reading and of writing),  
 I've little doubt the Bard divine  
 His letters got from Scio,  
 Inscribed "Not known." Ah! me, like mine  
 From Campo de Estio.

The poet, howsoever inspired,  
 Must brave neglect and danger ;  
 When Philip Massinger expired,  
 The death-list said "a stranger!"  
 A stranger! yes, on earth, but let  
 The poet sing *laus Deo*!—  
 Heaven's glorious summer waits him yet—  
 God's "Campo de Estio."

I have allowed this (I trust, agreeable) intrusion to take place, because I perceive that it will be necessary to reserve for another month some other little relics of Denis Florence Mac Carthy's daughter.

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## A LONG CHRISTMAS EVE.

IT is rare in a Presbyterian home to come across the picture of the Mother of God, rarer still to find one enshrined in the place of honour, above the parlour mantelpiece, as in Peggie Gillespie's cottage.

"You have the Virgin there," I said, on the occasion of my first visit to the old woman, and I nodded towards the rough wood-out.

"Aye," the answer came with dignity; then, before I had time to speak, she went on, in the same dry tones, "she was a present frae an auld [former] mistress. What colour was ye sayin', ye was wantin' the worsted?"

It was evident she wished to change the subject, and I said no more, but I am not sure that it was not that picture that tempted me to pay Peggie so many visits.

We were "shooting folk," Catholics who rented a lowland shooting, and put up, as we best might, at the village inn; and Peggie had been recommended to us by the minister's wife as the best knitter of "shooter" stockings in the district.

I am afraid it is to be confessed that, in comparison to their English and Irish sisters, Scotch women are, to use their own expression, "hard favoured" [plain]; but Peggie was an exception. She was a beautiful old woman; no one, to see the delicate complexion, the shapely features, the well-formed hands, would have guessed that most of her life had been spent in work in the fields. At the time we made her acquaintance, however, she was too old for that, and eked out her small savings by taking care of a bed-ridden sister-in-law (for whom the Parish allowed her something) and "taking in" knitting.

In the part of Scotland of which I am writing, the Feasts of our Church are, for the most part, unknown even by name. Christmas itself is a day when most of the gentry have a big dinner, nothing more. But our friend, Peggie, knew more about it than most, and had passed one Christmas eve she was not likely to forget.

The second year of our lease of the Kilmorragh shootings, we

had lingered on till December had begun; and, sitting one day with Peggie and her "gude-sister," I told them that my husband and I must start for the South before the childrens' holidays began. And then by way of amusing the bed-ridden woman I read her a scrap from my youngest boy's letter entreating us to be back in good time, and adding, "We do not want another *long* Christmas, as we had three years ago"—when, as it happened, their father and I had been abroad.

"Aye, there's siccan a thing as a *lang* Christmas," Peggie said.

"Aye, she kens what a *lang* Christmas is," the gude-sister nodded her head in acquiescence.

I begged for the story. Peggie looked at the gude-sister, who this time made no response.

I saw Peggie steal a glance at the picture over the mantlepice. and then, wiping her mouth carefully with her handkerchief, with a preparatory "hem" or two, to clear her throat, she began.

"I wud be gettin' on till mebbe saxteen whaun I gied till my first bit wi' Mrs. Dalrymple up at Milton Auld Hoose, ye'll ken it, mebbe, the fairm above the keeper's hoose?"

I nodded.

"Weel, folk wonert at my faither—he was minister's man—evenin' me till gang till a Papish bit—savin' yer presence, ma'am"—[Peggie had remembered my faith]—"but Mrs. Dalrymple was thocht a heap o', a quiet decent body that gaed her ain gait, and said hard words o' nane, and what's mair, yokit [meddled] wi' nane."

The last words were said with emphasis, and Peggie looked with some reproach at the gude-sister, who had lately joined the Anabaptists, and, if report said true, was not above trying to make her proselytes.

"Folk," she went on, "had plenty t' say at the like o' Mrs. Dalrymple, an' she a widow-wife, takin' a lass. But the Milton's a gude step oot frae the toon, an' I wadna say but she was lanesome, the fore-nichts, aifter the auld man deed." ("Her man was a heap aulder than her," was added in a kind of aside).

"Well, I gied till her, Lady-day, an' at Martinmas she raisit my wage, but it wasna till the back en' o' the year, she tellt me her brother was keen for her till spen' her Christmas wi' him in Cum'erland; (she was English born), an' that gin my mither eud



do wi' 'Thomas' the cat—(she set an awfu' store by the beast)—she wud shut up the hoose, an' let me ha'e my leave [holiday], and I cud ha'e the best o' a week at hame. I'd nocht t' do, she said, but gie a red up [tidying] after she had gane, an' lock the door an' be aff, an she'd sen' a line t' say whaun we might be luikin for her back.

"It was fine news for me, I needna tell ye that. I min' I went singin' a' the rest o' the day at my work, an' the mistress wonert whaur I'd pickit up a' the auld conceits [fancies] o' sangs, an' tellt me she had heard yin o' them whaun she was a lass, an' lauchit [laughed] an' said, "there's Scotch an' there's English, but the Border's no' that wide."

"Weel, Christmas fell on a Friday that year, the mair by token that the mistress tellt me the priest had gien out at Chaipel, they were free t' eat flesh-meat in consideration o' the Feast, the birthday o' oor Lord. Oh, I ken weel about Christmas, my memory's no failin' yet."

The gude-sister at this junction gave a groan of disapproval, met with, "Hoots, Sarah, the name'll no' hurt ye onyway."

"Weel,"—Peggie turned again to me—"Will Hen'erson—he's deed twa year come the twalth o' August, but he was driver at the Crosskeys than—on the Thursday fore-day, brocht the gig till tak' the mistress t' catch the coach for Carlisle at Dumfries. I helpit her up (she was a bit stiff in ae knee), an' gied her her paircels an' had her last words, t' be sure an' ripe oot the kitchen ribs [rake out the fire], an' red up the hoose, and steek [lock] a' the doors, an', than, whaun I'd watchit the gig oot o' sight, I cried t' "Thomas," (he had followed the mistress oot o' the hoose), an' carried him in t' hae him ready t' pit him in his basket, and set to wark t' red up.

"Weel, when a' was tidy abuve, I lichted my can'le an' awa dune the cellar stairs t' see a' was recht there, an' t' get the dizzen or twa o' aipples, (an' bonnie Reed Colvilles they were), the mistress had tellt me t' tak hame wi' me for a treat till the weans.—(I didna tell ye I was the auldest o' eleeven?)

"Weel, we aye bakit oor ain loaf-breed, Cum'erlan fashion, (I made ye sensible the mistress was English?) an' ilka year a muckle bairril o' wheaten-flour was sent her frae Carlisle, frae some o' her ain folk, an' we stood it, to be handy got at, just inside o' the cellar door, an' gin ye were wantin' further in, whaur there

was nocht but a rubbish o' auld bottles and sic-like, ye'd t' pus' yersel atween the bairrel an' the wa', and it was not sae easy dur' I can tell ye that, the cellar was but wee.

"Weel, I up on the edge o' the bairril t' rax down the Reel Colvilles that were sittin' on a bit shelf abuve, whaun afore I kent." [a groan came here from the sister-in-law], "*the bairrel was over, and me over wi' it on till the far side!*"

"A fine dunt [blow] I got, for a bit I oudna feel mysel' [was insensible], an' whaun I cam' t' mysel', my fegs, [another groan from the gude-sister], *I kent what pain was*, I'd broke me leg, though I didna ken it than, though I oud hear the bones scrapin' yin 'gainst t'ither, whaun I moved mesel'."

(Here such a groan came from Sarah that I fairly jumped).

"Weel, the can'le had gone wi' me, but it wasna that black [dark], wi' the licht comin' doon the kitchen-stair, but I oud see the bairrel was lying *lang-ways atwixt me an' the cellar-door*; gin it hadna rowed [rolled] that way, I micht, wha kens? hae creepit as far as the fut o' the stair, but—*over the bairrel*—I sune kent that wasna t' be.

"Weel, I hadna tellt them at hame t' luik for me, thinkin' it wud be a surprise like for the bairns, an' I'd tellt Postie [the postman] that morning no' t' come, an' wha kent what day the mistress wud be hame? It a' came through my heed! An' wi' the strivin', an' the pain, (an' I'll no say but I was *fear'd*) I set mesel' till greet [weep].

"What wud my mither think? an' the bairns? an' the mistress? an' the minister—he was gude t' us a', the minister—wud I be deed afore ony o' them kent? A' at yince there was a fussle i' the strae [straw]—the mistress aye happit [covered] the aipples wi' strae—the *rattens*! I soraich'd *than* gin I'd no' soraich'd afore, for I mindit me o' the auld beggarman they had got, spring was a year, i' the Stronfeggan barn, but no' afore the *rattens* *ha' yokit him*. God Almiehtie. He alane kens the way I was in!"

Peggie wiped the sweat from her brow, while the sister-in-law drew in her breath with a sucking sound.

"Weel, I soraich'd, an' I soraich'd," Peggie went on, "an' whiles I was hot, an' ither whiles I was cauld, but aye the sweat on me, an' than the drouth began, I'd ha'e gied a' I had i' the world—no' muckle, ye'll be thinkin', but gin ye gie a', the rich can gie nae mair—for a drap watter on my tongue.

"Weel, mebbe I sleepit a wee, or hadna a'thegither my heed, or mebbe, it was a dwam [faint]. It was dark whaun I came t' mesel, wi' Tammas, puir beastie—the bairril was nocht for him t' climb—duntin' me wi' his heed, he was aifter his afternoon milk, the cratur, but gin I eud keep him there wasna muckle fear o' the rats. "'Puir Tammas,' I said, 'puir beastie,' an' gied him a stroke noo an' again, but ilka time I steered there was the pain. Aye, aye, the pain, an' aye the drouth, an' waur an' waur. Mony's the time sin' syne I ha'e thocht till mesel' what Eternity in Hell mun be, whaun an oor or twa here's whiles [sometimes] like so mony year."

"Weel, ae time I greeted, an' anither while I soraiched, an' ae meenute, for the life o' me, I daurna muve mesel', an' the neist—for a' the pain—I'd be tossin' my airms this way an' that. Ae time I pit oot my han' to feel was Tammas still there, whaun I cam' on something roun' an' cauld—a *reed Colville*, my word, gin I'd never thankit God Almichtie for an aipple afore, I thankit him than, whaun I scrapit my teeth again it—(t' mak' the maist o' 't, ye ken), an' watered my dry mooth; fegs, I can feel the taste o' 't yet!

"Weel, I tossit an' tossit, an' aye the drouth an' aye the pain i' my leg an' back, waur an' waur, and it had been black nicht mony an oor whaun I heerd the kitchen clock chappin' *four*, an' than I fell t' the coontin', an' coonted I'd been lyin' i' the cellar sixteen weary oors. Than I minded me o' the day, *Christmas Day*, the day the Saviour o' us a' was born, an' gin I'd ever need o' Him, it seemed t' me it was than, an' I cudna, i' my heart, wrang the Papists for keepin' *that birthday*."

Here a groan came from the gude-sister accompanied by an ominous shake of the head.

"Ye needna pit yersel' aboot, Sarah," Peggie said drily, "naebody's axin' you till gang intill a hole wi' rattens."

Sarah only answered by another groan.

"Weel," Peggie turned to me, "I hadna been wi' the mistress frae Lady-day for *nocht*. Whiles she tellt me things, an' whiles I had a peep at her buiks for mesel'—onyway, I had learnt this muckle, that the Cawtholies thocht a heap o' the Vargin, there was no twa ways aboot that. Ae thing, an' than anither cam' till my heed, an' than I minded me o' a man I'd read aboot in ane o' the buiks, a decent man, but the world had gane again him, an' he

thocht till pit himsel' oot 't by way o' endin' a' his trouble. Weel, it was awa in foreign pairts, whaur they've statoots, as they ca' them, an' siccan things aboot, an' on his way t' the wall whaur he was thinkin' t' droon himsel', he comes on an image o' the Virgin Mary up in a tree."

Sarah here turned herself, face to the wall.

"The folk kept a lamp aye brennin' afore 't, frae what the bairn said, an' as he passed, he seed the oil was dune, 'weel, it's the last honour I'll ever pay ye' he says t' himsel', an' awa hame for a drap o' oil an' pit a' recht, an' than awa t' the wall t' en' himsel'. Weel, whaun he got t' the watter, there was a woman stannin' by, an' he intill the woods a wee till she'd be awa, but whaun he cam' back there she was stannin' still; so he awa again, an' back again, and still she was there. An' than he seed she had a blue cloak till her shoulthers an' a long veil raxing till her feet, an' *she was touchin' the groun'*; so than he kent *wha it would be*, and that for the drap oil she had come t' save his sowl frae hell. An' he awa hame, an' leaved a gude life, an' deed, as a christian man should, in his bed."

"It is a beautiful story," I said. Peggie had stopped to take breath, and Sarah's face was crimson with suppressed wrath.

"Weel," Peggie went on—her knitting had fallen on her lap, and she spoke with slow deliberation.—"Says I t' mesel', I'm a puir crater that, mebbe, kens na recht frae wrang, but gin she'd helpit ane she might help anither for the sake o' the *Maker o' us a' she cairried within her*; I kenna weel say whither I speered [asked] her i' sae mony words or no', but"—here came another pause, and then the old woman went on more quickly—"the folks ha'e it I was licht i' the heed, ye ken."

"Sma' mistake aboot that," was muttered from the bed.

"But," Peggie went on, "as sure as I'm sittin' here, an' see yersel' sittin' there, there cam' a licht intill the cellar *that wasna can'le licht, whiter mebbe*, it's no' easy t' say; it cam' creepin' in soft-like, an' ower agin me I saw the Vargin, but no' the picter the mistress had in her parlour, but wi' the bairn i' her arms an' a croon on the tap o' her heed."

"Ye're daft, Peggie," came with wrath from the sister-in-law, but Peggie paid no attention.

"I kenna whither she spoke t' me, but I ken she *smilit* i' my face, an' a' the pain gied oot o' me, an' I was intill a sleep like ony tired wean."

There was again a pause which I could not break, but at last Peggie spoke again.

"I kent nae mair till I cam' till mesel' i' the mistress's bed, wi' a pictur o' the Vargin fornent me *as I'd seen her i' the cellar, no' a pictur I'd ever seen afore*, but yin the Mistress's brither had gien her till bring hame."

I looked at the coloured print over the mantelpiece.

"That vara yin," Peggie nodded. "Weel, ye'll be woner'in' hoo they got me? an' this was the way. Will Hen'erson (him that was drivin' the mistress) luikit in at my faither's Saturday nicht. 'Whaur's Peggie?' says he, 'an' hoo did the Reed Colvilles eat?' (he'd heard the mistress charging me no' till forget them for the bairns.) 'Peggie?' says my faither. 'Peggie's no' at hame, an' I heard no word o' Reed Colvilles.'" An' than the mischief was oot. It was ten o' the nicht whaun they got me wi' Tammas stannin' ower me, puir bit beast; my faither hae said I was sleepin' like a wean, a bit o' a lauch [laugh] about my mooth, content-like. I hae no' min' o' bein' got mesel'. I lay i' the mistress's best bed, an' she nursit me like a mither, mony and mony a day afore I kent ocht ava.

"See," Peggie took down an old-fashioned silver watch from where it hung on a nail, "the mistress gied me that the first day I was oot o' my bed, an' whaun I left her—for nae faut o' hers or mine—she gied me the pictur'." I could have sworn that Peggie made a little obeisance as she lifted her eyes to look at the Mother of us all.

I looked towards the bed, but Sarah had drawn the blankets over her face. "The woman ought to be a Catholic," I said, recounting Peggie's tale to the Priest of the little mission.

"I suspect she is in good faith," he said, after a little consideration.

As I saw more of Peggie, I came to believe he was right, but the Mother of Mercy did not forget her who had recourse to her in her simple faith in her need. It has always rejoiced my heart to know that it was at the Priest's gate Peggie was "taken" with the "stroke" which caused her death in a very few hours, and that before the summoned relatives could come he had time to do what was needed.

Peggie's picture, bought for a few pence, is now one of Father Murdoch's treasures.

## AFTER SEEING M. TISSOT'S PICTURES.\*

THIS day is dull and cold and grey—  
 Where art Thou, O my Light, my Day ?  
 Full of discordant voices' strife—  
 Where speak'st Thou, O my Peace, my Life ?

Would that with happy those I trod  
 Close in Thy footsteps, Son of God !  
 And watched Thy healing mercy sweet,  
 And sat with Mary at Thy feet.

O Life once lived in Galilee !  
 Ten thousand hearts would yearn to thee,  
 Across the centuries lean and say,  
 " Master, where dwellest Thou to-day ? "

But lo the answer : " Look around,  
 For every spot is ' holy ground ' ;  
 The poor, the sad—yea, verily  
 In least of these thou seest Me.

" Then lift thine eyes, behold and see  
 Through thinnest veils of mystery  
 Where in communion with Mine own  
 In pledged promise I am known.

" Would'st closer press ? Behold again  
 My Cup, My baptism of pain ;  
 And they draw near by whom is worn  
 My signet shadow-mark of thorn.

" Not yet the day of worship sweet,  
 In rapture ever at My feet ;  
 But as I give, so must thou give.  
 Go, tell My brethren that I live."

ROSE METCALFE.

\* This wonderful series of five hundred pictures, representing scenes in Our Lord's Life, made after eight years of devout study in the Holy Land, has been exhibited in London with great success. They are to be reproduced in a " Life of Christ " which promises to be one of the most beautiful works of the century.

## THE CHURCH AND CIVIL SOCIETY.\*

**A**LTHOUGH the title chosen for this paper is a widely comprehensive one, the subject itself lies within much narrower limits. For, addressing such readers as these pages are likely to reach, a great deal may be assumed as demonstrated or admitted, and a great many difficulties may be passed over or set aside. To non-Catholics it would be necessary to prove the Divine constitution of the Catholic Church, the extent of her authority, the infallibility of her teaching, the depositories of her jurisdiction. And controversy has so raged round all these points during the last 350 years that their treatment in one paper, or in a dozen papers, would be still highly unsatisfactory. But with educated Catholics, the case is very different. With them all the proclaimed dogmas of the Catholic religion, and all the universally received teachings which are based upon those dogmas, may be presupposed as accepted principles. The objections urged against such dogmas and teachings will call for neither discussion nor solution. We can concern ourselves wholly with some of the logical consequences to which those principles lead up. In this way, then, we proceed to define and limit the matters which are to be considered in the following pages.

The Catholic Church is a divinely founded and divinely organised society. It has a very special object of its own—to carry on through all generations the work which Christ came to do, and which He aimed at chiefly, if not solely, during the years of His life on earth. This work is the salvation of men's souls, through faith in things to be believed and practice of things to be accomplished. In ordinary States we find an aggregation of individuals bound together by common interests, which they pursue under the direction and control of a common authority—an authority which, keeping ever in view the social ends to be attained, appoints by legislation the means that may be or must be employed to achieve them, and enforces by fitting sanctions obedience to its commands. In the ecclesiastical state—in the Christian Church—we should, therefore, be prepared to find a similar organisation.

\* We have changed a few phrases at the beginning of this lecture, in order to adapt it to its new environment. ED. I. M.

A visible society comprising vast multitudes of men, all striving after a common object which can only be realised by uniformity of beliefs and of action, would seem to require some supreme authority which shall teach what is to be believed, and point out what must be practised, and safeguard practice and beliefs by fitting sanctions. Now, we know that what reason would have led us to expect Christ has, in fact, established. He did not institute a school of philosophy, such as the Academy, the Porch, or the Garden. He did not merely, as Socrates or Plato, gather pupils round Him for a time to teach them the principles of high morality. He came to found a kingdom—to bind his followers closely together in a lasting bond, first with each other and then with Christ Himself: to explain to them what was right to believe and right to do, and dispose them to believe and do it. And so He based his kingdom on authority—authority to prescribe matters of belief and modes of action—His own authority while He remained with men, the authority of His delegates after He Himself departed from them.

It has been made a reproach to the Gospels that they contain almost nothing which can be described as an appeal to argument. The leaders of philosophic thought—Socrates is a notable example—strove earnestly to cultivate the reasoning powers, to lead men towards truth and right by rational conviction. Christ on the other hand, gave abundant proof, worked even miracles, to convince men of the Divinity of His mission. But that conviction once impressed upon them, and accepted by them, His appeal was ever after, to his personal authority. If He were under a Divine guidance, if He were even God himself, and if men acknowledged Him to be so, why should He justify His teachings and His precepts by arguments and reasonings? And, if the delegates to whom He has confided His authority, who speak in His name, and govern in his stead—if they are sharers in His Divine infallibility and His Divine jurisdiction, clearly it is as little necessary for them as for Him to justify their commands and teachings by human arguments within the sphere assigned to their authority.

There is, of course, no need to dwell at any length upon the point. We all profess gladly the right of the supreme rulers of the Church to pronounce dogmatically on questions of faith and morals; and, when they do so pronounce, we have neither difficulty



nor hesitation in accepting their decisions. But we are concerned to determine—firstly, what the limits of the province are, within which this authority can be rightly exercised ; and next, who those persons are to whom the authority has been entrusted. For there are subjects in which no one doubts the Church's right to pronounce judgment, and in which she may evidently exact obedience from those who call themselves her children. The mysteries of faith, revealed laws of moral conduct, the system of divine worship belong, evidently to such a class of truths. There is a territory, that is, more or less clearly defined, and embracing interests exclusively spiritual and supernatural, in which Church authority, if it be admitted to exist at all, must be supreme ; and there are subjects also over which the Church has clearly no control. What form of civil government a people shall adopt, what honourable worldly career a man is to select, how he is to order the daily details of his own home life—with these, and with a thousand things like these the Church professes she has no authority to directly interfere.

For the object Christ had in view when He came on earth, and when He established an enduring visible organisation to carry on and perpetuate His work, was wholly spiritual. "The Son of Man," He told Zacheus, "is come to seek and to save that which is lost," or as St. Paul expresses it more fully in his Epistle to Timothy : "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And the Evangelists describe his labours as concerned only with this object : "He began to preach and to say, "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." "He went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues and preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom." It was no part of His plan to concern Himself with merely earthly aims. He made no effort to better the condition of his people socially. He did not direct their attention to what might be called social as distinct from moral virtues—to industry, cleanliness, intellectual training, thrift and material progress. He would not even act the part of a human peace-maker. "Master," said one to Him, "speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me." But He said to him : "Man, who hath appointed Me judge or divider over you ?" And, when He sent His Apostles, He limited them to purely spiritual labours and to the miraculous works that should authenticate their mission : "As ye go, preach, saying the Kingdom

of Heaven is at hand; heal the sick, raise the dead; cleanse the lepers, cast out devils"; and later, after his resurrection, "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." And the apostles were so imbued with this conception of their calling that they shrank at times from the very corporal works of mercy themselves: "It is not reason," they said, "that we should leave the word of God and serve tables. Wherefore look ye out among ye men of good report . . . whom we may appoint over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word."

Then, after Christ had ascended, and the Apostles had passed away, the first few centuries that followed were centuries of persecution, and the Church was confined almost of necessity to purely spiritual functions. The conditions of her existence forbade all interference with state policy and works of social beneficence. It was only when persecution ceased that worldly interests began to press upon her. Constantine, when he embraced the faith, and later Christian emperors bestowed great wealth upon her. They burdened her Bishops with civil, legal jurisdiction. They charged them with the protection of orphans, of slaves, and of prisoners. They entrusted them with the execution of laws against gambling, appointed them to the superintendence of weights and measures, gave them a large share in the administration of municipal revenues, the carrying out of public works, the maintenance of military defences, and many other purely secular affairs. And, as time went on, other cares were added. The temporal power of the Papacy grew up and became consolidated; ecclesiastical principalities were established and multiplied; and the obligations and anxieties which are the consequences of temporal authority and temporal dominion pressed heavily upon the clergy. They shared in the election of sovereigns, ruled over kingdoms as chancellors and ministers, took part in legislation, visited foreign courts as envoys, and lived there as ambassadors. They interested themselves in wars and treaties, and engaged in the turmoil and intrigues of politics and diplomacy. Schools, orphanages, hospitals sprang into being, and remained, under their administration. There were few if any of the activities of social civil life in which Churchmen did not take a large share. And in too many cases, unfortunately, they were far indeed from attending solely "to prayer and to the ministry of the Word."

But on this state of things, in which secular objects seemed to constitute so large a part of the Church's aims, we should observe, firstly : That it arose out of no definite plan or policy on the part of the Church herself. She has never claimed a direct mission from her Founder to administer worldly wealth, or to judge civil causes, or interfere in civil government, or promote intellectual or material progress. It was the liberality of the faithful, the needs of the empire, the social circumstances of the times which forced these occupations upon her. Again it should be borne in mind that ecclesiastical authority in temporal affairs, even when most fruitful in good results, must be often credited to Churchmen rather than to the Church. The Church's tolerance is not to be taken as approval even of their action. St. Cyril and his Parabolani, Ximenes, Richelieu, Wolsey, Mazarin, are not honoured in the Church for their secular achievements. Further, it is certain that the Church has suffered grievously from the worldly aims which clerics have at times pursued. Intriguing for Church dignities, unsuitable promotions, the embroiling of the Church in civil strifes, popular distrust, and popular discontent, a consequent weakening of the Church's influence and a lowering of morality and faith, have too often been their outcome. It is not asserted by the most loyal Catholic historian that the social and political action of some even among the Popes has always promoted the best interests of Catholicism. It has been doubted whether Leo X.'s patronage of the New Learning helped then or since to sanctify or save a soul, but it has not been doubted that it aided powerfully in the revival of a pagan temper which proved most hurtful to faith and morals. No one—not even their most zealous defender—will maintain that the merely civil policy of the Popes in peace and in war, their temporal dealings with petty Italian states, and with the more important European governments, have been always beneficial or even non-injurious to the spiritual welfare of the body of the faithful.

But while admitting all this freely, we may not look on it as an adequate presentation of the subject. Christ and His apostles did not busy themselves solely with things directly spiritual. Singularly enough, the first wonder which drew attention to Christ's public mission was a work of human kindness—the miracle of Cana—designed to spare his friends a momentary shame. And when the Baptist sent from his prison to ask : “ Art thou He

that art to come, or look we for another?" Jesus making answer said to them: "Go and relate to John what you have heard and seen; the blind see, the lame walk, lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again." Indeed, the whole course of His three years' public life is a lengthened record of multiplied acts of pitying benevolence in favour of the suffering and distressed. And, among His apostles, St. Peter's exercise of His miraculous power, when the sick brought forth into the streets were healed by his very shadow as it fell upon them; St. Paul's endeavour to reconcile his convert and friend, Philemon, with a returning slave, and his ordering of the alms-gathering for the Christians of Jerusalem; the ordaining of the deacons by the infant Church to attend to the temporal necessities of the faithful poor—these and other incidents of apostolic times show clearly enough that the Church is not without a Divine warrant for interesting herself on occasions in matters that may appear at first unspiritual.

For man is not purely spiritual; spiritual objects are not to be worked out solely by spiritual means; nor are even the most apparently secular concerns without an important bearing often on the interests of the soul. The Church's mission, which is Christ's own, is primarily to souls. But, just because it is, and because so many worldly things may be essential helps or fatal hindrances to souls' salvation, therefore it is that the Church must undertake work at times, and concern herself with questions, which might seem, upon the surface, to be excluded from her field of labour. She cannot teach religion fittingly to wholly uneducated minds; the grossly ignorant are too often deadened to the teachings and motives of the moral law—and so, though it is no part of her immediate mission to form the mind in merely worldly knowledge, she provides even literary and scientific training where it cannot be otherwise supplied. She claims a right of supervision over all Christian education, no matter by whom provided; but she measures the extent of her claim by the divine object she has in view—to protect the faith and morals of children. She founds orphanages—to secure the religious well-being of the little ones collected there; hospitals—to surround with religious influences the bedside of the suffering and the dying. She accepts moneys and temporal possessions—to employ them for religious ends. She claims supreme rule over an earthly principality—that she may be untrammelled by civil governments at the centre of her

power. She interests herself in social questions, mingles in political discussion, makes use of diplomatic methods, takes up science, promotes letters, encourages commerce—to protect and further her work for souls. She knows that the object of her own being is the object for which a supernatural revelation has been confided to her—the object for which a supernatural revelation has been given to mankind. And she knows, too, that men's spiritual interests are so bound up on many sides with unspiritual things—with the outward conditions and pursuits and difficulties of their daily lives, that she cannot hope to safeguard and promote the one unless she is prepared to busy herself, on fitting occasions, and within due measure, with all the others.

Now, of course, there have been always some to accuse the Church and those who rule within her, of following after purely temporal ends. The Pharisees charged Christ Himself with political designs. And Scribes and Pharisees there have been at all times in the Church's history—eager to confine her wholly within the sanctuary, most eager to free her from the burden of wealth and temporal possessions, eager to shut her out from the unspiritual strife of politics and parties. They would prescribe, themselves, the limits within which she may exercise her activity; and they would prescribe them so that they should have nothing to fear from her principles or her influence in working out the schemes they have at heart. And so in other lands, and in our own days, they have laicised the schools and hospitals—they have driven out, that is, religion, so far as they dared, from the midst of the young and from the bedside of the dying. They have confiscated the Church's property, and sought to stifle the protests of the episcopate and clergy by refusing them a pittance out of what was once their own. They have passed laws subversive of the Church's rights and of Christian morals, on education, marriage, divorce, religious associations, and kindred subjects; and when Bishops and priests ventured to point out their iniquity and arouse the opposition of the faithful, they replied by fierce denunciations, and, when they could, by legal persecutions. They have robbed the Pope of his temporal dominions, and have made it penal to take steps for the undoing of the wrong. And all this and much more they have done in the best interests of religion, as they tell us—they, the self-constituted guardians of the Christian dispensation, the self-appointed censors and guides of the divinely ordained rulers of the Church!

It is not to be thought that I would plead for the interference of the Church and of her clergy in purely secular concerns. I do not think that religion, on the whole, has been a gainer by such interference in the past. I have no doubt it would have been better for the faith in England had Wolsey been a zealous Bishop and left the great seal to lay ambitions. I am confident that the Richelieus and Mazarins conferred no lasting benefit upon the Church of France. I do not think that orthodoxy in Germany was much indebted to the Prince Bishops and ecclesiastical Electors of the Holy Roman Empire. I feel sure that the nearer the Church and the clergy can approach to apostolic models, the better it must be ultimately for the Church. But I do contend that it is utterly impossible to circumscribe the Church's action within any purely spiritual sphere.

Most of the concerns of human life, most human thoughts and acts so involve spiritual issues, are themselves so frequently the object of moral obligation, that, if the Christian Church is to be true to her divine mission, she must be prepared to deal with them. She has been sent to teach the law of faith and of morality, to teach it fully and in detail, to mark its application to the conduct of life in practice, to press unceasingly for its acceptance, and, so far as she may, to watch over its preservation and vitality. Can she do so if she stands aside from all questions not purely spiritual? If she resigns the instruction of the young, as the Belgian Liberals would have her do, to the nominees of the Masonic lodges? If she stand silent, as the Masons and Jews of Hungary require, in the presence of their anti-Catholic legislation on mixed marriages? If she speak no word when religious Congregations are suppressed and their very means of subsistence confiscated, as in France and Italy?

And, again, to touch on matters which seem more purely personal: How few are there of the actions of our daily lives which do not involve questions of moral right or wrongfulness? And, if our whole life is spent under a government of moral law and conscience, if the Church is the guardian and the exponent of that law, how can she not claim to enforce its teachings on us? May she preach the Decalogue as an abstract standard of conduct, yet never say, as the Baptist did to Herod, "It is not lawful for thee to have her?" May she urge the speculative principles of justice between man and man, but never tell a servant that his

action amounts to robbery, or determine in a case of doubt, whether and to whom restitution must be made? May she, as they still permit her to do in France, advise the people that they are to cast their Parliamentary votes in accordance with the dictates of conscience; but may she not tell them—and the French Government forbids her to do so—that a right conscience demands they shall not vote for a candidate who is an enemy of the Church, and professes principles that must lead him to advocate irreligious legislation?

I know that I am here touching on what has been at times a "burning question" among Catholics themselves. But I hope to so touch on it as to wound no susceptibility, while stating what I believe to be the minimum of doctrine binding upon the Catholic conscience, likely, too, I think, to commend itself to every unbiassed Catholic mind. "I cannot understand," it has been said, "how in any case the election of a member of Parliament can be held to be a question of moral obligation, or the conduct of a voter in respect of it can be a sin. . . . Moral responsibility may attach to a member of Parliament himself, but we have no evidence that the person who commits authority to him by his vote will share his responsibility." And if no question of sin, if no question of moral obligation can be invoked, on what ground is Church authority to intervene?

Now a sufficient answer to the question may be given by a very simple hypothesis. Let us suppose that a Parliamentary candidate presents himself in Dublin with a programme of anti-Catholic legislation such as Cavour offered to the electors of Italy, and Gambetta to those of France, and Frère Orban to those of Belgium, and Prince Bismarck to those of Germany—can any Catholic maintain that no "question of moral obligation" will arise for the Catholic electors of Dublin, or that "the conduct of a voter" who "committed authority" to such a candidate will not be a sin? The simple truth is—and it is the teaching of all theology—every deliberate human act may involve moral obligation, arising from its object, its motives, its circumstances, and its consequences; and the exercise of the Parliamentary franchise is no more exempt from this law than any other of our actions. The candidature of an individual or of a party—of a Gambetta and of his followers, of a Frère Orban, of a Cavour—may have its origin in a hatred of the Church, may appeal for support to the Church's

enemies, may put forward as its object the destruction of the Church's rights; and the triumph of such a candidate may be morally certain to entail a grievous injury to the Church's work, and so to souls for whom she labours. Surely it cannot be right, surely it must be morally wrong, to help by one's vote towards the doing of so much evil. How can he be free from sin who, without necessity, hands over or assists in handing over poison or a dagger to a would-be criminal, who has already declared his murderous intentions? And the moral character of an electoral vote being once admitted, the consequence is obvious. An elector may be conscientiously bound—as Catholic electors in Italy, France, and Germany have been bound in quite recent times—to vote for or against a particular candidate and policy. And if such conscientious obligation—obligation under sin, and, it may be, under grievous sin—exist, is the Church not to tell the faithful of the existence of the obligation, and to urge them to fulfil it? Nay, we may unhesitatingly go further and assert, as evident, upon Catholic principles, that a resolve to carry out the obligation, where a Catholic has become aware of it, is a condition precedent to a worthy reception of the Church's Sacraments. I cannot conceive that a Catholic elector, who was determined of his own free choice to vote for Gambetta or Cavour after they had declared their irreligious policy, could worthily approach the Sacraments.

We may take it, then, that there are many issues—those I have cited are meant to be merely typical—which are not directly spiritual; which, of their own nature, and apart from the spiritual consequences that they involve, would lie wholly within the province of individual liberty or of civil government, and yet in which spiritual interests are at stake, moral obligations are involved, conscience is intimately concerned, and Church authority is, therefore, justified in interfering. But who shall define what such issues are? Who shall determine, what is the subject matter of the Church's direct, and still more her indirect, authority? Who is to pronounce authoritatively that the Church may intervene, has sufficient grounds for intervening, in questions not directly spiritual? Let Cardinal Manning answer. In his reply to Mr. Gladstone's "Vatican Decrees," he wrote: "Who can define what is or is not within the jurisdiction of the Church in faith and morals, except a judge who knows what the sphere of faith and morals contains, and how far it extends? . . . It is clear that the



civil power cannot define how far the circumference of faith and morals extends. If it could it would be invested with one of the supernatural endowments of the Church. . . . Therefore it is the Church or nobody. This last supposition leads to chaos."

And indeed the argument is conclusive. No one who rejects the Protestant theory of private judgment in the domain of faith and morals, and admits instead the teaching authority of the Church, can call in question the Church's right to decide what matters lie within her own domain. If those whom her teaching failed to please might lawfully refuse assent on the ground that, while bound to yield submission where she had a right to claim it, they themselves were to judge how far her right extended, her teaching authority could be always set aside. What tribunal could fulfil any useful function if its decisions could be always met with the plea that the matters decided on lay beyond its jurisdiction? Hence every civil tribunal claims and exercises, sometimes without, sometimes subject to, appeal, the right to determine its own authority and the extent of its jurisdiction. And may we grant such power to the civil courts and deny it to the Church?

The Church, then, decides authoritatively on questions of faith and morals, and decides, too, whether in questions that arise, faith and morals are involved or not. But who are the depositaries of this Church authority? Who may speak on these points in the Church's name and promulgate officially her decisions? Very briefly we may answer: Those to whom Christ has committed the Church's government—the Roman Pontiff, acting as Supreme Head of the Church on earth; the Bishops of the Church, assembled under his presidency in general council; and each Bishop in the particular diocese allotted to him. The Pope may, indeed, consult with Roman congregations and make them the channels of his communications to the Church; general councils may utilise the labours of theologians, and invite even lay princes and scholars to share in their deliberations; a Bishop in his diocese will seek assistance for the faithful from an inferior clergy, both secular and regular. But Roman congregations, and theologians, and the clergy of a lower rank than the Episcopate, as the lay princes and scholars themselves, are the mere helps and instruments of those who govern. It was not to them, but to Bishops only that St. Paul said, "Take heed to yourselves, and to the whole

flock wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you Bishops to rule the Church of God."

And are there no limits to this authority? None other than those set by Christ Himself when He marked out the field in which his Church was to labour, and gave her the right to declare authentically what those limits were. None, certainly, which civil society or individuals may appoint. The teaching authority of the Church—of Popes, of Councils, and of Bishops, is not given by the civil state nor by any or all of the Church's children. The civil state then or the Church's children cannot fix its limits, cannot even judge authoritatively what its limits are. Only Christ, who bestows the authority, and the Church, the appointed guardian of the Divine deposit, can.

No doubt it may appear to those who are without the Church that we Catholics are rather prodigal in our allegiance to her, when we admit her right to speak authoritatively on every subject which she herself declares to lie within her jurisdiction. And, if there were no Divine guidance for the rulers who are supreme, and no appeal from inferior decisions, and no historic evidence of singular self-restraint in the exercise of her authority, the taunt might, perhaps, be justifiable. But knowing as we know how slowly Church authority is set in motion, believing that Popes and councils are guided by the Divine Spirit in their supreme decisions, and aware that from every episcopal judgment an appeal lies to a higher tribunal, we can have no fear that our loyalty will be unduly tried; and, if ever—for it may so happen—a decision should be rendered, to which we find it hard to yield, the path of duty is clearly marked:—If the judge who pronounces speaks with supreme authority and in the full exercise of that authority—as do Popes and councils in rare and well-defined circumstances—unhesitating assent and full obedience are of palmary necessity. If they speak—as both Popes and councils do at times—without invoking the fullness of their powers and the Divine promises on which they rest, we may urge them to re-consider their decisions; though even then there are none to whom we may appeal against them. And if the authority is local, and therefore not infallible and not supreme, there are higher tribunals, Church tribunals, to which the judgment may be taken for review and for correction.

And now if I may sum up briefly—(1) The object which the Church and her rulers must ever have in view is the object which

Christ lived and died for—a spiritual one, the salvation of men's souls. (2) There are many matters wholly spiritual—interpretation of Scripture, mysteries of religion, Sacraments, and the like—and these lie evidently within the Church's jurisdiction. (3) There may be others which have no spiritual side, no bearing upon faith and morals, and if there be they are nowise subjects to the Church's authority. (4) But there is a vast multitude of human actions, which go to constitute the life of civil society, in themselves unspiritual, without any direct or immediate bearing on the salvation of the soul—education, poor-law administration, care of the sick and dying, reformation of the criminal, Parliamentary legislation, exercise of the poor-law, the municipal, the Parliamentary franchise, and a thousand others—which yet may affect spiritual interests, produce consequences most hurtful or most helpful to souls, and so become indirectly spiritual, and subject to the jurisdiction of the Church. (5) And whether any given action is of this nature, an object of conscientious obligation, and so subject to the interference on the part of Church authority, can only be determined by the Church herself—by the Supreme Pontiff, or by a General Council with supreme authority, and, therefore, without appeal; by each Catholic Bishop in his own diocese, with an authority which cannot be set aside by the State or by the faithful, though it may be appealed against to the religious authority which is supreme.

P. FINLAY.

### WHITE ROSES.

FLASH out! under the cloudless skies,  
 O late little white-winged flight!  
 Once I was told, when blue butterflies  
 Came home in the failing light,  
 They had not seen you. With dew in your eyes  
 I found you to-night.

O south wind, go down where the poppies grow  
 In a mist of gold by the stream;  
 Do not flutter these white buds so,  
 For, in dusky glimmer and gleam,  
 They wait till I whisper low, very low,  
 My beautiful dream!

AGNES ROMILLY WHITE.

# BLESSED THADDEUS MAC CARTHY.\*

FROM the sunshine and the rain  
 Of the exiled centuries,  
 From the blue Italian seas,  
 You have come to us again :  
 Home to us and dear old Ireland,  
 To the Land of Saints, your sireland,  
 And to-morrow and to-morrow,  
 By the Lee that saw your sorrow  
 And your pain,

You will rest with sheaf and crown,  
 Home amongst us evermore.  
 Fair you found the Irish shore,  
 When September fields were brown—  
 You had anguish ere you left us,  
 For dissensions tore and reft us ;  
 Now the city runs to meet you,  
 And your kith and kin to greet you  
 With renown.

You have won the victor's goal,  
 Kept your heart from earthly taint,  
 O my Father, O my Saint !—  
 Spotless, stainless, kept your soul.  
 How the bells ring out your glory !  
 How the people tell the story,  
 As your ashes home they're bringing,  
 While the music and the singing  
 Proudly roll !

To God's Heaven when we pray,  
 You are there of our own kin ;  
 Every Irish heart within,  
 There's a place for you alway.  
 How the people's hearts are swelling,  
 As with tears of love they're telling  
 Of your life so sad and holy,  
 Of the patience sweet and lowly  
 Of your day.

\* Blessed Thaddens, Bishop of Cork and Cloyne, died at Ivrea in Piedmont, in 1492. His relics, which were kept there ever since with great reverence and with the fame of miracles, were deposited with joyful solemnity under the Blessed Virgin's altar in the Cathedral of Cork, September 12th, 1897.

Oh, the honours God pours down  
On His victor in the strife!  
Oh, the beauty of your life,  
Oh, the glory of your crown!  
Far away in glen and valley,  
By the hill-side and the alley,  
Tears of joy for you are stealing,  
In the cabins where they're kneeling,  
And the town.

Since you went in grief away,  
Slow and slow the ages flow,  
Full four hundred years ago—  
Looking back seems yesterday—  
Since on lonely deathbed lying  
Far from home and Ireland dying,  
In the still October even,  
Angels bore your soul to Heaven,  
Now we pray.

One dear hour to see your face,  
Our sweet exile, our own Saint!  
You whose lips made no complaint,  
High of blood and brave of race.  
Welcome, welcome home to Ireland,  
To the Land of Saints, your sireland,  
And we thank the Lord who crowned you,  
For the glories that surround you,  
For His grace.

ALICE ESMONDE.



## THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT.

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

ETHNA AND HER MOTHER.

ONE night Ethna sat before the fire, looking so pale and dejected that the Madam, who was every day becoming more uneasy about her, ventured to break in upon her thoughts and try to bring back the old confidence between them.

"Ethna, dear, you are looking sad," she said, "what is the reason, my girl?"

"I don't know, mother. I am getting old, or tired, or something."

"That is not true, dear; it would be too unnatural. Will you not tell me what troubles you?"

"I am troubled that I was a fool, mother; that is all." The girl bent her head upon her hands.

The Madam drew her chair beside her, and put her arm about her.

"Tell me what ails you, my darling?" said she. "The very telling of a trouble lessens it. Has anything occurred to grieve you?"

"Oh, what could occur, mother? Nothing worth talking about. I suppose every one has some worry." The girl raised herself restlessly. "Why do you question me? What do you see the matter with me?"

"You are changed," said the mother sorrowfully; "nothing seems to amuse you—nothing seems to interest you."

"What is there to be interested about?" answered the girl. "It is from the same to the same. I can't help getting tired of this dull life."

"You did not find your life dull a year ago?" said the Madam.

"A year ago—I wish I could go back a year," answered the girl. "Oh mother, mother, I made a fool of myself—I made a fool of myself." She burst out crying.

The mother drew her into her arms. "My darling," she said. "I have begun to suspect the cause of this trouble. It seems absurd to think of it; but sometimes I am afraid you—you liked Philip Moore?"

"Yes, it was absurd, was it not? Even you, who are so blind about me, think it absurd. But, mother, he told me he loved me, he asked me to be his wife. It was all humbug, of course; but I believed him."

She laid her face on her mother's lap.

"My child! my poor girl!"

"Oh, don't pity me, mother"—she lifted her face once again—"I cannot tell you how I despise myself for being such a weak idiot. I would never lift my head if I thought any one knew it."

"Why did you not tell me, Ethna? Where was your pride to let any man woo you secretly?"

"My pride kept me from making it known," answered Ethna. "I was afraid he would think I wanted to hasten things on, and if I told you I knew it would come out. I thought every day he would speak to you; but now I know he never intended it."

"You should have told me, my darling. Ah, I am much to blame myself; how was it I left my lamb unprotected?"

The Madam's tears fell upon the girl's face; Ethna looked up with a sad yet half playful smile.

"Ah, mother," she said, "lambs are wilful, and like the society of wolves. You have nothing to blame yourself for; it was all my own fault. I thought it was a grand thing to win such a man—and I thought he loved me."

"He would not be such a great match at all for you," said the Madam, wiping her eyes. "He has little more than his pay, and can hardly ever clear off his debts, I suppose, unless he marry an heiress like his brother."

"'Tis no matter now, mother; 'tis all over. I am never likely to see him again. There is one comfort any way: I will never care for any one again."

"Ah, that is what every one thinks, my darling. We love to fancy our feelings are eternal, but, please God, you will love some

one worthy of you yet, and whose truth you will value the more for having met with treachery."

"I don't want to meet truth or anything. My heart is as hard as a stone now. All I care about is the possibility of my follies being found out; and, oh, what a fool I have been!"

Leaning against her mother's compassionate bosom, she told her version of the "old, old story," raising in that calm breast unwonted feelings of indignation and self-blame. Why did she permit such familiar intercourse? Yet, could she tell him, a cousin—one she knew since a boy—not to come to her house? She thought Ethna was always under her eyes. How could he have had opportunity to so beguile her? For time passed rapidly with the Madam, occupied as she was with many household duties, and the half-hours utilised by Philip Moore seemed to her but minutes. She kept many thoughts to herself, but soothed and comforted her daughter as best she might; and the girl wiped away her tears, declaring they were the last she should shed for what she continued to think her ruined life.

Confidence was restored between them, but the girl asked her not to return to the subject again. She could not bear to be talking it over and over.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

The winter days were glooming within and without. Ethna was impatient, if roused out of her listless absorption, and sadly tried the gentle Madam by her idleness and discontent. Mr. Taylor had again spoken of the marriage with Vincent Talbot; but, knowing the state of the girl's mind, the Madam said it was better not to introduce the matter until Christmas which they were to spend in town. Ethna did not care to leave Mona; she said it was a bore talking to people who had not the least interest for one. The Madam said she would do exactly as she wished; she herself would prefer remaining at home. And then Ethna concluded that of two evils it was better to choose the least—anything was better than the dreadful monotony.

Christmas Eve brought them all together at Mr. Taylor's.



Ethna roused herself to look after the gifts of Santa Claus and raised the children's curiosity to the wildest pitch by intoxicating hints as to the results of the Fairy's visit. Tears came to the Madam's eyes when she heard her laugh, and the girl was half annoyed with herself when she lay down that night to think that she could even momentarily feel amused. The strong young life began to assert itself again, and put forth its claim upon those external satisfactions in which it expands and rejoices. The Madam gladly permitted her to remain with the Taylors for some time. They had a pleasant house; Ethna was a good horse-woman, and crossed the country with Vincent Talbot on hunting days till the colour returned to her cheeks, and the brightness to her eyes again.

One of Mr. Talbot's clerks had emigrated, and Corney O'Brien had taken his place in the office, the chief clerk in the Dublin office was also leaving, and the old gentleman was considerably upset by the changes.

He again spoke to Mr. Taylor on the advisability of getting Vincent married; he would settle him in Dublin to mind the business there. Everything would go to the mischief if they had not some one there they could trust; and a wife would keep him steady and make him sensible. Mr. Taylor agreed with him, and before broaching the subject to Ethna, Mr. Talbot laid it before Vincent. The young man was surprised at having matrimony brought into such close proximity with him; but he was always fond of Ethna. He preferred no one to her, and the idea of living in Dublin, with a handsome wife, good means, and a fair prospect of increasing them was in nowise unpleasant. He obediently told his father that he was quite willing to be guided by him in the matter—at which the father smiled grimly, commenting on his filial devotion and the promptness with which people take advice, when the advice coincides with their inclination.

"Mother," said Ethna to the Madam, who had driven in to see her. "I wish we could leave Mona and come to live in town."

"I could never leave Mona," said the Madam with a shiver, her thoughts going back to a time when it echoed to the sound of a beloved voice, and small pattering feet, the memory of which lost sounds peopled it for her as no other house could be peopled.

"I wonder what you like it for," exclaimed the girl. "One

might as well be buried alive as live there ; you would be much more comfortable in town, and would have nothing to do."

"Having nothing to do would kill me," said the Madam. "and it would be like tearing up an old tree from the roots to take me out of Mona."

"I hate going back there," answered the girl with an impatient sigh. "Nothing to do but to think—think."

"You can stay on here, dear, as long as you like," said the mother, "and in summer we will go for a month anywhere you wish."

"A month out of one's life is not much," answered the girl. "I know I am very bad, mother, but I can't help it. I long for excitement or anything to take me out of myself."

The following day Mr. Talbot joined her as they were returning from church, and spoke upon the subject nearest his heart ; the girl was astounded, and in the confusion of her thoughts could only answer, "I can say nothing—you must speak to my mother."

When they reached home, she went to her room to consider this new epoch in her destinies, and see how it would fit in with her desires. There are some hearts caught in the rebound, who seize the more eagerly on the present solace for having been denied the past one ; but there are others in whom a newly offered affection causes a revulsion and even a momentary loathing. Some are always renewing their idols ; but others cease to worship. Ethna's first impulse on being told of the contemplated alliance was to reject it with horror ; the next moment all its advantages flashed across her mind, and she sat now considering it in all its bearings. Here was an escape out of her empty dull existence. No more solitude at Mona, eating out her heart ; but a gay life in a city—action, society, a place in the world. Yes, she would marry. And Philip Moore will learn she was not pining for him amongst the hills. The very possibility of leaving the scene of her illusive love-dream made going back to it more intolerable, and she determined to leave the past behind her, close over its follies and regrets, and go out into a new life where, at all events, she would not be made a fool of again.

"So our people have settled that you and I are to keep house together," said Vincent, laughing. "What have you to say to the arrangement?"

"Well, that, as they have settled it, it is not worth while to disappoint them," answered Ethna.

"You are a queer girl. Wouldn't you say something warmer to a fellow?"

"As you say it was our people made the match, you should get them to make inflammable speeches also," she said with a smile.

"But we are young, Ethna. We ought to have something to say to each other on the subject."

"Why, what have we to say? If we began making love-speeches, we would only laugh at each other. But, if you do not like to marry me, say so."

"Why, of course I like you. I never was so fond of any girl as of you. I'll love you like half-a-dozen if you let me; won't you give me a kiss, now? That is the correct thing when people are engaged, you know."

"No, it is not the correct thing at all, and I don't like kissing. Just keep quiet, or we shall fight already."

"I never saw such a girl—repelling a fellow's timid advances. But is not the governor behaving like a brick, Ethna? I had no idea he would make us such a good allowance. He would not, I am sure, only you are the young woman that is going to own me, and keep the head on me, according to himself. Why, we shall be as happy as birds," he continued gaily, as he contemplated the future—"and as rich as Jews by-and-by, I shall work so hard at the business. If we could manage to keep a horse, you could drive and ride—that would be the style. We can get a trap for little or nothing."

"I don't know your father, or my mother would think that very wise," said Ethna.

"Oh, yes, we shall be wise enough. Look at all the money your mother is giving us. I shall have a fortune made before that is half spent."

"Do you think we like each other well enough to spend all our lives together?" said Ethna.

"Of course, we do. Why shouldn't we? of course," he continued, laughing and blushing, "I had several small flirtations; but be sure I never cared for a girl as much as I cared for you, and I suppose it is the same with you—you had flirtations also."

"Not many," she answered.

"Well, you had not the opportunity I had. Here now, Eth.

is a ring. Give me your finger. With this ring I thee wed—he lifted her face and kissed her—"there, now they may marry us when they will; no more humbug between us; we are pledged and plighted, and will live happy for evermore."

It all came on so quickly, that Ethna occasionally felt bewildered at the sudden change in her fate. The engagement gave universal satisfaction, for it was the fulfilment of a local prophecy. The marriage was to take place as soon as possible after the spring assizes, and the bride elect had to bring her energies to bear upon the important affair of her trousseau.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE TORN RECEIPT.

About the second week in January, boxes and bales arrived in Monalena, and were unpacked in O'Gorman's barn.

All the unoccupied villagers crowded about Cheap Jack, and gave such glowing descriptions of his goods and chattels that the handbell, which was rung every evening, summoned a considerable crowd. A couple of assistants had come with the packages, one of whom played the concertina; so it was quite an exciting time in the village.

"Good evening, sir," said Mr. Lynch, entering the barn one afternoon. "May I take the liberty of looking about me? I'm told you have all the conveniences of modern civilisation; and so you have, sir, so you have. Our humble homesteads will be benefitted by your sojourn amongst us."

"Come in, sir, come in," answered Cheap Jack. "No charge for using your eyesight. We like to have understanding men walk in, who know what the people require. What we haven't we can get, sir; we only want the word."

"Very good," said Mr. Lynch, "very good. No doubt but you will do well. The people are disposed to be tasty in those days of general progression; the march of intellect, sir, the march of intellect; the school-master is abroad, in every sense of the word. Ha, ha!"

"That's as it ought to be, sir," replied Cheap Jack. "We're beginning to raise our heads. What did us the time of the Penal

Laws won't do us now, so it won't; we have a better taste in shaney."

"Penal Laws," said Mr. Lynch, shaking his head; "these are dangerous times to be talking of Penal Laws. Stick to your crockery, sir, stick to your crockery. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*—no offence meant, sir."

"And none taken," answered Cheap Jack, bustling about. "'Twas a word that slipped. I wanted to show you I knew something of history, and you took me short; but, as you say, 'tis better for people to watch their words nowadays. Could I tempt you with anything, sir? Take a look all round, as I said before. No charge for the use of our own eyesight."

"Well, I don't know. I don't profess, sir, to be a judge of those concerns appertaining to domestic economy. My life was spent in furnishing pabulum to the youthful mind—no easy task where the appetite for knowledge is small; but my little girl, no doubt, will pay her respects to you. She anticipates much satisfaction from a visit here. That is a good gun, sir."

"You are a good judge, I see," said Cheap Jack, taking it from off a nail. "It is a good one, and a cheap one; but it would be dear enough, I can tell you only for that flaw on the stock. Examine it—barrel and lock all right, first-class article, but couldn't pass inspection because of that little flaw. I saw a few of them going dog cheap and bought them. I thought there might be sale for them up here, where game is plenty. A good hare in the pot helps a poor man's dinner."

"So it does, and is very gratifying to the palate," replied Mr. Lynch. "I have got an ancient piece belonging to my grandfather, or, to speak more correctly, what had belonged to him; but 'tis worn out in the service. What is the price of this one—if within the bounds of moderation, sir, I may be tempted into the extravagance of purchasing."

Mr. Lynch had scarcely departed with the coveted gun when the policemen from Bellard lounged in, and were cheerfully welcomed by Cheap Jack. He displayed his wares to such good purpose that he disposed of several articles, which were to be delivered next day at the police barrack. He had a cheerful word for every one; he often treated his customers at the public-house; every one enjoyed the banter going on at the auctioneer's, so Cheap Jack drove a roaring trade, and all the dressers in the

country made a brilliant display in the chanev ware.

One morning there was a knock at Father O'Malley's door. Nell opened it, and beheld Joe Smith, with two men carrying a case. He lifted his hat, and apologised for having so slowly executed her commission. The men deposited their burden in the hall and departed.

"I trust it will meet with your approval," he said. "I cheer myself, for, to tell the truth, some of those we sell are not the most becoming."

He unpacked it rapidly and held it up in his arms.

"Here it is now. How do you like it?"

"It is beautiful," answered Nell, her heart beginning to sink at the idea of its possible price; "but I am afraid it is very dear."

"I am sure you will not think so. We get great bargains of those articles. Will you allow me to put it up for you?"

"Tell me the price first, please. I have to count the cost of things." Nell blushed and smiled.

"Thirty shillings. You don't think that too much?"

"Oh, no, indeed, it is cheap," she exclaimed with a brightened face. "I am so much obliged to you. It is lovely."

"Now, if you will permit me to put it up for you. It will be the safer way."

Nell preceded him into the neat little sitting-room, and in a moment had the mantle-piece cleared of its simple decorations. Joe Smith took a holdfast, some nails and a cord from his pocket, and in ten minutes had the looking-glass in its desired position.

"Oh, is it not pretty?" said Nell. "Look now at the hills reflected in it."

"Yes, it looks well," replied Joe Smith, gazing, not at the shadowed mountains, but at the bright little face, whose brown eyes were fixed upon the blue reflection. "It looks well, but I'll come back to the real and the candlesticks."

He went out to the hall, and brought in a few small packages.

"Here they are," he said, taking them out and hanging on the drops.

"I was always wishing for candlesticks with drops," Nell said; "and just the colour I like. What is the price of them?"

"About five shillings, I think. And here is a vase for the centre which is to go with them gratis. There they are; they look very well, do they not?"

"It is not fair to take the vase," said Nell. "The things are so cheap, and"—

"Oh, not at all, it is a mere trifle, and I trust you will be a good customer of ours which will more than repay us."

"I am very much obliged to you," replied Nell, taking out her purse and handing him the money.

"I shall give you a receipt," he said, sitting down to a small writing table. He wrote a few lines, then tore them up muttering an exclamation, and commenced again. He stood up, handed her the receipt, and crushing the torn paper in his hand, threw it into the fire-place. After a few more remarks he took his departure, leaving Nell to the delighted contemplation of her possessions.

"What a nice fellow he is," she said to herself, stooping to pick up the torn paper which had fallen on the fender. "What mistake did he make? I wonder if he spells well."

She opened the fragments, smoothed them, and placed them together. The writing and spelling were faultless, but the name signed to it was not Joe Smith.

"That is his real name," she murmured, gazing at it thoughtfully. "What does it all mean? And he looks so honest."

She put it into the fire and crushed it down with the poker.

*(To be continued).*

## REUNION.

*To S.M.S.*

HOW often in the lonely, silent night,  
 When I have dreamt that you were by my side,  
 I wake to find that Life's great ocean wide  
 Between us rolls and keeps you from my sight  
 For evermore; nor may I see the light  
 Of your dear eyes where sympathy would hide,  
 Nor hear those lips which gently used to chide—  
 And I must try to say: "Dear God! 'tis right."

Once I shall sleep, and it shall seem to me  
 That you come forth to meet me gloriously  
 With such a wondrous white-robed angel band;  
 And then to me from God's own father-hand  
 The crown of life eternal shall be given—  
 And then, my soul, thou'lt wake, and this is Heaven!

MARY POWER.

## CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

## A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

## PART IX.

THE answer to No. 15 is "Lost Time" with the lights *levant*, *ogni*, *storm*, and *Terence*. There is an allusion to blacklegs in Mr. Reeves' lines, and to *lasciate ogni speranza* and to Charles Kingsley's best lyric.

The answer to No. 16 is "Hard Oash" with the lights *hater*, *Alabama*, *recess*, and *dervish*. As usual J. W. A's ingenuity has not been at fault, except that he is a little weak in negro melodies and not familiar with the lines,

"I come from Alabama,  
With my banjo on my knee."

The initials affixed to the next two "Dublin Acrostics" show that the authors were the late Thomas Harris, Q.C., and Judge O'Hagan.

## No. 17.

In deserts wild I savage-clad appear—  
To guide a stately fleet I'd volunteer—  
My sightless eye-balls yearn for "Holy Light"—  
I gained my fame by visions of the night.

## II.

I bleed and die amid un pitying cheers—  
Where I am uttered I'm received with jeers—  
With bears I grapple in perpetual war—  
My virgin burden I conveyed afar.

## III.

I hate the Yankee, I despise "Mossoo,"  
I loathe the Dutchman, and the Russian too,  
I laugh at Paddy, Sawny hold in scorn,  
For I to rule the Universe was born.

1. What Whigs and Tories both alike enjoy.
2. Treasure like gold, but not without alloy.
3. The home of misery I oft am found.
4. In Yankee speech I am the common sound.



## No. 18.

Of common birth, of elements the same,  
 The first with more of fire and firmer frame  
 Protects, until a common doom they share,  
 The second, of a mould more soft and fair.

1. If measured, you will always trace  
     From rim to rim an equal space.
2. The famous sage, it must be owned,  
     Produced a famous vagabond.
3. Than wildest Nænia wilder still,  
     The Irish cry is on the hill.
4. The brain-sick youth hath startled all  
     The revellers in that northern hall.
5. Your "bookish theoric" 's a fool,  
     'Tis I afford the safest rule.

O.

## SYMPATHY OF THOUGHT.

WHAT a solid pleasure it is to meet some one, who not only likes but understands us! It is not enough to be liked, though it is much and very much. Our best qualities come out then, as our disagreeable ones do with those who dislike us, or whom we dislike. But to be liked and understood makes life for the time being eminently worth living. To like, to be liked, to understand, to be understood: *ea demum firma amicitia est*. Men, who may be otherwise prosy bores, are delightful companions, when these conditions are verified. This is especially so in the case of literary and thoughtful people. Men who can say the things they would, who can express patiently, passionlessly, fearlessly views, persuasions, convictions on every subject of thought, who can listen without thinking of what they are going to say themselves, who can put themselves into others' states and circumstances, who are thinkers, not prejudiced passionate partizans (often much better men, but nothing like so charming to deal and converse with), men, who know what they know and what they do not know: such men, when they meet under favourable conditions, verily revel in "the feast of reason and flow of soul."

Such meetings are rare enough, I think. They mostly happen by chance. Prearranged they are generally disappointing. Spontaneity is lacking. It has been said, "no one can be amusing to order;" the same seems true of interesting and thoughtful talk. Of course all who have the same likings, who

are interested in the same kinds of things, will always have plenty to say about them ; hence talking is so pleasurable, even though it be mainly commonplace. It recalls past pleasurable states, it causes pleasurable anticipations, it relieves and consoles in numberless ways.

Talk that is not trifling or commonplace, talk that is the product of real thought and not mere repetition of what is said or written by others, is one of the rare and delicate pleasures of intellectual life. Addison says : " fine writing consists in sentiments that are true, but not obvious." High-class talk is just the same, the expression of a mind capable of appreciating justly and for itself the subject under discussion.

It was said above, such talk is mostly brought about accidentally. It often happens that people meet, who could talk so from having knowledge and power of expression, yet little or nothing comes to the surface. Nothing occurs to suggest or stimulate into conscious activity what lies dormant. They may essay to start some topic, but it is not at the time sympathetic. They are for the present mutually uninteresting. They separate sadder, not wiser ; puzzled at their own dullness, envying the commoner sort who so easily find enjoyment in one another's very ordinary conversation and pursuits.

To be able to think and talk like a thinker is no small matter. It may not be the best way to enjoy life. The Wise Man concedes that. Experience confirms it. Enjoyment of life we all long for. It is not common, certainly not on a large scale or for long. But to keep occupied is one of the best ways to make the best of life, and the very best, when we keep occupied in the right way. It is not always easy to keep occupied. Many complain they cannot find occupation. It is often very hard to suggest to people how they are to occupy themselves. It is one of the greatest benefits of a cultivated mind, that reading and thinking and writing and speaking are so many ways of useful, and more or less pleasurable, occupation. Idleness and listlessness are awful miseries—how great only the idle and listless know. Cultivated minds are by no means a guarantee against idleness and aversion to occupation. Persistent efforts are necessary for all against the insidious syren sloth. But a cultivated mind is always able with moderate effort to become energetic and find work ready to hand.

Thinking is harder work than reading or writing. Still one

may think too much. Too much thinking saps intellectual energies of other kinds, and indeed energy in general. Hamlet is said to be an instance of how too much meditation destroys energy. He speculates about everything, which makes him the most interesting of dramatic characters ; but he always procrastinates. A mere thinker is a higher kind of idler, and often not much happier. A mere reader is much on the same moral level. A reader and thinker should teach orally or in writing, if he would bring forth worthy fruits.

One may regret having made a solitary of himself by giving way too much to such instincts. He may see with sorrow that he would have been a wiser and more contented man, if he had entered more into participation with social activities ; but he can do good work still. Not every one will care for or appreciate such work. No doubt thought gives an exquisite flavour to speaking and writing, but the flavour is often enough "caviare to the general." In many minds it produces irritation and disgust. Not every kind of thoughtfulness, but some kinds most pleasurable to some. There are able and educated men who cannot perceive, or at any rate appreciate, every flavour imparted by real thoughtfulness. They have talent, and they understand and value talent. They duly appreciate clear and brilliant and persuasive statements of facts and truths and known arguments ; but the suggestiveness of thoughtful groping after answers to the mind's obstinate questionings, the dim and subtle adumbrations of infinite realities, the grasping and fusing of mysterious incongruities and seeming inconsistencies in the spheres of mental struggles and longings—all these are an unintelligible bore to them.

Thoughtfulness is not all or even mostly concerned with vague and mysterious realities. It is employed about, and adds its peculiar charm to, the ordinary affairs of life and objects of thought. Thoughtful remarks on these things are full of interest and frequently help us along and get us over difficulties by providing us with some spur to exertion or some cheering way of looking at things. "Nothing is either good or bad, but thinking makes it so ;" and so, if we get a view of things that makes them less trying or more cherry, we are greatly helped thereby. In fact most of our miseries come from the way we consider things, from the exaggerated opinion we entertain of their worth or worthlessness. We long for things we have not,

we envy those who possess them, we despise what we have, while others envy us their possession. Seeing all this by the aid of a shrewd or wise remark often cures us of our distorted vision and ill-balanced judgment. To be helped over small worries and difficulties is no small benefit, for our most clinging miseries are produced not by great trials but by comparatively petty troubles.

But the utility of thought is not its whole good. By no means. Its great good is itself. The power of thinking for oneself is the highest outcome of the cultivation of the intellect and hence a great thing in itself.

There are no advantages without disadvantages. Thinking tends to make one a lonely being. "Never less alone than when alone" is all very well, but very few are sufficient for themselves. We are by nature social. Congenial society is one of the greatest and most indispensable pleasures of life. Like all pleasures, it may be, and very often is, over indulged. It is of great importance to be able to do with a moderate amount of it. Being able to be alone and to like it, to converse with oneself, thinking, reading, writing, help much against yielding too much to the pleasures of social intercourse, when such can be had, and go far to supply for it, when not to be had.

What a full and delicate pleasure it is to get hold of a book that gives us fresh and interesting thoughts and sentiments, and stimulates us to form more of the same kind for ourselves. Then we realize the truth of Mill's saying about Ward, "thought sympathizes with thought." One who has himself worked at and struggled with the puzzles and problems of human life, immediately recognizes with delight a writer or speaker, whose words reveal the genuine thinker, the fair-minded inquirer, the discoverer of truths small and great, or aspects of truth. Any one who sees and expresses old or well known truths in a new light, is a discoverer. He enjoys himself and affords to others the surprise and joy of discovery, the interest and wonder of novelty in the sphere of intellect and imagination.

All kinds of pleasure pall. Men tire of everything. Those who possess all the means of enjoying themselves, often find it impossible to do so. The *tedium vite* asserts itself everywhere. People wonder at this. But this world is not made to be happy in. No wonder, then, if thinkers tire of thinking and find it often "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable" like the other "uses

of the world." It is itself a curious subject for speculation, how dull it often is, how little it interests, how sluggish and disgusted the mind becomes, how weak and distracted its efforts to employ itself in anything like sustained thinking.

Sympathy is the greatest stimulus to thought and to its expression. Thought of every kind is evoked by it. A man of wit will be dull in company he is not in harmony with, who will overflow with good things as soon as ever he becomes conscious, that he is with those who understand him and whose minds and feelings respond to his. He will then be "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men." It is the same with interesting talk, the talk that is full of little surprises from the uncommon way that old things are said and new views advocated. Nothing is a greater incentive to writing than to find out that it is appreciated, that there are readers who enjoy it and profit by it. In this way a lonely thinker feels he is not all alone. But he must be able to endure and prefer much solitude, and must be for the most part content with sympathy of the telepathetic kind.

A genuine thinker is not necessarily eminent or much skilled in any branch of art or knowledge. Nevertheless he may do more helpful and more interesting work than men incomparably more erudite. But this is an aspect of the thinker's craft, which will require separate treatment.

WILLIAM A. SUTTON, S.J.

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#### NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *St. Augustine of Canterbury and his Companions*. From the French of Father Brou, S.J. (Art and Book Company: London and Leamington).

This is one of the most important and most satisfactory of the books inspired by recent commemorations—at least its publication in its present form was hastened in order that it might be in time for the centenary celebration of St. Augustine's mission to England. If it were not expressly stated on the titlepage, it would be hard to believe that it is a translation from the French, it is so full of minute antiquarian lore and written in such excellent English. Our wonder, however, is somewhat diminished when we learn that the author, though a French Jesuit, has lived for many years at Canterbury, and that his work in its English form has passed through the hands of Father Herbert Thurston, S.J. It is a solid and original work, far more valuable than histories of much greater pretensions; and the

erudition it displays is set forth in a clear and agreeable style, in which, as we have said, it is extremely difficult to recognise a translation from the French. The Art and Book Company have brought it out with great taste and care. It has some good illustrations. The net price has been kept down to half a crown.

2. *True Politeness: a Little Treatise addressed to Religious.* From the French of Abbé Demore. By a Visitandine of Baltimore. (New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers).

Another translation from the French, but certainly not so well disguised as the preceding. No difficulty here in guessing what the French original may have been. The translation is cleverly done; but we are not sure that it was worth doing, and probably an abridgement and adaptation would have been more satisfactory. The translator has been much too conscientious in giving us every sentence and phrase, when many of them might have been shortened, made more English, or passed over altogether. Of course there is a great deal of useful and edifying matter in these letters of advice addressed to a religious community. Some of the hints about politeness will give a good deal of amusement; and one will occasionally be surprised that the good Abbé did not leave some points that he has touched to instinct, good sense, and oral instruction.

3. *The Eucharistic Christ.* By the Rev. A. Tesniere. Translated by Mrs. Anne R. Bennet-Gladstone. (Benziger Brothers: New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago).

This volume of reflections and considerations on the Blessed Sacrament was specially written for the members of the congregation of the Blessed Sacrament founded by Father Eymard; but it will be useful for others whose vocation is similar, and even for the pious faithful. We do not know how far it was possible to turn the French Father's pious pages into readable English; but, though well translated, the work in its present form is still unmistakably French. The most useful part is the introduction prefixed to the American edition by the Rev. Dr. Mac Mahon, who is the General Director of the Apostolic Union of Secular Priests in the United States. The members of this holy Association will derive great profit from this book which to a certain extent has been written for them.

4. *By Branscome River.* By Marion Ames Taggart. (Benziger Brothers: New York, Cincinnati and Chicago).

What we said lately in praise of "The Blissylvania Post Office" will have led the judicious reader to expect that any story by Miss Taggart is sure of a warm welcome from us. Her name henceforth guarantees a pleasant story told very gracefully. By the way the artist who designed the cover represents the little nine-year-old boy who was rescued from the river as a woman of uncertain age.

The same very active Publishers give us a new edition of that very holy and very beautiful little story by Cardinal Wiseman, "The Lamp of the Sanctuary," which is almost worthy in its way of the Author of "Fabiola."

5. *Notes on the Special Hygiene (Mental and Physical) of Childhood and Youth.* By Thomas More Madden, M.D., F.R.C.S.E. (Dublin: Fannin & Co., Limited).

The name of Dr. More Madden is a sufficient recommendation for this book, which with the largest type and the widest spacing occupies only sixty-eight pages. Any one to whom his high reputation in this particular department of medical science is not familiar may conjecture it from the enumeration of the professional positions he has occupied, given on the titlepage, or from the criticisms passed by medical authorities on his very numerous works, of which a list is furnished on the concluding pages of the present volume.

6. *Saint Wilfrid, Archbishop of York*. By A. Streeter. (London: Catholic Truth Society).

This is another of the marvellous sixpenceworths provided for us by the Catholic Truth Society. No one can read the chronological outline of St. Wilfrid's career, which follows the introduction, without being eager to know the details that fill up that outline. It is indeed a most interesting narrative, told here extremely well. Dr. Luke Rivington has contributed a valuable introductory essay, bringing out the testimony of St. Wilfrid and St. Aldhelm against certain Anglican views of the day.

7. It is somewhat incongruous to join in one paragraph a new edition, very cheap and yet very neat, of "The Imitation of Christ" (London: Burns and Oates) and "A New Idea in the Life of Father Hecker," which is a short paper read at the recent International Congress at Friburg, by Monsignor D. J. O'Connell, advocating very earnestly what he calls "Americanism," not only in a political but in an ecclesiastical signification of the term.

8. *Principles and Practice of English Composition, with Model Essays and Subjects for Composition*. (Dublin: Fallon & Co., 16 Lower Sackville Street).

This admirable treatise is the latest addition to the School and College Series edited by the Rev. Thomas A. Finlay, S.J.—for which pair of initials are substituted in the present context the initials of more academical titles, M.A. and F.R.U.I. Though the net price is only 1s. 6d., this book contains a vast deal more of useful instruction than was conveyed in the dignified octavos of auld lang syne like "The Elements of English Composition" by David Irving, which young people studied with faith and reverence at the end of the Forties. A person of mature years might study the present work with great pleasure and profit. While original, it is most sensible. The examples are fresh and good. The style throughout is excellent—clear, unaffected, and anything but dull. We anticipate a very wide and lasting acceptance for this treatise. We know nothing of the sort nearly so good.

9. *Notes on the Sacrifice of the Altar*. By Thomas Arnold, M.A. (London: Burns and Oates).

It is edifying to see laymen like Mr. Percy Fitzgerald writing such a pious book as "Jewels of the Mass"; and the present work, apart from the matter of it, has an interest for us in being written by a son of Arnold of Rugby and a brother of Matthew Arnold. It is a very pious and (within its modest compass) learned treatise on the Mass, which will enable many to take part in that great action with more profit and more of spiritual comfort by following intelligently the words of the sacred liturgy.

10. *Blackthorn Blossoms. Irish Verses.* By Thomas E. Mayne. (Belfast: R. Aickin and Co.)

Mr. Mayne's titlepage gives also the Irish of the name he has given to his verses, *Blátha Droighin*. They are Irish in spirit and feeling and in many of their themes. We prefer the poem that gets second place to the poem that is placed in front, after a very graceful little prelude in the metre of *Hiawatha*. The metre of "*Matthias*" seems somewhat original in refusing us the last rhyme of what the ear expects to be alternate triplets. Another good piece is "*The Road-Mender*." We do not care for many of the verses on conventional subjects. Mr. Mayne probably sets a high value on the concluding poem, which he dignifies with a titlepage of its own. Its poetry seems a little better than its philosophy, but it ends with the most prosaic line of the whole volume. The poet will allow us to end with the printer; the typography is quite excellent; Belfast need not call on the printing-press of Aberdeen.

11. *Stories on the Rosary.* By Louisa Dobree. (London; Longman and Co.)

Miss Dobree's tales are pleasant and pious, but not too pious. We cannot perceive any natural or useful link with the various mysteries of the Rosary that give them their names. The style is good, but without any of that impalpable charm which is sometimes called "distinction." The eminent firm which publishes the book and which has now a special Catholic department, has brought it out very neatly for so low a price as 1s. 6d.

12. *Canon Schmid's Tales of Good Fortune.* Adapted by the Rev. Thomas Jefferson Jenkins. (Akron, Ohio: D. H. McBride and Co.)

Father Jenkins gives us the very needful admonition that these make now their first appearance in English, for otherwise we might take them for very old friends. It is many a long year since two Maynooth professors, the Rev. Matthew Kelly, and Dr. C. W. Russell, first introduced Canon Schmid's Tales into these countries. The present Translator was right no doubt in often adapting rather than translating. This handsome little quarto has some blood-curdling illustrations which will add to its charm for some young eyes.

13. We must end for this month with two American publishers. One we have named pretty often already. Benziger sends us at the last moment an "*Illustrated Explanation of the Commandments*," translated from Dr. Rolfus, with practical reflections added by Father Girardey, Provincial of the St. Louis Province of the Redemptorist Order. Though a thick, well-bound, illustrated book, it is given for 57 cents net.

The other American Publisher is Herder of St. Louis, Missouri, who sends us a "*Short Life of the Venerable John Nepomucene Neumann, C.S.S.R., Bishop of Philadelphia*," by Father Magnier of the same Order. It has the approbation of the Archbishop of St. Louis and of the Superior General of the Redemptorists. This venerable servant of God is likely to be the first canonized saint of the United States. His life is most holy and most interesting and it has been written with sincerity and simplicity, as a saint's life ought to be written. We must return to it again.



## DECEMBER, 1897.

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DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY'S DAUGHTER.

### PART II.

CHRISTMAS will hardly welcome any holier or prettier book than the one which is now passing through the press, containing the poems of Mary Stanislaus Mac Carthy. These poems must not be judged by the extracts given in this and the preceding paper; for here we are expressly confining ourselves to the pieces that are not likely to be thus preserved. Perhaps indeed those who are concerned will revoke their edict of exclusion against some of the little things that we are putting into print, such as this "Winter Thought:"—

The winter's here, and, like an agèd crone,  
The shivering earth wraps close her foliage round;  
The leaves forsake their boughs and to the ground  
Nestle and leave their summer perches lone.  
Soon will earth's regal winter mantle, thrown  
Above them, shield them from the angry blast:  
Then all their fluttering o'er, at rest at last,  
They'll pass away, their place no more be known.

When the snow melts, where will the dead leaves be?  
For ever gone! The flowerlets only sleep,  
The lazy flowers! we cannot even see  
One little head above earth's blanket peep;  
Yet they are there, and fresh and bright shall rise—  
But last year's leaves no more shall glad our eyes.

The following sonnet is called "Uncertainty." The last word

is hardly satisfactory ; it seems to have been chosen for the sake of the rhyme :—

Oh ! for one tiny glimmering ray of right,  
Oh ! for one peep behind the dense dark cloud  
Whose dusky folds our earthly vision shroud,  
Pitiless, black, impenetrable quite,  
Baffling our straining eyes, our feeble sight,  
Casting a shadow on the things we see,  
Wrapping in awful gloom what is to be,  
Chilling our golden hours with shades of night.

O Truth ! O Certainty ! O Peace ! O Love !  
When shall I grasp you, when shall you be mine ?  
Earth bears me bitter fruits, but if above  
I yet may taste you, I shall not repine.  
'Twere mad to doubt, yet doubts my spirit rend—  
Ah ! that the sun would rise, the shades descend !

I shall quote only one more of Sister Stanislaus' unpublished sonnets. In this one she seeks in Nature an answer to the questions suggested by the mysteries of life :—

Sad, I have gazed upon the earth's fair face,  
And bathed in sunshine, it smiled back the while ;  
But I could read no answer in that smile.  
Sometimes it wore a hollow empty grace  
Like some bright features where we raptured trace  
All beauties joined, soon learning with surprise  
No soul looks out through those deep lustrous eyes ;  
And sometimes it appeared to wear a space  
A look of mischief, as though well it knew  
My long-sought secret and would keep it too.  
Oh ! can the joyous birds, the spotless flowers,  
See what is hidden from our sin-stained eyes ?  
And do they wonder with a meek surprise  
At all this blindness and this grief of ours ?

In the year 1886 appeared "The Birthday Book of our Dead, published by M. H. Gill and Son, with no indication of authorship, no allusion to "S. M. S." or Sion Hill. It was entirely the work of Sister Mary Stanislaus. There is a rather large page for every day of the year, and each of the 365 pages contains one bit of verse and one bit of prose, sometimes two of each, referring to death and to the friends that death has taken from us— and then on each page a vacant space to record the name of each of our departed and the year of the death. The index mentions the

various pages in which each writer is quoted ; and indeed it is marvellous how the Dominican Nun gathered together from some two hundred authors such a variegated collection of elegiac phrases. There is often a touching appropriateness in the assignment of these quotations which could only be known to the compiler. Every true artist sees real beauties in his work which are hidden from even the most careful and sympathetic critic. Who is there that studies a poem or a tale so closely as the poet himself or the novelist? For instance, knowing that on the 12th of December her brother Florence died, not at home in Ireland, we see why shamrocks come into the lines selected for that day from Rosa Mulholland and Katherine Tynan, and we feel the significance of the prose extract from Father Faber. The day before and on to the 16th the thought of her brother seems to guide her in her selections of mottoes—on the 16th indeed, in the previous year, had died her young sister Ethna, but Mrs. Hemans's lines are startlingly appropriate to Florence. Her own day was already sanctified by the death of her deeply and affectionately revered friend, Cardinal Newman, who died on the 11th of August, 1890, the same year as *his* friend John O'Hagan, but three months before him.

It was while working at "The Birthday Book of Our Dead" that Sister Mary Stanislaus wrote to me from Sion Hill on some unspecified Saturday :—

Many thanks for the lines received last evening. I do not agree with you in regard to the lines on Dr. Russell ; but it is no matter, as I have already selected two verses from that poem which will appear in print for the 26th February [date of Dr. Russell's death in 1880] together with a quotation in prose from Cardinal Newman. What about Rosa Mulholland? I would like much to have all the Irish authors and authoresses I can. Clara used to be a good friend of mine, but she has cut my acquaintance so completely that I do not like to apply to her. Perhaps you could persuade Rosa to send me even two lines. Cite for her the example of the Laureate who has actually condescended to write for me the famous lines in the *In Memoriam* :

"I hold it true whate'er befall,  
I feel it when I sorrow most—  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."

My father was astonished at my success. I wrote to Longfellow (whose autograph would come next to the Cardinal's in my estimation) but have not yet received an answer. I fear he is in very bad health. Mr. de Vere is a very good friend to me. He has not only written me out several stanzas, and sent me a very kind letter and a copy of his beautiful new edition of May Carols, but he is procuring autographs for me from Coventry Patmore and others. Is John O'Hagan the author of a

beautiful sonnet that appeared in the IRISH MONTHLY some time ago, "Two Mementos?" It was signed "O." I told my father that my book could not be complete without a contribution from "The Lay Missioner," and he has been attacking the Judge, who you are aware is a near neighbour of ours now. The Chief Legal Commissioner will not plead guilty to any poetic effusions, and so my father is suggesting a verse from his translation of the "Dies Irae" or from the "Song of Roland;" but I would prefer something of his own. If the "Two Mementos" were his, it would just suit.

I fear this epistle exceeds your idea of a Lenten letter. Excuse the writing. I am very busy just now with the very un-Lentenlike occupation of getting up a play for the feast of the National Apostle, whose client is our present Mistress of Schools.

But that very fine sonnet, "The Two Mementos," was by Father Ignatius Ryder, Cardinal Newman's successor as Superior of the Birmingham Oratory, not by Judge O'Hagan, whom S. M. S. calls the Lay Missioner because he was the subject of D. F. Mac Carthy's poem of that name. When he found that his somewhat arbitrary signature "O" caused confusion, Father Ryder changed it to "I."

These negotiations about autographs were carried on with the view of reproducing them in the book; but the idea was abandoned, probably because the mechanical facilities for such printing were not such as they are now.

The play alluded to in this letter may have been one, of which the programme lies before me—"The Coming Woman, or, the Spirit of Ninety Seven: a Prophetic Drama." No longer prophecy, for we have exactly reached the year which then seemed so far ahead. This is the sprightly prologue supplied to order by the kind and clever poetess kept on the premises.

Much has been both said and written,  
Told in novels, chimed in songs,  
Of the grievances of Women—  
On the theme of "*Women's Wrongs.*"

"Oh! the poor, degraded creatures,  
Held in serfdom low and base!  
*They*, with intellect and genius  
Fit to shine in any place!  
*They*, with tongues whose ruthless logic  
Not a man of them could stand;  
*They*, obeying! *they* whom Nature  
Destined plainly to command!  
Brains of statesmen, hearts of heroes;  
Would-be pillars of the law;  
Parliamentary debaters,  
Such as ne'er St. Stephen's saw;

Judges, scientists, physicians,  
 Lockes and Bacons unawares,  
 Tied by tyranny of custom  
 Down to petty household cares !  
 Oh ! 'tis monstrous, oh ! 'tis piteous ! ”  
 Cry the *Women-Righters* all.  
 “ Speak not of the negro bondage—  
 This is still a baser thrall ;  
 And it must be—shall be ended.  
 Struggle vainly all you can,  
 Women yet shall stand triumphant,  
 Equal with usurping man !  
 Let Thermopylae and Zama  
 Hide their pale, diminished lights,  
 When they see how gentle women  
 Can do battle for their rights ! ”

Well, you know that these are theories,  
 And to judge of theories right,  
 They must shape themselves in practice,  
 And be patent to our sight.  
 This is just our present object—  
 So, kind friends, if you will stay,  
 You may see “ *The Coming Woman* ” \*  
 Represented in our play.  
 And I think the common verdict  
 In a couplet you will sum :—  
 “ If such be the Coming Women,  
 Better they should never come ! ”

And then when Miss Wolferine Griffin and Mrs. Badger  
 and the rest had played their parts, the moral was drawn in this  
 little epilogue :—

Now our task is quite completed,  
 And, dear friends, I'll only say  
 That we thank you all sincerely  
 For your presence here to-day.  
 Is not this the moral lesson  
 We must draw when all is done—  
 “ *Woman's Rights* are best asserted  
 By her laying claim to none ? ”  
 Rights are her's—the right to suffer,  
 Love, trust, pity and console ;  
 Right to give her life for others ;  
 Right to wield a just control ;  
 Right of influence and guidance ;  
 Her's to sway with gentle hand  
 That sweet magic wand of brightness  
 That makes home a fairy-land ;

Right to cultivate God's talents  
 In the way a woman should—  
 Not to flaunt in public places,  
 But extend her sphere of good,  
 Making home and home's dear duties  
 Ever first of her delights;  
 Praying, hoping, soothing, loving—  
 These indeed are *Women's Rights*!  
 Were these other graceless theories  
 Ever put in practice, then  
 We should have, not *first-rate* women,  
 But a few more *third-rate* men.

Before ascertaining if any other letter of S. M. S. may be handed to the printer, I will smuggle in here, without asking leave of either sender or receiver, the letter written by Aubrey de Vere when the death of Sister Mary Stanislaus was announced to him by one of her devoted sisters:—

Accept my best thanks for notifying to me the fact that among my friends in heaven I have now one more than I knew of—the daughter of a very old friend whom I am often in thought of, and whom I may now think of as reunited to one doubtless amongst those who were dearest to him on earth.

Thank you also for sending me those most touching poems of hers. They remind one that, among the Handmaidens of Religion, Poetry is not the least. She was the daughter of a true Poet who wrote nothing but what was worthy of a Catholic Poet, and was not an honour to the country that was dear to him.

What a power must belong to her prayers now! Many, even among those who have no claim to them, may yet hope to have a share in them. On you and your community with what strength they must descend! You have earned them well. May I ask for some share in those of the community?

Nothing edifies me more in these relics of Sister Stanislaus than the freshness and spontaneousness that she contrives to give to rhymings that were not self-chosen but only amiable task-work. For instance a kind lady living near Sion Hill presents a marble statue of the Sacred Heart. The expression of gratitude at some little domestic celebration is not any mere formal copy of verses, however neatly turned, but the poet takes a little English girl who had lately arrived and makes her give thanks in this pretty fashion:—

I'm but a little stranger here.  
 When first I came to school,  
 I did not know this house at all,  
 I did not know the rule.  
 But it made me quite at home  
 To see in every part  
 Some picture or some emblem placed  
 Of Jesus' Sacred Heart.

There in the little church outside  
 How beautiful and white  
 His lovely marble statue stands  
 With face so kind and bright !  
 With hand outstretched as if it would  
 Upon my head be laid,  
 Saying, " My little Eva, come,  
 And do not be afraid."

And in the class room, when I glance  
 About me now and then,  
 It gives me such delight to see  
 The Sacred Heart again.  
 With Blessed Margaret Mary there,  
 My patroness so sweet.  
 Kneeling absorbed in holy prayer  
 At Jesus' sacred feet.

And now I hear it is to *you*  
 I owe all these and more.  
 Oh ! then how gladly do I come  
 To thank you o'er and o'er  
 In *my* name and in all our names  
 For all your kindly thought—  
 If only I but knew the way  
 To thank you as I ought !

But you'll excuse my childish words,  
 And well I know indeed  
 Our Lord will thank you yet Himself  
 For every generous deed.  
 He would not have the little ones  
 Kept far from Him apart—  
 How richly He'll reward all those  
 Who lead them to His Heart !

What consolation is contained in these last simple lines for the friends of Sister Mary Stanislaus when they reflect how perfectly, how perseveringly, and with what unselfish devotedness this amiable, holy, and gifted woman yielded to that entreaty of our Divine Redeemer: "Suffer the little children to come to me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Not of these only but of such as these ; and she was such—pure and innocent, gay, simple and affectionate as a child to the last.

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## A PHILOSOPHER.

JUNE'S days of benison,  
 And the hawthorn was white ;  
 The first meadow was mown,  
 The cuckoo had ta'en flight.

There were roses in the sun,  
 There were roses in the shade ;  
 But the lily stood alone,  
 Like a proud, matchless maid.

Flecked was the garden walk  
 With gold and with grey ;  
 I heard the rooks talk  
 In a tree far away.

I had smiled last year  
 For sake of these things,  
 For sun and wine-sweet air,  
 And fluttering of wings.

But now—could I find  
 Delight in merry June,  
 While she was lying blind  
 In sleep that came too soon ?

With outstretched, brown palms,  
 A beggar from the road  
 Came asking for an alms,  
 For love of the dear God !

Withered was he and old,  
 But under the white hair  
 His brow was broad and bold,  
 And honest as God's air.

Face like an ancient ruin,  
 And eyes, the crevices  
 That let heaven's blue in ;  
 No hind was here, I wis.

Meat and white bread  
 Were pleasant to his mouth,  
 Milk was sweet as mead  
 In a hot day's drouth.



"The heavens be your bed !  
"God mark ye to grace !"—  
Another man had said,  
Standing in this man's place.

But listen to his prayer,  
Weigh the wisdom of it !  
This philosopher  
Did disdain to covet.

For my largesse,  
Spake he in reward :  
"A taste of happiness  
May ye get from the Lord !"

Well might I be content,  
My rose and lily were fair.  
His way the old man went,  
The sun on his white hair.

ALICE FURLONG.

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## MOTHER GENEVIEVE BEALE

AND

### THE SISTERS OF ST. LOUIS IN IRELAND.

THERE may be among our readers some who are capable of making a mistake which I remember noticing in a Limerick newspaper a good many years ago. The editor grouped under the head of Foreign Intelligence some little event that had occurred at a convent of St. Louis—thinking that this was a convent in the great American city of St. Louis, Missouri, whereas it was the convent of the Sisters of St. Louis in the town of Monaghan.

This is the mother-house of the Order in Ireland, established some forty years ago. The Sisters are now doing their holy work also at Ramsgrange in Wexford, Middletown in Co. Armagh, and Carrikmacross, besides one or two new foundations just begun or on the point of beginning. Nevertheless, after forty years of excellent work in Ireland, this Institute is, we suspect,

not very generally known outside the sphere of each individual convent. It is one of the many holy things that we owe to this land of contrasts, the Eldest Daughter of the Church.

The founder of this Order was the Abbé Bautain, a gifted Frenchman whose literary and religious career might in some respects remind us of the Italian, Father Antony Rosmini, founder of the Institute of Charity.

Louis Eugene Mary Bautain was born in Paris, February 17th, 1796. He was ordained priest in 1828 ; and in 1839 he became Director of the College of Juilly, which had been in existence for more than two hundred and fifty years. We cannot attempt here any account of him as a philosophical writer, but only in connection with our present subject.

Soon after his ordination he became acquainted with the Baroness de Vaux, cousin to the Empress Eugénie and a woman of exceptional talent. She helped the Abbé Bautain in many of his benevolent works, and after the death of her husband became the first Mother Superior of the little Congregation of *Les Dames de St. Louis* at Juilly. From this small village the Community sent forth colonies to many other parts of France. The rule followed by the Sisters is that of St. Augustine. They engage, according to the needs of various places, in almost every variety of works of charity—boarding-schools, reformatories, hospitals, day-schools for rich and poor, visitation of the sick, etc.

The Foundress of the Order, as far as Ireland is concerned, may be said to be the remarkable woman who was known in her early life as Priscilla Beale, in her religious life as Mother Genevieve. As her name suggests, she was not a native of Ireland. She was born in Chichester Place, Gray's Inn Road, London, on the 20th June, 1822. Her parents, Samuel and Sarah Beale, were Protestants, respectable religious people that seem to have followed in all simplicity the light given to them. Priscilla was the eldest of thirteen children. One of her sisters, who became Mrs. Middleton, used to give this account of her position in the little household. "She would gather us all around her—her younger brothers and sisters—and make us repeat for her our daily lessons to prepare for our governess. She was kind to us younger ones, and we loved her dearly."

Mr. Beale had considerable house property ; but unfortunately he indulged in a taste for building on speculation, which ended

in heavy losses and even undermined his health. Priscilla's education was received chiefly at a school in Marylebone kept by sisters named O'Rourke. Notwithstanding this Irish name, we are told that the only Catholic of the family was the eldest sister, whom Mrs. Middleton describes thus :—" A sweet gentle woman, no bigger than a child, and a cripple almost from her birth, yet with a face so full of love and resignation to the Divine Will that, once seen, it was never forgotten." We mention her thus particularly because her influence must have, perhaps unconsciously, helped to make her pupil a Catholic in the end. What is told us of Priscilla Beale's school-days makes us believe that she was very solidly educated and highly accomplished ; and she afterwards turned all her gifts and acquirements to excellent account.

She worked all the harder from knowing that her father's circumstances made great economy necessary ; and with this view she devoted all her energies to the education of her younger brothers and sisters. Her father died in March, 1847, aged 52, having been a helpless invalid for several years. Priscilla then put into execution a plan that she had long meditated for lightening her mother's burden. She determined to leave the home where she was so much beloved and which she loved so dearly.

The first situation that she procured was in Cork. " Happy journey ! " she often said in after life. " Had I not come to Ireland, I should never have been a religious nor probably ever a Catholic." This recalls a remark made by another convert, Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes, now Madame Belloc. In her account of her " First Acquaintance with Ireland and Mrs. Atkinson " (IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. 23, page 22) she writes :—" It is often asked of converts how they became Catholic, what influence carried them over that great gulf which opened in the sixteenth century—a gulf so deep and so hard to pass. To this question I have never made but one answer—' I was converted by Ireland.' "

Mrs. Atkinson's name—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—reminds me that she was the first to pay a literary tribute in Ireland to the Founder of the Congregation of which we are giving an account. She devoted more than one of her essays in *The Irish Quarterly Review* to the Abbé Bautain and his literary and apostolic works.

The piety of the Catholic family with whom she resided in

Cork impressed the young Englishwoman very much. She studied Catholic books and probably followed Catholic religious services; for she mentioned afterwards that it was in presence of the Blessed Sacrament that the gift of faith was accorded to her. "I entered the church that day a Protestant, and I left it a Catholic." She received instructions in the Catholic faith from the Sisters of the South Presentation Convent, Douglas Street, Cork; and throughout her life she cherished feelings of the deepest respect and affection for the Presentation Order. She was about 26 years old when she was received into the Church by Father Hayes. One proof of her deeply Catholic feeling was that she was ever after "more Irish than the Irish themselves," and most thorough in all her Catholic ideas and devotions. Those who knew her most intimately in after-life never could find anything that would lead one to believe she had not been born a Catholic.

In the manuscript notes from which this account is drawn up there is a gap which may be supplied before it is put into print,\* but which at present leaves one ignorant of the circumstances connected with the religious vocation which soon followed the grace of conversion. As Mrs. Ellen Woodlock, the venerable and most zealous lady who has been more than once commemorated in our Magazine in connection with her brother, the famous "Father Prout" (Francis Sylvester Mahony), in connection with her friend whom we have just mentioned, Mrs. Atkinson, and in connection with one of her many pious undertakings, the Children's Hospital

\* I have since learned some particulars. I had been puzzled to understand why a pious Catholic family employed a Protestant resident governess; but it seems that Miss Beale's position was the more lucrative one of assistant in the shop of Mr. Dwyer. She had previously exercised her skilful hands in helping her old schoolmistress in London, who had been obliged to give up teaching and to support herself by needlework. Yet a little later she obtained a first-class diploma from the Education Department in France; which shows that she was well qualified for the post I had assigned her. As I conjectured, Mrs. Woodlock was one of the instruments in determining her vocation, having come from Juilly to her native city in search of subjects for Abbé Bautain's Convent. Miss Beale and Miss Crotty were her first recruits. The former paid her first visit, a little against her will, to the Presentation Convent, in company with Miss O'Neill, who entered the Presentation Convent, Youghal, in 1848. Miss Beale was chiefly helped by Mother Magdalen Bray, who is dead several years. One of the first books she put into the hands of the inquirer was the American controversial story, "Father Rowland," which I remember reading with keen appreciation about the same remote date. Is it in print anywhere? It seems to be one of the best of its kind.

(now flourishing in Temple Street, Dublin)—as this excellent lady was a native of Cork, and about this time lived at Juilly, and as she certainly had a part in the introduction of the Sisters of St. Louis into Ireland: it has occurred to me that she may have been the connecting link between the two divisions of the career of Priscilla Beale, with whom we renew our acquaintance as Sister Genevieve.

When she was pretty far advanced in her noviceship, her good mother, who was still a Protestant, announced her intention of crossing over to see her. As she was afraid that the poor lady would urge her piteously to return with her, she obtained permission to take the vows of religion privately before the visit. Mrs. Beale survived her daughter a few years, but the latter had the consolation of seeing her mother received into the Catholic Church a year or two before death parted them for a time. One is pleased at noticing that the Convent of St. Louis, Monaghan, was the scene of Mrs. Beale's happy death, November 19th, 1881, though the foundress of the Convent had died three years previously. We may be sure that Mother Genevieve's children cherished tenderly to the last the aged parent of the mother they had lost.

The young Englishwoman must have shown very remarkable qualities to be appointed in France, almost immediately after completing her noviciate, Mistress of Novices in the Mother House of this young French Congregation. The first announcement of this threw her into such consternation that she hid herself for hours, as we read of some saints when named for bishoprics or other posts of dignity—conduct perhaps more admirable than imitable, and for practical purposes less satisfactory than the ordinary grin-and-bear-it policy.

Another proof of Sister Genevieve's special gifts is that, when certain communal schools in Paris were confided to the care of Abbé Bautain's nuns, the first Superioress to whom he entrusted this important and jealously watched enterprise was this stranger, as the young Parisians in the school might consider her.

But soon the summons came from Ireland, something like the cry that followed St. Patrick to France: "Return, O holy youth, and dwell among us." The first Bishop to invite the Sisters of St. Louis to the land of St. Patrick was Dr. Charles McNally, Bishop of Clogher. Probably the suggestion came first from Mrs. Woodlock whom we have named above, through Mr. Lentaigne

(afterwards Sir John Lentaigne) who was connected, by property, with County Monaghan. A third who took part in this first foundation was Mrs. Lloyd, mother of Lady Rossmore, wife of the chief local nobleman. Sir John Lentaigne's great work in connection with Reformatories in Ireland ought never to be forgotten ; and the special work for which the Sisters were invited to Monaghan was to take care of a Reformatory. In this portion of their labours Sir John Lentaigne took an extraordinary interest through the remaining years of his life. But Mrs. Lloyd on the spot was their most constant and useful helper through their early struggles. This good lady was then a Catholic for two or three years ; and she was of course most anxious that her daughter, Lady Rossmore, should receive the same grace. She implored the prayers of Mother Genevieve and her community for this object. Their prayers succeeded, but not during the lifetime of either. Mrs. Lloyd lived a year after Mother Genevieve, and it was not till the day of her mother's funeral that Lady Rossmore became a Catholic. Which of us has not known similiar instances of petitions granted only just after the death of the petitioner ? " Why was not this consolation given while the poor creature was alive ? " we sometimes ask—as if death was a complete break in continuity.

The three first Sisters of St. Louis in Monaghan found no funds awaiting them ; and the only funds they brought with them were £19 17s. 6d.—probably a round number in French money, four hundred francs. How much remained after the journey from Paris ?

They reached Monaghan on the feast of the Epiphany, January 6th, 1859. For six months they taught school and carried on community life in a small house in Mill Street, where one room served as refectory, chapel, and schoolroom. Many real privations they bore, then and long after, not only patiently but gaily. Even here two postulants joined them.

Meanwhile God raised up good friends for them. The well remembered Charles Bianconi, Dr. Harkin, and others joined in purchasing for £1,200 the old brewery at Sparks' Lake—then a mere ruin, now replaced by very extensive and commodious buildings suited to their great variety of works of charity and zeal—boarding school, day school, national school, industrial school, reformatory, laundry, model dairy, farm-yard, bakery, etc. ; and, oddly enough, we have grouped under the *etcetera* the convent

itself and its beautiful chapel. The visitation of the sick is another of the works of zeal undertaken by the members of this institute ; but their primary object, after the sanctification of their own souls, is the education of the young.

The privations of their early beginnings, borne so cheerfully, brought a blessing on their work ; and their numbers increased so rapidly that in 1870 they were able to send out their first colony to Bundoran, the famous bathing-place on the north-eastern coast ; but after a full experiment of fifteen years it was judged wiser to recall this colony, to be employed more usefully elsewhere.\* The other batches sent out, like Noah's raven, " returned no more to the ark." At Ramsgrange, in the diocese of Ferns, the Sisters have conducted a most useful boarding-school since 1873 ; and, nearer to the fountain-head, at Middletown, in County Armagh, since 1874. Since 1888, Essex Castle, near Carrickmacross, has been a flourishing boarding-school under the care of the Sisters of St. Louis.

Mother Genevieve's personal government seems to have been the wisest and most large-minded possible. Such sayings of hers as have been recorded show this large mind and large heart ; and the same impression is made by all the extracts from her correspondence. But we cannot venture on the minute particulars which make such a picture picturesque. We can only record our impression that Priscilla Beale is almost worthy of being ranked along with the three Irish Foundresses, Mary Aikenhead, Catherine Macaulay, and Frances Ball.

Her last sickness was full of consolation and edification for her daughters. She was not only patient but cheerful to the last. Her favourite ejaculations in those last days of weakness were " My Jesus, mercy ! "—" Sweet Jesus, be not to me a judge but a saviour "—" Mary conceived without sin, pray for me." After invoking the blessing of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, upon all her children, she " sent to each a mother's parting love." She died on Thursday morning, Feb. 28th, 1878, in the 56th year of her age and in the 30th year of her religious life.

\* We are glad to learn, however, that on the 21st June, 1892, the Sisters of St. Louis resumed their labors in Bundoran in the present beautiful Convent provided for them through the zeal of the good pastor, the Very Rev. Francis Canon McKenna. Their work has since been most successful.

The following list is given of Mother Genevieve's maxims—whether found in her own handwriting, I know not. “1. Speak in a low voice. 2. Be attentive to your seniors. 3. Place a chair, open and shut doors for them. 4. Take the lowest place when free to do so. 5. Whenever anything is presented at table take the nearest, the worst if it can be done without remark. 6. Take the worst of everything when free to choose. 7. Never give an unasked opinion. 8. Never judge anyone, even in thought. Perform at least ten acts daily of respect, deference and politeness towards your sisters. 9. Never contradict. 10. Avoid all discussions. 11. Never give a ‘short answer.’ 12. Show special attention to those who are not agreeable to you. 13. Avoid all complaints. 14. Never say an unkind word. 15. Move about so quietly and so unostentatiously that no one will know of your presence. 16. Occupy as small a space as possible on all occasions and in all places. 17. Take every day something you do not like. 18. Abstain one day from sugar, another day from mustard, pickles, fruit, etc. 19. Never read any book without permission.”

I have transcribed this memorandum in full, though I was inclined to omit a few of the items as peculiarly liable to be misinterpreted by persons of a certain disposition in spiritual matters. But even these will not be so foolish as to take up any custom without the approval of a prudent director. I wish I could give extracts from letters addressed by Mother Genevieve to her spiritual daughters, who used to apply to her what was said of St. Ignatius: each one would say, “I know she has no favourite, but, if she had, I should be the one.”

There is no fear that the Sisters of St. Louis in Ireland will ever fail to cherish the memory of their foundress; but it is well for others also to learn something about Mother Genevieve, known in her earlier days as Priscilla Beale.

M. R.



## YOU NEVER COME.

GREEN leaves open to flutter and fall  
 Round where you had your home,  
 And swaying orchard branches wear  
 Their drifts of orchard foam,  
 But though we yearn the sweet years through,  
 You never come.

The same flowers bud and flush and blow,  
 Here where you used to sing,  
 Out in the sunshine June by June  
 The red moss-roses swing,  
 The birds come back with just the old songs  
 They used to bring.

Do you ever come down your bright path,  
 Where bordering lilies sway,  
 And enter like a summer thought  
 In glad or dusky day,  
 And see us, Dear ? Or is your face  
 Turned quite away ?

If we could find you among the throng  
 Of the kneeling blessed dead  
 And win back just one hour to say  
 The words we left unsaid,  
 Could only see one dark prayer-bent  
 And aureoled head !

AGNES ROMILLY WHITE.

## THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT.

or,

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

" O PATRIA ! "

VINCENT TALBOT often came to Mona, but the preparations for her wedding had more interest for Ethna than the company of her betrothed.

" Can't you go out to shoot or walk, Vincent ? " she would say to him. " It is awful to have a man all day about the house, and I have something to do, if you have not ; we shall be tired of each other before we are married at all. "

" I can't be all day about the house when we are married, " replied Vincent. " You ought to let a fellow enjoy himself while he can. You give more attention to your flowers and furbelows than you do to me, your lord and master. One would think brides were going into savagedom where they never could buy a stitch of clothes again, they lay in such a stock, and make such a fuss about them. "

" You are as fond of dress yourself as any girl. I often saw you going to the glass to put on your hat, as if there were two ways of doing it. "

" No, the hat had nothing to do with it, my beloved, but I like to fill my mind with noble images. I condemn that new hat of yours, mind. It makes a guy of you. I would not walk down Grafton Street beside it for any consideration. "

" Well, I walked without you for over twenty years, I suppose I shall not require you as a pilot in the future, no more than in the past, " replied Ethna.

" Oh, married women cannot be going about without their husbands, it would not be the thing. "

" The thing ! " echoed Ethna, scornfully. " I am not going to be hedged round by this ' thing ' people hold in such reverence ; I'll get some other kind of fetish to worship that will not entail such slavery. "

"By Jove, I'm getting an outrageous wife," said Vincent, "but you go in for practice *versus* theory. You would never put twenty-four frills on a petticoat, only it is the thing. But I will go out and leave you to them. I wonder if Father Garrett is at home. I think I shall go to the post."

In search of that masculine element, without which no man can long keep up his spirits, Vincent wended his way to Monalena, and on reaching it beheld Joe Smith in his old position on the low wall of the churchyard, smoking a cigar. His being the possessor of the splendid grey horse had given him individually an interest for Vincent; he approached him, and, after the usual salutations, said—

"One might venture to sit out it is such a fine day, but you have not chosen a very cheerful place to enjoy the mountain air."

"Well, to me it brings no gloomy thoughts," was the answer; "the grave seems to me but a degree more quiet than the lives spent among those lonely hills."

"You would not care for the monotony of such peaceful paths?" said Vincent, lighting a cigar Joe Smith had offered him.

"No, sir, except as a momentary contrast. I have been where men had to fight for every breath they drew, and sleep with their naked swords; enough of that life, and yet not enough to tire of it, makes inaction seem like death to a man."

"You served then?" said Vincent.

"Yes, sir, I served since I was a boy under the stars and stripes, and saw many a hard campaign, and many a gallant comrade laid low. Churchyards should have no horrors for me. I have been familiar with death."

"In what regiment were you?" asked Vincent.

"I was in Meagher's Brigade, sir, and became senior officer at the battle of Bull's Run when I was about one-and-twenty; all shot down before me. Many a time I slept with my head upon the dead body of a comrade, and up to my neck in a river. But they were glorious times."

"You have taken to an odd calling," said Vincent; "given up the sword for the hammer. Why did you retire so soon?"

"My regiment was disbanded, and I was something the worse for the wear, sir. I thought I would have a look at the old country, and I combine pleasure with profit."

"You are an Irishman?" said Vincent.

"Yes, the blood in my veins is Irish, but this is the first time I have been in the green isle we exiles dream about. It seems to me as lonely as green, after the rush of the New World."

"Were you born abroad?" asked Vincent.

"I was born in France, sir. My father got into some political trouble, and escaped there. Had there been an Irish Brigade, he would have joined it, like some of his blood in the old times. We went to America when I was fourteen, and I joined the army."

"And your father?"

"My father died in New York. I often heard him wish he could be laid in an old churchyard not unlike this, where his kith and kin lay buried. I thought it must have been a beautiful place from his description of it. I went to see it when I came over, and found it very uninteresting; but to him there was no such resting place in all the world."

"The love of country is a curious thing," said Vincent, knocking the ashes off his cigar, "and, as it often happens with a relation, you are fonder of her when you are parted."

"'Tis amusing and pathetic to hear the Irish abroad speak of her," replied Joe Smith. "There is a glory on her hill-tops like the halo around the heart of a martyr. I have listened to her woes and mournful melodies since I was a child, and heard many a wild plan laid out for knocking the chains from off her limbs."

"Easier planned than performed," said Vincent. "It is strange how the tendency to rebel has never died out in Ireland. We smoulder on slowly until some match is put to us to make us break out into ineffectual fires."

"It speaks badly for a nation when she loses the spirit of resistance. Sir, even a useless struggle shows some strength. There is no man we despise as much as he who is too cowardly to cry out against oppression."

"'Tis well the ears behind us are deaf to earthly voices," said Vincent. "One should make a covenant of his tongue in these times. There are wars and rumours of war in the papers. I think it is all exaggeration, though. We are quiet enough in these parts."

"I have knocked about too much in the world not to know to whom I could speak," replied Joe Smith; "but as to war in Ireland at present, it would be madness—a mere scattering of

strength that should be collected."

"Here is Father Garrett," exclaimed Vincent, as the priest appeared. "Good morning, Father Garrett. Mr. Smith and I are smoking our weeds and talking the fiercest patriotism."

"There is a good deal of patriotism on the tip of people's tongues," replied the priest. "I fear I am losing my faith in my fellow-creatures."

"You find those who go in for constitutional warfare as unfaithful as the fire-eaters are unwise," said Joe Smith.

"Exactly," answered Father Garrett. "Where will you get a man that can't be bribed? Who knows but I would sell my country myself for a fat parish? We are all very good till we are tempted. I'm the best tempered fellow in the world until something vexes me. If our men only pulled together to one point, we would get our wrongs redressed; but each has his eye on a different object, and they only impede each other. But come over to the house; it is cold work, talking politics on a churchyard wall. Come, Mr. Smith. A taste of the 'native' will do you no harm."

They crossed the road and entered the priest's cottage. Nell presented herself, and produced a bottle of "mountain dew," at Father Garrett's request.

"What a poetic name," said Joe Smith. "Makes it seem quite an opposite beverage to the Indian's fire-water! And not bad to drink," he added, laying down his glass.

"You must taste it made into punch," said Father Garrett. "Come in to me in the evening, and I'll brew a peck of malt while you throw Gulliver in the shade."

"Thank you; I shall be very glad," replied Joe Smith. "A namesake of yours, sir, and myself had often a glass of whisky punch together in foreign lands. Denis O'Malley, the Lord of the Isles we used to call him."

"Denis O'Malley!" exclaimed the priest. "Why, I have a brother of that name. I have not heard from him for years. Where is he? Where did you see him last?"

"I saw him last in New York," replied Joe Smith, hesitatingly.

"What did he say of himself? Did he talk of his family? Could he be our Denis?"

"He said he was from Mayo."

"And so are we; my father got a situation in Beltard, which

brought us to this country. Wait, Nell has a photograph of him you might know it."

Father Garrett left the room.

"I hope it is not the same," said Joe Smith to Vincent. "My poor friend died in my arms in a hospital in New York, where I also was laid up with a wound."

The priest returned, rubbing a picture with his handkerchief followed by Nell.

Joe Smith stood up and took it in his hand. He looked at it for a moment and returned it, saying slowly:—"That is the man." There was something in his face or voice which struck the girl.

"Is he dead?" she asked; "or where is he?"

"I have a few things belonging to him," he replied, evading her question, "a penknife, a purse. He was one to be proud of."

"He is dead then," said Father Garrett. "I thought so for a long time; he would have written if he were alive; it is five years since I heard from him last."

The tears gathered in Nell's eyes.

"I suppose the truth is best to know," said Joe Smith. "My friend died in hospital four years ago. He was the dearest friend I ever had, the best and bravest fellow that ever breathed. It will be a comfort to you to know that he was prepared to meet his Creator."

Father Garrett cleared his throat. "You can be a stranger to us no longer," he said extending his hand, which the other clasped. "You are sure the photograph was his?"

"Quite sure, I have a *carte* of his I can show you, on which he has written his name. I have old letters of his which I will bring you."

"I guessed he was not in this world," said Father Garrett, brushing his hand over his eyes; "but it brings his death home to speak to one who saw him die. Well, the Lord have mercy on him. I thank God he had time to prepare; he has gone but a little time before us."

Nell left the room to weep in secret for the brother, of whom indeed she had but an imperfect recollection. She took out the letters he had written to Father Garrett from time to time, and re-read them with that sad, new interest that is awakened by the knowledge that the writer has fallen prostrate in the march of life. While the great human procession moves onward to the clash of

interests and self-trumpetings, heedless of those who drop out of its ranks to creep into the quiet bosom of the earth.

What an *olla podrida* we make of our lives ; a curious mixture of vain desires and broken hopes ! We never cease to be children ; we only cease to be innocent ; we seek our pleasures as eagerly and weary of them as quickly as in those forgotten days when we made ourselves unpleasant in the domestic circle by our performances on a toy-drum ; each succeeding each, poor bubble hunters, over that mystic bridge that once was vision-flung across "the long, low valley of Bagdad." It is a difficult thing—as workers in the vineyard find—to make us take accurate views of life and the mystery of creation, and arouse within us a conscious belief that we have not here a permanent city, that it is but a means to the end, and that the one business we came into this world for was to win our way to that celestial one that lies outside our human perception. Christians hold such belief fundamentally ; but above that, obscuring it partially or entirely, is an active conviction that this life is the principal existence—the one we were born to enjoy, and for whose transient honours we are to fight as eagerly as a Trappist for his everlasting crown. Is not a dead man unconsciously spoken of as if he were dead—body and soul ? He is prayed for, and there is every hope that he is in heaven ; but nevertheless, he is mentioned as if all were over for him, and as if his loss was greater than his gain. We take oblique views, and walk on such low levels, that when we are constrained to lift our eyes to the sun of truth, we are dazed rather than delighted with the sublime destiny awaiting us at the other side of the grave. Some take offence at having the kingdom of heaven brought too close to them. Supernatural things annoy them. How could the affairs of the world be carried on, they cry, if every one were thinking of heaven ?—overlooking the fact that it is usually those who entertain such lofty thoughts who do their business best, and the affairs of the world would certainly become wonderfully simplified if men's thoughts were simplified. What a strange contrast there is between the streets of the city with the rush and roar of tram-cars and carriages, the hurry of passengers, the fantastic fashions, the gaily-adorned shop-windows, the itinerant music, and the road leading to Glasnevin, on either side of which is seen but spectral decorations of the graves of men ?

It seems there as if life had dwarfed into insignificance, as if the world was made not for the living but the dead, and the only real occupation in it was monumental carving for the place of tombs.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

### CHEAP JACK'S AUCTION.

With unusual reticence, the cause of which she did not attempt defining, Nell O'Malley had never told her brother about the torn receipt and the curious circumstance of Joe Smith's having written at the end of it the name of Louis Sarsfield. It occurred to her that it might prejudice Father Garrett against him, who was inclined to suspect there was some malformation wherever there was concealment.

"He may have good reasons for calling himself a false name," she said to herself. "He may be more respectable than his calling. It would not be right of me to prejudice one who could help him."

That evening, and many evenings after, Louis Sarsfield, as we may now call him, sat in Father Garrett's parlour, telling his adventures by flood and field, filling his listeners' hearts with some of his own half-saddened enthusiasm; he and Nell usually taking the same side in argument against Father Garrett's wiser and more moderate aspirations. Sometimes the priest, worn out by a hard day's work, would lie for an hour on the sofa while Louis read aloud for Nell, with a very musical voice, favourite passages from American authors that brought one into the heart of the new world—

"With the odour of the forest,  
With the dew and damp of meadow,  
With the curling smoke of wigwams,  
With the rushing of great rivers,"

into all the freshness, and vigour, and breadth that seems to an islander to animate that great land that can give away its broad fields and forests to strangers for the asking, while to them an acre at home is often the cause of bloodshed.



Nell's fingers were always busy, but she often lifted her piquant little face to praise or to condemn, and the young man became as much interested in what Moore calls the book of woman's looks as in the flights of genius bound in crimson and gold; listening as reverently to the thoughts springing direct and simple from the honest young heart of the girl that instinctively rejected sham sentiment, as he listened to the divine warblings falling from the heights of Parnassus.

Such glorified reports of the bargains to be got at the auctions spread through the length and breadth of the land that they were becoming nightly more crowded, and Cheap Jack's name had become a household word. New goods were arriving every other day, and the more people bought, the more they were inclined to buy. One Saturday evening Vincent Talbot, who usually came out and remained at Mona until Monday, proposed they should go down to drink tea at Father Garrett's and attend the auction.

The evenings were a little heavy at Mona latterly. Perhaps it was that one expected more of them because of the supposed-to-be joyous circumstances; but Ethna made no particular effort to amuse her intended husband, and they were undeniably dull. Vincent's nature entirely revolted against dullness. He never attempted to make the best of such conditions; he tried to escape from them, and seized upon any external distraction with extreme relish.

It was a beautiful night, clear and cold. Orion's belt of wondrous stars glittered in the dark heavens, and far, far in the great deeps of space pale worlds trembled and mighty suns gave light to them.

Ethna gazed upwards to the skies as they drove along, letting her mind drift upon the tides of thought. They did not draw her upward; they only awoke within her—as the beautiful in nature or art does—a strange yearning for happiness; a yearning mingled with unutterable sadness, as though the soul was conscious that happiness was unattainable. Who has not felt such aspirations, mingled with a "divine despair," when a wave of noble music ebbs and flows upon the ear? It seems as if the sweet wave had broken through a rift upon the low level of our lives from a great ocean of undreamed-of melancholy lying outside our human consciousness; and something wakes and swells, despairs and struggles within our breasts; we long to get out of ourselves and

float outwards upon that singing sea.

What an amount of sadness, or what we call sadness, there is in our surroundings! In the most joyous music we discourse an undertone of sorrow; the sea moans; the winds sigh; the strain of the sweetest song-bird is melancholy; laughter lifts us beyond the brute, and lowers us below the angels. We could not fancy ourselves laughing in Heaven; even on earth our moments of ecstasy do not dispose us to such manifestation of enjoyment. Everything that is beautiful is serious.

Father Garrett and Nell were delighted when their friends from Mona arrived. Nell and Nora went immediately to the kitchen and made a hot cake, with the greatest dispatch, discoursing on the advantage of having a fairy godmother, and how they would have a pumpkin changed into an apple pie, and rats and mice into jam tarts, if they had the opportunity thrown away upon Cinderella.

"I should not like glass-slippers. What should I do if they broke and let out all my blood?" said Nora. "I'd rather have the blue shoes with rosettes."

"And I would not like grand princes," answered Nell, "who would never let me into the kitchen to make a hot cake."

When the hot cake was satisfactorily disposed of, they all proceeded to the barn. Louis Sarsfield, who rarely entered the auction room, was walking up and down the village street. Vincent hailed him, and he went with them to see that they were comfortably placed.

Cheap Jack's tongue was in full swing when they entered.

"What is that he has up now?" said Father Garrett.

"A wedding ring, your reverence," replied Cheap Jack. "There's a young girl in the corner expects you'll be putting it on her next Shrove if Patsy Burke has the pluck to bid on for it. One an' sixpence—one an' sixpence; best carat gold; going for one an' sixpence—two shillings; good boy, Corney, there's one near you won't mislike the pattern."

Lizzie Lynch drew into the shade, and Corney Burke's handsome, sunburnt face became scarlet.

"Go on, boys; what will the girls think ye are made of? No more bids after two shillings. Ashamed of his reverence ye are, but sure he can't marry ye without rings. Going for two shillings—a fine gold ring; thick enough to ring a pig. No more bids;

going—going. No wonder you stop, Patsy Burke; sure no girl would hold out a finger to you. Going, going, gone. Here you are, Corney, my boy. I bought it special for you in England, and I hope you'll soon have use for it."

A pretty chess table was next put up.

"The most convenient table in the world," said Cheap Jack. "Useful and amusing; any one that doesn't know chess, can play fox and geese on it. Who'll give me a bid for this elegant and entertaining table? Thanks, your reverence. Seven and sixpence for this beautiful table, that one would buy for the sake of the plaid pattern."

The bidding went on, and the table was knocked down to Vincent, who afterwards presented it to Nell.

"Here now is a handy article." Cheap Jack was handed up a double-barrelled gun. "Whoever has it will never want a dinner; it will shoot round a corner almost; who'll give me a bid now? Ten shillings. Very good; any advance after ten shillings? ten shillings for a gun that would stop the song of a sky-lark, or nearly smell a hare. Twelve and sixpence. Stir yourselves, boys. Now is the time to show you are able to handle a gun. Fifteen shillings. Very good; hurry on, boys; show us you aren't afraid of smoke or powder. One pound. Bid away, Willie Ryan; and, when you have it, don't be making game of the girls. One pound. Any advance after one pound?"

The bidding went on until the gun was handed to the purchaser, who handled it with great pride, putting it to his eye with the air of a connoisseur, and handing it about for the critical inspection of his friends. The Madam made extensive purchases in ware, trays, brushes, and various odds and ends useful in a country house.

Ethna felt weary of it all; bitter thoughts filled her mind. What would Philip Moore say to an evening spent in such rough company, rude joking, boisterous laughter, and the smell of the frieze coats, that were as often wet as dry, permeating the atmosphere?

"You look tired, Ethna," whispered Vincent, "would you like to come home?"

"It is very tiresome," she answered; "but what matter? You all seem to enjoy it; don't mind about me"

"It is my business to mind you," he said, gently. "The noise

is certainly great ; shall I tell the Madam we had better go ? ”

“ Oh, no, you must not.” Sudden remorse for her ill-humour softened Ethna’s voice. “ I was in a cross mood, that was all : mother wants to get things ; and look at Nora’s delight ! I would not take her away for anything.”

“ You sacrifice yourself for others, Eth. I will not allow that when you belong to me.”

Ethna laughed. “ There is not the least tendency to self-immolation in my nature,” she said. “ You won’t have much to restrain.”

Corney O’Brien and Lizzie Lynch walked home along with their neighbours through the cold blue night, and turned up the lane to the school-master’s house.

“ Will Mr. Vincent be going in early on Monday, Corney ? ” asked the girl.

“ He desired me to be over at ten,” said Corney, “ the old master doesn’t rightly know whether he’ll send me to Dublin or not before the wedding ; I’d be better pleased he left me as I am, near home. I’m often lonesome enough in Beltard, Lily.”

“ ’Tis those at home that feel the lonesome most,” answered the girl.

They stopped at the little stile at the end of the house. The young man took the girl’s hand.

“ ’Tis empty and lonesome anywhere in the world without you,” he said. “ Sure ’tis no wonder we miss each other, for we were never parted since we were weeny children learning out of the one book, sitting on the same form ; weren’t we always fond of one another, my colleen bawn ? The day that told me I wasn’t your brother only made me your sweetheart, one that will be faithful to you till my dying day. You won’t let Mick Murphy, or anyone else get inside me, Lily ? ”

“ No one will ever get inside you,” said the girl.

“ I may as well give you the ring to put in keep,” continued Corney, “ with the blessing of God it will make us man and wife when the time comes ; and who knows but good times are in store for Ireland ? I wish I could put it on you to-morrow, asthore machree, but sure we are young, we have the true heart for one another, and we can wait. Here ’tis in a bit of paper ;

give me one kiss for it, light of my heart; sure no woman will ever get one from me but yourself."

The lovers entered the house and gave Mr. Lynch an account of the evening, with minute details of the cost of everything, and who were the purchasers.

ATTIE O'BRIEN.

*(To be continued).*

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GIVEN BACK.

ALL gifts are Thine, dear Lord, and, yielding back  
My treasure unto Thee,  
I dared not let my breaking heart repine  
At what was Thy decree.

All gifts are Thine, and, falling at Thy feet,  
I could but trust and pray  
The hand which led my child through death's dim path  
Might hold me on my way.

I knelt before Thine altar-throne, O Lord,  
And met the angels there  
Whose tender hands are raised to lift on high  
The lowliness of prayer.

And as I knelt, across the trembling dawn  
From that far world above,  
I heard amid the sound of pulsing wings  
One well known word of love.

Oh, then I knew my darling's white-robed soul  
Had left the Distant Land,  
To join with mine for one sweet hour within  
The hollow of Thy Hand.

And when together we had worshipped there,  
No more of life afraid,  
I left her in that strong abiding clasp  
Where righteous souls are laid.

ALICE M. MORGAN.

## FRUITS OF THOUGHT.

**T**HINKING for oneself confers the power to express much in few words: how much and how valuable depends on the knowledge, experience and power of thought of the thinker. Every one thinks one way or another. It is inseparable from, identical with the consciousness of intellectual life. It goes on like breathing, or the circulation of the blood, automatically; but it is much more under our control; hence we are responsible to a great extent for what kind of thinking our "hermit spirits" range through. The thinking which constitutes what is called a thinker, is a power acquired by study and observation and reflecting thereon. It may be possessed in a much higher degree by men of vastly less attainments and mental gifts than by others, who with all their knowledge and ability are not much that way given. To be a thinker, therefore, one must have considerable intelligence, knowledge and experience; he need not be very learned, or otherwise specially endowed; but the more intelligent, learned and experienced he is, the greater thinker he will be, when he gives himself to it.

One of its special fruits is, as has been said, that power of condensing and expressing truth and experience of all kinds briefly, luminously, penetratingly. This power is like, though different too from wit. Like wit it delights by surprising us. Surprise is one of the greatest charms of intellectual pleasure. In the case of wit the surprise is caused by the fusion, or union, of ideas, which are in themselves quite different, opposite, conflicting, but wit discovers some aspect, under which they become united. We are amazed, delighted and irresistibly compelled to manifest our delight by laughter. Laughter is caused by the consciousness of contrasts, that get mixed together. Wit is the expression of the mixture. The surprise caused by compressed and luminous thought is not from the fusion of contrasted ideas. There is no doubt consciousness of contrast, the comprehensive thought, its compressed expression, the few piercing words, that express so much knowledge, so much experience, so much truth. But we do not laugh. We  
 ar, we admire, we are filled with surprise, interest, intellectual

pleasure ; we are conscious of gaining possession of rare knowledge, of a share of real wisdom better than material treasure, "for knowledge and wisdom excel in this, that they give life to him, who possesses them : " and all this packed into so small a compass.

Another reason why we delight in few words, which vividly formulate comprehensive thought, is, because this linking, fusing, identifying more and more, what seems at first unrelated, simplifying complicated processes of intellectual working, is the perfection of the acquisition of knowledge. It approaches more and more to unimpeded action of the mind, and "unimpeded action" is the causal definition of pleasure. Unification, simplification in the expression of real variety and complex actuality, is what the mind always instinctively tends towards.

Not only does compact and incisive thought delight and stimulate, but it also solves, or helps to solve, puzzles and difficulties of various kinds. Let us take a few examples. Numbers of people are greatly "exercised" by the way historians and writers about history more or less of set purpose, openly and covertly, by insinuation and suppression, attack and strive to damage every way they can the character and authority of the Catholic Church. A great thinker, and authority on such matters (de Maistre), in a line thus states the facts of the case :— "History, for the last three hundred years, has been a conspiracy against the truth." Such words from such a man are an immense help to ease minds and stimulate inquirers.

The most important truths are often difficult to attain. It is so, above all, with regard to religious truth and cognate subjects. Pithy sayings of deep thinkers on these matters will always be among the great helps to getting at conviction, getting rid of anxious doubts, attaining peace of mind. Mostly the trouble and disquiet are caused by expecting more light, less unevenness and obscurity, than is reasonable, than the nature of things admits. Some one who has experienced the same kind of anxious suffering, who has power of mind and power of speech, briefly and for ever states how the thing is to be considered. Many are inclined to think that real difficulties make necessary doubt. Cardinal Newman says : "A thousand difficulties need not make a single doubt ;" and this short line has been, a help to great numbers in mastering the truth, that evidence may prove without solving, directly at least, great difficulties. Pascal in his famous *Pensées*

states the nature of religious proofs with exquisite point, clearness and depth. He says that God "voulant paraître à decouvert à ceux qui le cherchent de tout leur cœur et caché à ceux qui le fuient de tout leur cœur ; il tempère sa connaissance en sorte qu' il a donne des marques de 'soi visibles à ceux qui le cherchent, et obscures à ceux qui ne le cherchent pas." He adds in the next *pensée* :—" Il y a assez de lumière pour ceux qui ne desirent que de voir, et assez d' obscurité pour ceux qui ont une disposition contraire. Il y a assez de clarté pour éclairer les élus, et assez d' obscurité pour les humilier. Il y a assez d' obscurité pour aveugler les réprouvés et assez de clarté pour les condamner et les rendre inexousables."

Cardinal Newman is a master of style and one of the master minds of the age. He by no means aims at being perpetually terse and epigrammatic. That would not be perfect style, however much it might delight some of us. But he frequently sums up the lesson to be learnt from the wisdom contained in erudite and eloquent passages in a few words, as for example in his great work "Development of Christian Doctrine," where several pregnant sayings of his will for ever afford delight and discussion. Such are :—"to be just able to doubt is no warrant for disbelieving ;" "To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant ;" "In a higher world it is otherwise, but here below to live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often." Again, speaking of the Canon of Scripture, its inspiration and relation to tradition, how much he helps us to understand something of God's ways, when he says :—"Nor were these difficulties settled by authority, as far as we know at the commencement of the religion ; yet surely it is quite conceivable that an apostle might have dissipated them all in a few words, had Divine Wisdom thought fit. But in matter of fact the decision has been left to time, to the slow process of thought, to the influence of mind upon mind, the issues of controversy, and the growth of opinion." (p. 60.) Another example of his power of putting much wisdom of experience in a few words is :—"Always to be safe is always to be feeble." It would be no small comfort to many of us, if the converse of this proposition were true, "always to be feeble is always to be safe ;" but alas ! experience is against it.

However much one may delight in such fruits of thinking, knowledge and experience, they are most appreciated and do most good when mixed up with more diffuse and natural, or ordinary,



style. Hence books of *pensées* soon tire, if read like ordinary books, or as rapidly. Not every kind of pithily expressed thought interests every kind of thoughtful reader. Men of signal ability have found Pascal's *Pensées* for the most part commonplace. Perhaps one reason is that those who found it so take up the book, having heard so much of it, and think it can be read, as reviewers often read what they write brilliant reviews of. But a book of *pensées* is not to be read running. There is much in the saying of another distinguished *penseur*, Joubert:—"Fully to understand a grand and beautiful thought requires perhaps as much time as to conceive it." He it is who says of himself:—"If ever a man was tormented by the accursed ambition of putting a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and that phrase into a word, I am that man." This exactly expresses what much thinking inclines one to; but books, that would be read like other books, are not to be much written that way. Thoughts have to be pondered, that is the way to enjoy their peculiar flavour, a little or few at the time. Read, stop, think, supply the implied qualifications, examine your own experience. If the thought is really the fruit of experience and reflection, it will provoke you to think, whether you agree with it or not; and this is a sure test of genuine thinking. Another of Pascal's *pensées* may "give us pause" with regard to our not seeing much in what the best judges everywhere and always pronounce worthy of much admiration:—"a mesure qu' on a plus d' esprit on trouve qu' il y a plus d' hommes originaux. Les gens du commun ne trouvent pas de differences entre les hommes."

One of the most valuable fruits of thinking is, that we learn more or less clearly, what we really know and don't know, what we really think, what our mental powers and tastes are, and how limited they are. We seldom enough express what we really think and know. Either we cannot, or it wouldn't do. Not that we are untruthful morally. But the conditions of social intercourse necessitate our speaking or being silent often, when downright reality would require a different course. If every one were to say what he thought, what he knew, what he felt about every subject worth discussing, or what he believed he felt or knew, it would often paralyse conversation. There is no want of moral truthfulness in not being "brutally frank." Another reason why we act well in keeping our opinions to ourselves, is, that not

seldom it happens, that what we think we feel, or know, about something, is not really our opinion or conviction; we are deceived for the time by forgetfulness or emotion. Besides it is the recognized thing to agree with certain judgments of the world generally about literature, art, science, &c., and so no one is expected to question them. We may not agree from our own knowledge or experience, as so many of us do not about so many world-wide ways of judging of such things. Many men have a good deal of knowledge and cultivated thought about some things and are very ignorant and stupid about other things common enough to be well known and duly appreciated. One of the best fruits, I repeat, of being able to think justly and reflect for oneself is that we may learn what the things are we know nothing about, or are incapable of appreciating. About these things the best course to adopt is generally to hold our tongues and let others speak, and agree or differ as quietly and harmoniously as circumstances permit. Most men are pleased to be listened to and questioned on what they know no more about than their listeners. If we listened more and strove to take more interest in what others say, and if we talked less ourselves, and thought less of what we were about to say instead of hearing what was said, we should oftener enjoy and profit by the conversation of our betters in whatever line.

Cardinal Newman used to say of himself, that he could think best with a pen in his hand. But if he had not thought much without it, his writings, whatever knowledge and literary worth they might display, would surely lack that exquisite flavour of deep, wide, suggestive meditateness, which pervades them and constitutes their special charm. Thackeray says, that no one knows the thoughts that are at the end of his pen, until he begins to ply it; then they will come rolling off to his own and others' wonder. But again if the thoughts are worth much, they are the fruit of long preparation, of much reading, observation and reflection, combined with the special mental gifts of each writer. It was in the last decade or so of his too short life, that the last named writer produced his great works. "He waited and came to forty," before he gave to the world the first of these, which at once gave him a place among the great creators of what is called fiction.

Sydney Smith in his lecture on "The Conduct of the

Understanding" enlarges on the difficulties and unsatisfactoriness, of what is called concentrated thought. He speaks there, as if there were very little of the kind going. He insists on the wayward, zig-zag, jumping-over-the-traces, shying and bolting style of getting over its ground the understanding pursues. If all he says is always true, then such phrases and cases as "lost in thought," "passionate longing to lead a life of thought," the long spells of speculation eastern and other sages are credited with, are to some extent, it would seem, exaggerated. Probaby a great deal is to be said on both sides. It is with thought and thinking as with action and conduct generally. Things are done, great and small, and mostly far from perfectly. Then, when people speak of them, they mostly idealize, and so we have to qualify largely what is said about almost everything.

Reality is very different from what is said and written about it. It is also very different very often from what we really think about it. But persistent thinking, insisting on trying to see things as they really are, boldly and honestly facing all kinds of facts and truths that impress themselves on our consciousness and consciences, is the way to get at the truth which makes men free. If we depend too much on ourselves, we shall go fearfully and fatally astray.

" Thus God has willed  
That man, when fully skilled,  
Still gropes in twilight dim ;  
Encompassed all his hours  
By fearfulest powers  
Inflexible to him.  
That so he may discern  
His feebleness.  
And e'en for earth's success  
To Him in wisdom turn,  
Who holds for us the keys of either home,  
Earth and the world to come." \*

WILLIAM A. SUTTON, S.J.

## SAINT STEPHEN.

**J**ERUSALEM, Jerusalem,  
 How many thou hast slain  
 A very flood of guiltless blood  
 Thy Sanctuary doth stain.  
 O City proud! o'er whom the cloud  
 Hangs low with curse and gloom,  
 Like awful frown of God come down  
 To consummate thy doom.  
 All-undeterred by Christ's own word  
 And by the tears He shed,  
 Thou still dost rave, and madly brave  
 The thunders overhead.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,  
 That veil asunder rent,  
 Those shattered blocks, those riven rocks  
 Cry out, Repent, repent!  
 But cry in vain: thy cold disdain  
 To warning gives no heed,  
 And keeps the path of cruel wrath,  
 No matter who may bleed.  
 Scourge, murder those the Saviour chose,  
 Regard nor right nor ruth;  
 They dread not strife, they ask not life,  
 But death for Christ and truth!

Before the Council Stephen stands,  
 The Levite of his Lord,  
 The signs and wonders he has worked  
 Less mighty than his word.  
 See! grace and fortitude are there,  
 And fulness of the Faith,  
 The fulness of the Holy Ghost  
 To prompt the word he saith.  
 The other deacons of the Lord  
 Were chosen after him,  
 The foremost he, like Michael midst  
 The Seven Seraphim.

A rabble crowd has dragged him here,  
With witnesses suborned  
To swear he spoke against the Law,  
And Sion's Temple scorned.  
High Priest and Council, Ancients, Scribes,  
Who killed the Lord of all—  
These very men are met again  
Within the judgment hall.  
Saint Stephen's youth, his zeal for truth,  
Avail not in this place.  
He speaks : with light his face is bright,  
'Tis like an Angel's face.

“ Ye men and brethren, fathers, hear !  
Ye know how God hath dealt  
With all His friends—with Abraham,  
Ere he in Charan dwelt.  
While Abraham's eye beheld the sky  
Of stars above his head,  
He heard God speak of countless seed  
To one reputed dead.  
God's friend believed, and thus received,  
Outside his desert tent,  
The Promise, in the dead of night,  
The glorious Covenant.

“ Ye know how Patriarch-brethren sold  
The Favorite of God :  
And yet, he saved them—Israel  
Adored his Joseph's rod.  
Like envy was to Moses shown ;  
He strove to save our race :  
Mistrusting him, they would not hear,  
But drove him from the place.  
At Sina, in the burning Bush  
The Lord our God he saw :  
And Moses, spurned by us, returned,  
The Giver of the Law.”

“ Whom they reject the Lord appoints  
Their Saviour, and their Guide  
From Egypt to the Promised Land,  
Through sea, through desert wide.

How often he would say to them :  
 ' A Prophet will arise,  
 From Satan's thrall to ransom all,  
 And lead to Paradise.'  
 They disbelieve, they vex and grieve  
 The Servant of the Lord :  
 The Calf and Moloch, Rempha's star,  
 Are set up and adored.

" Yes, Moses fails, God's dearest Friend,  
 To keep them from offence :  
 They disobey, they go astray,  
 Upon the least pretence.  
 Uncircumcised in heart and ears,  
 And stiff-necked now as then,  
 The Holy Ghost ye still resist,  
 And slay God's chosen men !  
 Your fathers slew the Prophets who  
 Foretold the Just One's reign—  
 Alas ! Betrayers, Murderers,  
 'Tis He whom you have slain."

To fury lashed, their teeth they gnashed  
 At what the Saint has said.  
 He steadfastly to witness calls  
 The heavens overhead.  
 He cries, " Behold, the gates of gold  
 Are opened wide ; I see  
 At God's right hand Christ Jesus stand !"—  
 They seize him cruelly ;  
 They stop their ears ; with yells and jeers  
 They thrust him from the hall ;  
 They only wait to reach the gate,  
 And lay their clothes with Saul.

Then, thick and fast the stones are cast—  
 With calmest self-control,  
 He falls upon his knees, and prays :  
 " Lord Jesus ! take my soul."  
 The dull dread noise drowns not his voice,  
 His last forgiving word,  
 His prayer sublime, " Lay not this crime  
 Unto their charge, O Lord ! "

Hurl on, hurl on ! Cast stone on stone,  
 Ye murderers ! pile the heap.  
 The Saint beneath is safe in death,  
 In Jesus falls asleep.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem !  
 O City desolate !  
 In mournful tone the Holy One  
 Foretold thy dreadful fate.  
 Thou wouldst not hear those accents clear :  
 " Around her startled brood  
 No mother flings her sheltering wings  
 More promptly than I would ! "  
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem !  
 Despoiled, destroyed, accursed—  
 At Stephen's prayer, may Jesus spare  
 And gather thy Dispersed !

K. D. B.

# CLAVIS ACROSTICA.

## A KEY TO "DUBLIN ACROSTICS."

### PART X.

THE answer to No. 17 (which is by Mr. Thomas Harris, Q.C.) is "John Bull." *John* is first described in a quatrain which alludes to St. John the Baptist ; to Lord John Russell, according to a famous gibe of Sydney Smith about Lord John's readiness to undertake any responsibility ; then to John Milton and John Bunyan. *Bull* is shadowed forth by another quatrain referring to bull-fights, to Irish bulls, to the bulls and bears of the Stock Exchange, and to Jupiter's disguise in carrying off Europa. The lights are *job*, *ormolu*, *hotel*, and *nasal*.

No. 18, which is by Judge O'Hagan and therefore very clever, has for its answer *crust* and *crumb*. The lights are *concentric*, *rambler*, *ululu*, *Sintram*, and *thumb*. The second of these lights refers to Dr. Johnson's "Rambler." Dr. Johnson was indeed a

"famous sage," and his "Rambler" was translated into Italian under the title of "Il Vagabondo." Most of us know what is meant by the Rule of Thumb, though we cannot tell where Judge O'Hagan found the phrase "bookish theoric" which he puts within inverted commas.

As usual J. W. A. is correct in his solutions, except that he substitutes Prester John for the Baptist. Mr. Joseph Saldanha shows also much ingenuity; but as he lives in India he comes a month late.

We now leave to our readers the next two of these "Public Acrostics," concocted respectively by a young barrister long dead, and a Lord Justice still flourishing.

## N. 19.

My first a traveller, and "one of three,"  
Though stout, yet like "the ribbed sea sand" was he.  
Sad Jaques found my second in the woods,  
And both express his contemplative moods.

1. Encore!
2. Deplore!
3. French ore.
4. Fresh gore.
5. New lore.

K.

## No. 20.

Two beings in mid-air at times  
Were found in far removed climes.  
See one on high, like lightning flash,  
Dart at the Pole with sudden dash,  
The other painfully and slow  
Along the Line move to and fro!

1. The fount of nature's songsters' sweetest strains.
  2. The silent record of a man's demise.
  3. A river wandering over sun-lit plains.
  4. A time refreshing to the weary eyes.
  5. The careful guardian of a maidens's fame.
  6. A oarping cynic's cruel cutting tooth.
  7. A youthful Edward's once familiar name.
- Soothsayers, say! Where lies the hidden sooth?

F.



## TENDERNESS.

IF the Christ-child came to you or me,  
 Just like a little human child,  
 When the streets were hoar and white to see,  
 And the east wind whistled sharp and wild,  
 We would cleanse his feet from frost and mire,  
 And give him to eat of wholesome fare,  
 We would put him to sit by the ruddy fire,  
 And bid him rule as a monarch there.

But the Babe might come and we know him not,  
 And the worldly thought in our hearts hold sway ;  
 And the gentle Christ-child would be forgot  
 In the ragged waif that we turned away.  
 Ah ! dear one, trim you the beacon light,  
 And lend your ear when the outcast cries,  
 For the Christ-child wanders abroad to-night,  
 And he looketh ever through childhood's eyes.

PAUL GREGAN.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. *Maimie o' the Corner*. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell) Author of "In a North Country Village," "The Story of Dan," "A Daughter of the Soil," "Frieze and Fustian," "Among the Untrodden Ways," etc. (London and New York: Harper Brothers).

To the long list of Mrs. Blundell's novels which we have just copied almost at full length she has added another equal to the best of them in humour and with a deeper pathetic feeling. It opens in the most winning manner with an exquisite dedication to her sister, Miss Elinor Sweetman, which we refrain with difficulty from quoting. It is a principle of ours never to attempt any analysis of the plot of a story. The story of Maimie's fortunes we have followed with the keenest interest, and we feel grateful to the author for giving to them a happy ending rather unexpectedly. Her admirers are aware that she is equally at home in Leinster and in Lancashire. Her newest heroine belongs to the other side of the water, and she is as innocent and as charming as any of her predecessors. Mrs. Blundell has a wonderful art of individualising all the minor characters of her little dramas. We come to know each of them thoroughly, their talk is so natural and so characteristic. Though she restrains herself from descriptions of scenery, now and then a few skilful words enable us to realise very vividly the place and all the surroundings. The quiet

grace and refinement of the style are, if possible, greater than ever. One who has not read some of her previous stories will not take to the Canon so warmly as those who are already acquainted with him "In a North Country Village." Messrs. Harper, already famous as publishers in the United States, have now established themselves also in London. They have given "Maime o' the Corner" an attractive appearance and fine large type that helps to make it most pleasant reading.

2. *The Making of Abbotsford and Incidents in Scottish History.* By The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott of Abbotsford. (London: Adam and Charles Black).

This particularly handsome volume consists of twelve sketches relating more or less directly to the Scotland of Mary Stuart. St. Magnus indeed was long before her time and Sir Walter Scott long after it. The most interesting of the dozen papers is the one which very judiciously has been put first and gives its name to the book. An exquisite picture of Abbotsford is the frontispiece, while opposite on the title-page a vignette shows us what it was in 1812 before the Wizard of the North set his spell upon it. Cardinal Newman somewhere speaks of the Catholic tendency of Sir Walter's writings. This fine spirit and his noble personal character make it the less strange that his beloved Abbotsford should now be Catholic. He would have greatly relished the beautiful volume which begins with "The Making of Abbotsford."

3. Messrs. Benziger of New York are as usual foremost in the number and the worth of their new publications. Besides Father Finn's new story, which we shall notice separately, they have sent us a small and a large book of very considerable merit. The small one which costs only five cents is "Our Boys' and Girls' Annual." It contains a number of really pretty pictures most successfully reproduced; and besides many miscellaneous items there are two delightful little stories, one by Father Finn, very short and very good, and the other much longer and much better by Ella Dorsey, whose "Taming of Polly" we lately praised very warmly. The larger book is "The Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists"—stories by Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland), Theo Gift, M. E. Francis, Mrs. Hinkson, Miss Frances Maitland, Miss Dobree, Lady Amabel Carr, Mrs. Bartle Teeling, Mrs. Maude, Miss Clara Mulholland, Pauline von Hügel, and (the only male member of the company) Mr. R. B. Sheridan Knowles. Each of the stories is preceded by a portrait and autograph, and sketch of the author's life. In the cases where we are able to judge, portrait and signature are very faithfully represented. This adds very much to the interest of a charming book

of tales. The publishers deserve to be encouraged for their activity and enterprising spirit.

4. *Carmel in Ireland: a Narrative of the Irish Province of Teresian or Discalced Carmelites.* A.D. 1625-1896. By Father Patrick of St. Joseph, O.D.O. (London: Burns and Oates).

This handsome volume of more than three hundred pages consists of eighteen chapters, giving a lovingly minute account of all that has been done by the Carmelite Order in Ireland. Four closely printed pages are required for a list of the chief works consulted by the Irish historian of his Order, and at the other end of the volume a good index refers you to the page where you will find most interesting matter about one of the vast number of Irish places and persons discussed or alluded to. The first two chapters are a sort of introduction summarising the history of the Order before the foundation of the Irish Province; and the other sixteen chapters describe the work of the Irish Carmelite Fathers down to O'Connell's friend, Father L'Estrange, and on to our own day. There will be a special interest for some readers in the account given of the various Carmelite Abbeys over the country at Ardee, Galway, Kildare, and some twenty other places. Rathmullen, in County Donegal, seems to have been their only home north of Drogheda. A great deal of Irish History is bound up with this narrative, on which Father Rushe (to call him by his more familiar name) has expended the patient labour perhaps of years. We wish that all the other Orders had sons willing to undertake a similar task of filial piety.

5. *Moral Principles and Medical Practice, the Basis of Medical Jurisprudence.* By the Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J. (Benziger Brothers: New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago).

This solid volume is composed of twelve lectures delivered in the John Creighton Medical College of Omaha in Nebraska. The lecturer is well known by his text-books on Metaphysics and Ethics. His present work is intended for professional readers, such as the physicians and medical students to whom the lectures were originally addressed. In our pages it would not be becoming even to enumerate the subjects of the different chapters; but our general description of the matter treated, and the character and position of the Author, will secure for the work due attention from those whom it concerns. It is the first to treat these important subjects in a separate and complete treatise; and we have no doubt that competent authorities will confirm its decisions.

6. *The Fenian Nights' Entertainments, being a Series of Ossianic Legends told at a Wexford Fireside.* Compiled by P. J. McCall. (Dublin: T. G. O'Donoghue, 3 Bedford Row, Aston's Quay).

This is the second volume of a series called "The Shamrock Library," issued by a new publisher whose address is correctly given above—Bedford Row, not Bedford Road, as we allowed it to be printed in October, in announcing the forthcoming *Life of James Clarence Mangan*. Mr. McCall is the author of much pleasant verse with a strong Irish accent, and this new volume also, though in prose, proves him to be a poet. He has learned with wonderful diligence the turns of thought and the turns of language current among the peasantry from whom all this story-telling purports to be copied. We are not told whether all this humour and fancy are Mr. McCall's own, or how far these stories are reports of what really is or used to be told around the firesides of Bargo. The sympathetic reader will be delighted to notice that this is announced as "first series." We hope the second may speedily follow.

7. *That Football Game, and what came of it.* By Francis J. Finn. S.J. (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger).

This title, though quite correctly chosen, would lead one to expect a mere sketch instead of what we have here, a large and handsome volume of nearly three hundred pages. All who took part in that football match and many of their relatives are introduced to us very effectively; and a very interesting drama is acted out before us with the football game as the central incident. Father Finn seems to us to have succeeded beyond his very high average in his newest story. Though we have seen very enthusiastic reviews of "*Ethelred Preston*," we ourselves liked the plot less than that of "*Tom Playfair*" and some others of the series. But the present tale has interested us very much; and what, then, must be its charm for those who know something about the prominent theme which gives it a name? Henry Archer and his home surroundings are very winning and attractive; and indeed so are many of the minor characters. The hero of a former tale, Claude Lightfoot, is among them. Much as he has achieved already, Father Finn is, we hope, only at the beginning of a very useful literary career. How many fine young hearts must have derived innocent pleasure, and many a generous impulse from the reading of his bright and clever books! Such a power is one to be greatly envied.

8. *Selected Poems from the Works of the Hon. Roden Noel. With a Biographical and Critical Essay by Percy Addleshaw.* (London: Elkin Mathews).

Selections from the works of a dead poet are generally set forth with economical type. The present selection, on the contrary, has the ample page, the large type, and the spacious margin which young poets delight to give to their first volume. We are glad that the

publisher has dispensed with that fantastic kind of titlepage which has lately come into fashion. Before we go beyond the externals, we may remark that this fine volume is further beautified by two excellent portraits of the author. Mr. Addleshaw's introduction is called "a biographical and critical essay." Criticism predominates over biography; and indeed, there were few incidents in his life to tell. He was born in 1834, the third son of the Earl of Gainsborough. His mother was a daughter of the Earl of Roden, a very Protestant Irish nobleman. "A Little Child's Monument" will be perhaps the most durable monument of his poetic fame. In spite of the praise bestowed upon him, even by Tennyson, we cannot bring ourselves to admire very enthusiastically any of these selected poems, though they prove him to have possessed a very refined and poetic nature.

9. *Clear Waters*. By Frederick Langbridge. (Cassell and Co.: London, Paris, and Melbourne).

This shilling book consists of sixty pages prettily illustrated by Miss Zillah Taylor. The great majority of the pieces are very short, very many of those quatrains which have become so fashionable in American magazines. They seem to be sometimes imitations of George Herbert and the quaint old religious poets, but they do not strike us as being always very successful. Nothing in the little volume pleases us more than one of the longer pieces which bears for its title the question "Whom shall God lead if not His blind?" It contains at least two very tender and striking thoughts. But the little book is, on the whole, much superior to many of the more pretentious volumes of the day.

10. *A Short History of the Catholic Church*. By F. Goulburn Walpole. (London: Burns and Oates).

The nature of this work which is "dedicated to the Rev. Peter Gallwey, S.J., a valued friend and venerated ecclesiastic"—is partly determined by its limits, two hundred not particularly close pages. Even within these limits, we think that a much clearer and fuller outline of Church History might have been drawn. It seems odd that the canons of the Council of Trent should be given as they are in so small a treatise. But there is a great deal of information afforded; and a glance at the index and the table of contents, which are both placed in front, will guide the unlearned reader to much useful and interesting matter concerning the chief events and personages that stand forth in the history of the Church.

11. *Lays of the Red Branch*. By Sir Samuel Ferguson. (London: Fisher Unwin).

This is the twelfth volume of the New Irish Library, which under the editorship of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has maintained a high level

of literary merit. Lady Ferguson, who has already proved her devotedness to her husband's fame, contributes an interesting introduction which helps us greatly to understand the present selection from his poems. One of them, "Conary," is said by Mr. Yeats to be the best Irish poem, and Aubrey de Vere has also expressed deep admiration for it. The plan of this little book excludes all but poems on themes taken from ancient Irish history. The first of Sir Samuel's published writings, before his studies had taken this bent, is still the best known of all that he has written. It is remarkable that "The Forging of the Anchor," written when Samuel Ferguson was only on the threshold of manhood is almost a solitary specimen of Irish genius in the new "Golden Treasury" lately published by Mr. F. T. Palgrave almost at the moment of his death.

12. *Oxford Conferences, Lent and Summer Terms, 1897.* By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. (London: Burns and Oates)

These conferences were addressed to Catholic students at Oxford "in pursuance of the Instructions of the Holy See as promulgated in the Letter of the Bishops of the Province of Westminster, August 1st, 1896." The subjects are most interesting: treatment of heretics in the middle ages, church and state, extension of salvation, natural and supernatural virtue, the Church and the Bible, inspiration of scripture, faith and reason, private judgement, etc., etc. Father Rickaby's reputation and his previous writings guarantee the solid accuracy with which these topics have been treated. The book costs a shilling.

The same Publishers have issued a new volume of the "Scripture Manuals for Catholic Schools"—namely, Part I. of the Acts of the Apostles admirably edited by the Rev. T. A. Burge, O.S.B.

13. *Two Little Pilgrims.* By M. M. (London: Burns and Oates).

The writer of this tale has already published "Memories of me Pilgrimage to the Holy Land;" and this gives us more faith than we were at first inclined to entertain with regard to the geographical and local details. But we have still too little confidence in the verisimilitude of the characters and incidents to care much for this edifying little story, either in its substance or its form. But probably it will be more to the taste of those for whom it is specially intended.

14. The Catholic Truth Society (London: 69 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.) has issued in a neat volume the third series of Lady Herbert's "Wayside Tales," "St. Edmund King and Martyr" by J. Arthur Floyd, "Catholics and Nonconformists" by the Bishop of Clifton, "The Eucharistic Month of Holy Scripture" by the Rev. James Bellord, "St. Augustine's Manual," and "Our Angel Guardian" by the Rev. H. Schomberg Kerr.

15. Benziger of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, besides other books acknowledged already, has sent us three Redemptorist prayer-books of about the same size, "The Mission Book of the Single," "The Mission Book of the Married," and "The Mission Book of the Redemptorist Fathers," each of them consisting of prayers and in-

structions adopted to preserve the fruits of the mission which is supposed to have been attended by the readers of these prayerbooks. The same publishers have sent us "Our Favourite Novenas," compiled from approved sources by the Very Rev. Dean Lings, author of "Our Favourite Devotions." But through some mistake they have not sent, or at least we have not received, the new issue of their excellent "Catholic Annual." We have seen it, however, and we find that it more than maintains the good reputation it has acquired through its course of fifteen years. It has very good and pleasant stories by Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland), Mrs. Tynan Hinkson, Maurice Francis Egan, Marion Ames Tagart (who has lately come to the front in her particular department of story-telling) and Miss Margaret Trainer, whom we hear of for the first but not the last time.

16. The holy inmates of St. Benedict's Convent in Rome have issued the seventh number of the *Spicilegium Benedictinum*, very finely printed in the grand old royal octavo form, and copiously illustrated. It contains many out-of-the-way documents about Blessed Juliana of Collalto, and the correspondence of Dom Bacchini with Leibnitz, Montfaucon, Mabillon and others; also the spiritual exhortations of the Abbot Trithemius, O.S.B.

17. We have often expressed our admiration of the "Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia" (715 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.) The third quarterly part of volume 8, issued in September, 1897, finishes the minute account of Commodore John Barry, and gives papers of great length and value by Bishop England on the state of the Church, drawn up in Rome in 1833, and of course never before published. The same archives from which these valuable documents are drawn might be examined on behalf of Ireland. Curious records of births, deaths, and marriages in old times at Goshenhoppen are likewise given; and there are eight portraits of American bishops, generally of the old times also.

18. *Beata Maria: a Sacred Operetta or Dramatic Cantata for female voices.* Written by Sister Mary Gertrude, I.V.B.M.; composed by Joseph Smith, Mus. Doc. (Dublin: Pigott & Co).

This is a successful endeavour to set forth scenes from the life of our Blessed Lady in a musical setting suited for convent performance. It stands much above the level of any similar work that has come in our way. Sister Mary Gertrude's verses are the work of a cultured pen, and flow with the ease and smoothness which go so far to make a suitable text for music. A little more dramatic vigour might be desired; the omission of any episode of sacred history between the cradle of Christ and His sepulchre inevitably suggests incompleteness; while in two of the four scenes which constitute the work, the Blessed Virgin plays too subordinate a part. Dr. Smith's music is perhaps as animated and varied as could be looked for under the circumstances. Without unduly taxing the power of his performers, he works out some excellent choral and contrapuntal effects. The *pastorale* of the shepherds, developing into a double chorus with the kings, is very charming; while Mary Magdalen's solo, "In Thee we trust," short as it is, seems to us a lyric and dramatic gem.

19. *The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul: or, the Story of*

*Blessed Rudolph Acquaviva and of his four Companions in Martyrdom, of the Society of Jesus.* By Francis Goldie, of the same Society. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. London: The Art and Book Company).

Father Goldie has expended immense labour on the composition of this work, which is by no means to be classed with those edifying biographies of a somewhat similar appearance, of which the author has only translated or adapted materials already compiled and put in order by some French or Italian writer. The present work has involved very much more of originality and difficult research, as we are partly able to understand from Father Goldie's minute account of the authorities drawn upon, most of them inaccessible even to more than ordinary readers. Every source of information has been consulted, from Father Bartoli to Colonel Malleson. Colonel Malleson indeed, who is the chief living authority on matters connected with the great Emperor Akbar, and historical matters of that time and place, has paid an earnest tribute to the worth and freshness of Father Goldie's treatment of that part of his subject. The references to all the original authorities are given with great care and exactness; and altogether it is an admirably thorough and painstaking piece of work. Two maps of the localities enable us to follow the narrative more easily.

20. Mr. Washbourne has sent us new editions of some of his publications which we formerly recommended to our readers. One of these is "*St. Philomena, Miracle-worker of the Nineteenth Century*," translated from the French by Charlotte White. With the names of the publishers Washbourne and Benziger Brothers is associated the name of the Very Rev. Philip James McCarthy, O.M.B.C., Superior of St. Philomena's House, Ilkeston, Derbyshire.

21. *The Fairy Changeling and Other Poems.* By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter). London: John Lane.

We cannot this month do anything more than announce the appearance of this exquisite volume, which has been produced with special daintiness at the Bodley Head. A glance enables one to see what a great advance the Author of "*Verses*" has made in her art. Her themes and her treatment of them are poetical in a peculiar degree. We shall begin with "*The Fairy Changeling*" next month, as we now end with it; and we shall watch meanwhile with keen interest the criticisms of the Saxon scribes on this delightfully Celtic Muse.

The last word of our Twenty-fifth Volume must be to wish to all the kind friends of THE IRISH MONTHLY all graces and blessings during the coming year.







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